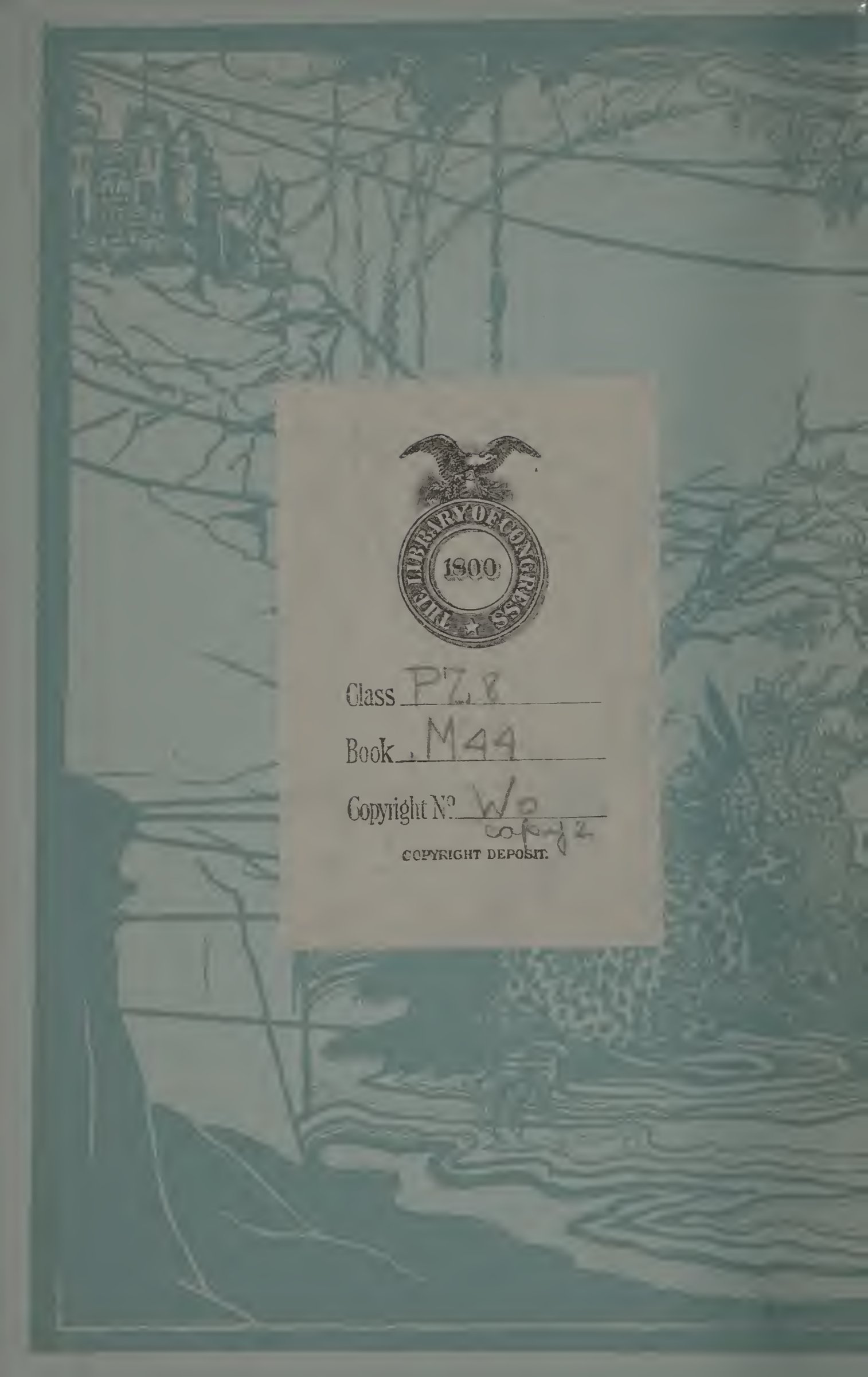
Wonder Tales From Far Away

FREDERICK H. MARTENS



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"Flee, flee, and save my child!"

Wonder Tales From Far Away

BY

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

Illustrated in Color and Black and White

BY

DA LORIA NORMAN

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TO THE FRIENDLY READER

IN his *Wonder Tales from Far Away,* the second book of the *Far Away* series, the writer has gathered another series of fairy tales from the story-treasure of far-away peoples and places.

They are stories for the young and old because—just as the fanciful scrolls and arabesques which adorn the palace walls of Grenada and Delhi often form part of the lettering of some wise or noble saying—the golden glow and fanciful color of nearly every wonder tale is woven around some beautiful underlying truth.

In each case the truth is one which is as valid now as it was in those earlier days, when its story was born. And the fact that no matter how imaginative and extravagant in detail, no matter how fantastic and wonderful in incident and narrative, some beautiful truth, as a rule, underlies *every* good fairy tale, and still makes it real and beautiful to us to-day.

The moral which "adorns" each tale has not been mentioned in this preface, for these stories are meant to be read and enjoyed for just what they are: *Wonder Tales from Far Away.* They are genuine stories and should be relished as such without suspicion of moral propaganda on the reader's part. Besides, the reader

may be trusted to find any good hint or lesson a story may contain himself, and his own application will be more useful than any pointed out to him.

As in his preceding volume the author has given his sources at the end of the book and has taken whatever liberties with his original texts American standards of presentation seemed to demand.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Rutherford, N. J.

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WONDER TALES FROM FAR AWAY

COQUERICO

ONCE upon a time a beautiful hen lived like some grand lady in the poultry-yard of a rich farmer's wife. She was surrounded by a numerous family of chickens which chirped and cheeped about her, and none chirped more loudly or grabbed the grains of corn more greedily from its mother's beak than one small, misshaped and crippled chicken. Naturally, this was the one its mother loved above all the rest, for such is the nature of all mothers.

This little feathered monster had but one eye, one claw and one wing. It almost seemed as though King Solomon had carried out his famous sentence on Coquerico—for that was the chicken's name—and cut him in two with his famous sword. When one is half blind, lame and armless, one should be modest and retiring, but this young Castilian was haughtier than his father, the sharpest-spurred, most elegant, bravest and most courtly rooster that ever lived between Burgos and Madrid. Coquerico thought himself a phœnix of

grace and beauty. He passed many an hour admiring his reflection in the water. If one of his brothers happened to bump against him, he would begin to quarrel with him, accusing him of envy and jealousy, and risking the one eye which he had fighting with him. When the hens began to cluck at sight of him he declared they did so to hide their annoyance because he would not take the trouble to look at them.

One day, when he happened to feel even more conceited than usual, he said to his mother: "Listen to me, my good mother! I am bored with Spain, and am going to Rome. I would like to see the pope and the cardinals."

"Of what are you thinking, my child!" cried his mother. "What could have put such a mad idea into your head? Never has any member of our family gone out of the country, hence we are the pride of our race. We can show a family tree. Where will you find a poultry-yard like ours, with mulberry trees to shade it, a white-washed chicken-house to shelter you, a magnificent dung-heap, plenty of worms and grain, brothers who love you and three dogs to protect you from the foxes? Do you not think that even in Rome you will regret the ease and abundance of your life here?"

Coquerico raised his one wing as a sign of disdain. "Mother," said he, "you are a very worthy woman. All seems beautiful to one who has never left her own dung-heap. But I have enough intelligence to see that

my brothers are brainless, and that my cousins are rustics. My genius is stifled in this wretched hole, and I must go out into the world and make my fortune."

"But, my son," said his poor mother, "have you ever taken a look at yourself in the pool? Do you not know that you lack an eye, a foot and a wing? To make your fortune you must have the eyes of a fox, a spider's feet and a vulture's wings. Once you leave here you will perish!"

"Mother," answered Coquerico, "when a hen hatches out a duckling she always is worried when she sees her chick run into the water. You do not know me. I am so made that I am bound to succeed by reason of my talents and intelligence. I must be surrounded by people who are able to appreciate my personal beauty. I am out of place here, among the small fry of this poultry-yard."

When the mother hen saw that any advice she might give would be lost, she said to Coquerico:

"My son, at least pay attention to your mother's parting counsels. If you go to Rome avoid passing St. Peter's cathedral. It is said that the saint does not like roosters, especially when they crow. You must also avoid certain people who are known as cooks and scullions; you can recognize them by their white caps, their upturned aprons and the knives they carry at their side. These people are assassins who pursue us without mercy and cut our necks without giving us time to

say a *miserere*. And now, my child," she added, raising her claw, "receive my blessing and may Saint James—he is the patron saint of pilgrims—protect you!"

Coquerico pretended not to notice that a tear glistened in his mother's eye, nor did he pay any attention to his father who, notwithstanding, threw back his head and called to him. Without giving another thought to those whom he left behind, the ungrateful cockerel slid through the half-opened door and, once outside, flapped his wing and crowed, *"Coquerico! Coquerico! Coquerico!"* three times to celebrate his liberty.

As he hurried across the fields, half flying, half leaping, he came to the bed of a stream, dried out by the sun. Nevertheless, in the middle of the sand there still ran a tiny tricklet of water, but it was a thread so small that two leaves which had fallen from a tree were enough to stop it from running.

When the little rill of water saw the traveler, it said:

"My friend, you see how weak I am. I am not even strong enough to carry off the two leaves which bar my progress, nor can I go around them, for I am exhausted. With one peck of your beak you can restore me to life. I am not ungrateful, and if you oblige me, you may count on my thanks the first day it rains, when the water from the skies has restored my strength."

"You are joking," said Coquerico. "Do I look like a river-bed sweep? Do not bother me, but ask some

"Here," said the Swiss, showing Coquerico to his housekeeper"

persons of your own kind to help you," he added, as he leaped the streamlet with his one good leg.

A little further on, our proud young rooster saw a breeze lying on the ground, all out of breath.

"Dear Coquerico," said the breeze, "come and help me! Here on earth one should help his neighbor. You see to what the heat of the day has reduced me. I, who, at other times, can uproot olive trees and set the ocean billowing, am nearly dead of the heat. I allowed myself to be lulled asleep by the fragrance of these roses with which I was playing, and now I lie fainting on the ground. If you would raise me up a couple of inches from the ground with your beak, and fan me a bit with your wing, I would be strong enough to rise up to those white clouds above our heads, pushed by one of my brothers, and my family would help me to exist until I inherited new power from the next tornado."

"My lord," said Coquerico, "more than once your Excellency has amused himself playing tricks on me! Only last week, creeping up deceitfully behind me, your Grandeur entertained himself by spreading my tail-feathers out like a fan, and covered me with confusion before every one. But practical jokers sometimes find the tables turned. It is well for them to learn respect for certain individuals whose birth, beauty and intelligence should protect them from jesters like yourself!"

With these words, Coquerico, ruffling his feathers, called out in his hoarsest voice—*"Coquerico! Coquerico! Coquerico!"*—three times, and proudly continued on his way.

Soon he came to a newly ploughed field, in which the farmhands had gathered a great heap of weeds for burning. A small flame showed between some sprays of ivy, blackening the green leaves without being able to burn them.

"My dear friend," cried the flame as the cockerel came along, "you have arrived just in time to save my life! I am dying for lack of nourishment. I do not know where my cousin, the wind, who could help me, can be amusing himself. Please bring me some bits of dry straw as quickly as you can to strengthen me. You may count on my gratitude!"

"Wait a bit," thought Coquerico to himself. "I will treat you as you ought to be treated, for your insolence in addressing me!" And at once he leaped on the pile of humid weeds and pressed them so strongly to the ground that the crackling of the flame no longer was heard and only smoke rose from them. Thereupon Master Coquerico, as was his habit, crowed three times: *"Coquerico! Coquerico! Coquerico!"* and then flapped his wing as though he had won a great victory.

Running and clucking, Coquerico at last came to Rome, for all roads lead to Rome, as everybody knows. No sooner had he reached the city than he made

straight for the great cathedral of Saint Peter. He did not think for a moment of admiring it, but strutting up opposite the principal gate—though in the midst of the tall columns he looked no larger than a fly—he hoisted himself up on his heel, and began to crow: *"Coquerico! Coquerico! Coquerico!"*—just to irritate the saint and disobey his mother.

He had not yet finished crowing before a Swiss, one of the Holy Father's guards, who had heard him, ran up, laid hands on him and carried off the insolent cockerel to his lodgings for supper.

"Here," said the Swiss, showing Coquerico to his housekeeper, "let me have some hot water at once to scald this rascal's feathers!"

"Mercy, mercy, Lady Water!" cried Coquerico. "Water so gentle and kind, loveliest and best creature in the world, have pity and do not scald me!"

"Did you take pity on me when I begged you to, ungrateful one?" cried the Water, boiling with rage. With a single leap it covered the cockerel from head to foot and did not leave him a feather to his body.

The Swiss at once seized the unfortunate bird and put him on the grill.

"Fire, do not burn me!" cried Coquerico. "Father of light, brother of the sun, cousin of the diamond, spare a poor wretch! Subdue your ardor, moderate your flame, do not roast me!"

"Did you take pity on me when I begged you to?"

asked the Fire, burning with rage, and with a single spurt of flame it reduced Coquerico to a crisp.

When the Swiss saw that his roast was not fit to eat, he picked up the cockerel by the claw and threw him out of the window. The wind carried him off and flung him on a garbage-heap.

"O Wind," murmured Coquerico, who still breathed, "beneficent breeze, protecting zephyr, I repent of all my former sins and follies! Let me rest on the dear old dung-heap at home!"

"Rest!" howled the Wind. "Wait a bit, I will show you how the ungrateful are served!" And with a single blast he sent him up so high into the air that when Coquerico fell down he was caught and held by a church steeple.

And there Saint Peter was waiting for him. With his own hands he nailed Coquerico to the highest church-steeple in Rome, and if you travel to Rome you still may see him there. For all that he was raised so high above the rest of the world, every one despises him because he turns with the least breath of the wind. He is black, dried-up, featherless and whipped by the rain, and no longer is known as Coquerico but as Weathercock. And thus he has to pay through all time for his disobedience to his mother, his vanity, his insolence and, above all, his hatefulness.

FIRE-JEWEL AND THE MIDNIGHT AXE

ONCE upon a time, in the good old days, a soldier youth by the name of Fire-Jewel lived in the *telpochcalli,* the House of the Young Warriors, in a city of Anahuac. Now Fire-Jewel loved the beautiful Princess Maize-Flower, the daughter of the king of the city, though he knew it was vain for a young and unknown warrior, no matter how brave he might be, to hope to gain her hand. Some day she would be betrothed to a prince or great lord, and the blaring of conch-shells and beating of drums at the wedding-feast would mark the end of his dream.

If Fire-Jewel had been a wise young man he would have tried to forget Maize-Flower. But though she seemed as far removed from him as the stars in the skies, the youth only grew the more determined to win her. She had smiled on him once when passing in her litter to the temple of Centeotl, the earth goddess, and he could not forget her smile. Yet, though he thought and thought without ceasing of some way in which he could make his wish come true, he could hit upon no plan that promised any hope of success. At last, thinking that he might be able to help him, he told his tale to his brother, who was a priest of Mixcoatl, the god of

the chase. When he listened to it, Fire-Jewel's brother shook his head.

"Three things you must have before you can hope to win the hand of the Princess Maize-Flower," he then said, "high position, warlike fame and wealth; and I see only one way in which you may obtain them. But it is a dark and dangerous way, and may cost you your life."

"Only tell me what I must do, brother, in order to win Maize-Flower. There is no danger which I would not dare for her sake!" cried Fire-Jewel.

"Then listen. If your heart is void of fear, and you will face Youaltepuztli, the grisly ghost who wanders at night on the mountains, you may obtain your desire. Youaltepuztli goes about in the shape of a headless man. As he walks, the two sides of his chest open and shut continually, exposing his heart. This opening and shutting of his chest makes a sinister sound like that of an axe cleaving dry wood, and for this reason he is called 'The Midnight Axe.' He is terrible to look upon. If, when you meet him, you give way to fear, he gains power over you, and you will never return from the mountains alive. But if you walk up to him unafraid, thrust your hand into his chest when it opens and draw forth his heart, he will grant whatever you wish in order to be released."

Fire-Jewel smiled and said to his brother, "I have no fear. This very night I will seek Youaltepuztli in

the mountains. And do you pray the god Mixcoatl that he give me good hunting!"

"Be not too certain of your courage," answered his brother. "Few have lived to see Youaltepuztli and tell the tale. But remember, when you hold his heart in your hand, not to let him off too cheaply. As a token of the wish he grants you he will give you an agave thorn. As soon as he has given you one thorn he will want you to let him go; but you must not release him until he has granted all your wishes."

Fire-Jewel left his brother with a glad heart. That night he put on his manguey mantle and his soldier headdress of white *aztatl* plumes, the feathers of the white heron, hung his necklace of sea-shells around his neck, thrust his turquoise earrings in his ears and, taking his obsidian sword in hand, slipped out of the House of the Warriors and went to the mountains beyond the city.

The night was clear, but the forest was thick on the mountains, and for a long time there was nothing to be heard but the noises made by Fire-Jewel as he groped his way through the thickets. At last, faintly and from a distance, he heard a sound which made his heart leap with joy. It was like an axe cleaving dry wood. Hastening in the direction of the sound, Fire-Jewel after a time came to a clearing in the forest. And there in the clearing, in the moonlight, he found Youaltepuztli. The phantom stood motionless, fronting in the direction

from which Fire-Jewel came. Though he was only a headless trunk, he seemed to be listening to his footsteps. A mantle of red cloth hung from his shoulders, and, as Fire-Jewel drew near, he could see the two halves of his chest—just as his brother had told him—open and close. For a moment Fire-Jewel, brave as he was, felt a shudder pass over him at the sight of this grisly specter, its chest opening and shutting with the sound of an axe cleaving dry wood and disclosing the red heart beating within its breast. But only for a moment did Fire-Jewel give way to the horror he felt; then his mind turned to Maize-Flower and the task that lay before him. Rapidly stepping up to Youaltepuztli, he thrust his hand into the dark cavern of his chest as it opened and drew forth the phantom's heart. And then, when he held the quivering heart in his hand, the phantom spoke in a hollow voice—though it had no mouth with which to speak—and said, "Release me, young warrior! Release my heart and I will give you whatever you wish!"

Fire-Jewel, holding the heart firmly in his hand, answered, "I wish to be a noble, a *tlaotani,* with the right to wear the emerald lip-jewel in my lip!"

Then Youaltepuztli drew an agave thorn out of the empty air with his right hand and offered it to Fire-Jewel, who took it. "Your wish is granted," said the phantom, "and now set me free!"

"You must grant me another wish before I release you," said Fire-Jewel, and pressed the phantom's heart between his fingers. "I must have warlike fame to add glory to my noble rank."

"You shall be given the title of *cuachictin,* Commander of Eagles, which only those who are bravest in battle obtain, and the honor of painting half your face red and the other half yellow." As he said this Youaltepuztli plucked a second agave thorn out of the air and gave it to Fire-Jewel, adding, "And now let me go!"

But Fire-Jewel was not yet ready to release the phantom's heart. "You must grant one more request before I free you," he cried. "I wish to be the owner of great riches!"

A third time the phantom drew an agave thorn from the air, gave it to the youth and said, "A rich treasure of gold and silver, precious stones and pearls, lies beneath the floor of the hut in which your mother dwells. Dig there and you will find it. And now, for the third time, youthful warrior, I ask you to release me!"

Then Fire-Jewel at last thrust back Youaltepuztli's heart into his chest, and, no sooner had he done so, than the phantom turned and was lost to sight in the shadows of the trees. But Fire-Jewel, blessing his brother and the god Mixcoatl, who had given him good hunting and helped him in his quest for the three things needful to win the hand of the lovely Princess Maize-Flower,

returned to the House of the Warriors with the three agave thorns and entered it unobserved before the dawn.

The very next day the young warriors were summoned from their *telpochalli* to march against a nearby tribe which was advancing to attack the city. In the battle which followed Fire-Jewel fought with such desperate bravery that he cut down the enemy's standard-bearer and captured the standard, whereupon the foe took to flight. As a reward the king made him a *cuachictin,* a Commander of Eagles, on the field of battle, with the right to paint half his face red and the other yellow. Then the king sent him to Tenochtitlan, to report the victory to his overlord, King Ahuitzotl, The Otter, who reigned in the City of the Lagoons. And King Ahuitzotl was so pleased with the message and its bearer, the young Commander of Eagles, that he made Fire-Jewel a noble of high rank and bestowed on him a gift of ten villages. When Fire-Jewel returned to his native town he dug beneath the earth of his mother's hut and there found the gold and silver, the precious stones and pearls, promised him by Youaltepuztli.

And now there was nothing to prevent his asking the king, her father, for the hand of the lovely Princess Maize-Flower. The king was glad to give his daughter to the brave and wealthy noble, the young Commander of Eagles who enjoyed the favor of the great ruler in

distant Tenochtitlan, and Fire-Jewel and Maize-Flower were married, and lived happily all the days of their lives. This was because Fire-Jewel, for the sake of his love, had dared to seek out Youaltepuztli, the Midnight Axe, and wring from him the gifts of good fortune. And if ever you have a chance to hold Youaltepuztli to ransom be sure he does not escape from you after giving you one agave thorn, but get at least three from him. For it is better to be granted three wishes than one.

THEOPHILUS THE JUST

IT sometimes happens in this world that a laboring man, who must gain his daily bread with pain and trouble, has more children to take care of than a rich man, dressed in silk and counting his gold by the basketful. And such was once the case in the capital of a great kingdom, where a poor servant found himself father of six sons, while the king lacked an heir. Now the king had thrown away thousands of golden ducats for advice given him by learned doctors and even old witches—for he tried everything—but all in vain. No son came to the royal palace to gladden his heart. The queen, too, had prayers said every day in all the churches of the kingdom, but for all that the son for whom she longed did not put in an appearance.

Then, one day, the king grew highly indignant and said in his anger: "If God wills not to grant me a son, then may the devil give me one!"

Before long the queen told him that the wish of their hearts would be granted, but by that time the king had forgotten all about the impious words he had uttered in his rage. When the child arrived it turned out to be a little princess, and people from all over came to the palace to celebrate her christening. For eight days

nothing was heard throughout the city but music and song, as the inhabitants made merry with games and dances.

The princess was baptized by the name of Ludmilla, and was brought up as the apple of her parents' eyes. By the time she had reached the age of seventeen she was the most beautiful girl in the whole kingdom. More than one noble youth would gladly have cast himself into the waves and dived to the bottom of the sea, had he been certain of finding so precious a pearl. But the lovely princess Ludmilla did not think of suitors, though her parents spent much time trying to decide which one, among the many princes who desired her hand, might be the most desirable.

One day Ludmilla was very sorrowful, and when she sat down at the table with her parents, her mother asked her why she seemed so sad. "Ah, dear mother," answered the princess, "I do not know why, but all day long I have felt melancholy, as though something told me that I soon would be separated from you!"

And, just as her mother was about to scold her for thinking such gloomy thoughts, the unfortunate princess suddenly turned black as coal and fell lifeless from her chair to the ground. Seeing this, the queen herself fainted, and while the king tore his hair in despair, the courtiers immediately sent for a great number of physicians. Not one of them, however, was able to bring the unfortunate princess to life again. So her body was

sumptuously arrayed, laid in a golden casket and locked up in the royal burial vault. And the king ordered that a soldier should stand watch over the sepulcher day and night, as a guard of honor. The people of the kingdom were deeply grieved at the young princess' sudden death, but her wretched parents were the ones who shed the most tears, for they had lost the sole object of their affection.

At daybreak, when the watch came to relieve the soldier who had gone to stand guard at the sepulcher before twelve, they found that he had been torn to pieces. Shocked by so horrid a sight, they looked at one another in perplexity, without being able to explain how such a thing could have happened. When the body was removed by the soldiers the king was informed of what had taken place. Shaking his head, he ordered his officers to send the bravest soldier they had to stand guard the following night, in order to find out who had slain the first. But the same thing happened again, and so it went day after day: sometimes during the last hour before midnight the guard was slain. The soldiers began to complain, blaming the king because he sent his brave fighting men to death for a mere whim, while rumor spread among the common folk that the dead princess walked as a ghost. Thus things went on for a time, until it was impossible to find a soldier brave enough to stand guard at the princess's tomb. In view of this fact the soldier to stand guard was then chosen

by order of name in the regimental roster, and none liked to have his name called. The man whose turn it was to mount guard trembled like a leaf, but obedience is the first rule of army life, so he had to go and do his duty.

After a time it came Theophilus's turn to mount guard—Theophilus was one of the poor servant's six sons, who had joined the army, and a good-looking and merry-hearted youth, beloved of all his comrades. Had the king ordered him to march against the enemy, he would not have been a bit afraid, but mounting guard at the princess's tomb was a horse of another color. He felt that he was marked for sure death, and therefore begged permission to visit his parents and say farewell to them.

On his way to see them, however, he changed his mind and thought to himself: "Why should I let myself be cut to pieces by some monster without so much as a by your leave? It would be better for me to make my escape!"

With this idea in mind, he left the road and took his way across the fields. And after he had run for some distance, he saw an old man, bowed down by years, gray-headed and with a long beard as white as snow, sitting in the shade of a tree.

"Be kind enough, my good soldier boy, to help me rise," said he to Theophilus, as the latter passed.

"With all the pleasure in the world," said the youth.

"More than that," he added, "if you wish, I will accompany you, so long as you are not going to town!"

"In other words, if I am going to town you will not go with me?"

"Heaven has delivered me, and I shall take good care not to go back again!"

"Will you not tell me why you have come to this decision?"

"Why not? I do not suppose you will betray me!"

So Theophilus told the little old man the tale of the unfortunate guards, adding that he himself was running away to escape a terrible death.

"Listen to me a moment, for I am going to give you a bit of advice!" said the old man, when Theophilus had ended his story. "The phantom which kills the soldiers on guard is none other than the dead Princess, Ludmilla, who must suffer to atone for her father's crime.

"The king, her father, mocked Heaven by asking that the devil might give him a son, and so the poor girl is now possessed by a malignant demon and waits and hopes for the moment of salvation. If you follow my advice to the letter, you can not alone deliver the princess but make your own fortune as well!"

"I will obey you, old man, because my conscience already troubles me for having deserted like a good-for-naught!"

"Then return to your post and, without giving your-

self a moment's worry, go to mount guard when your name is called. When you descend into the burial vault, sprinkle yourself with holy water, draw a circle around yourself with your musket and do not step outside it. No matter what happens, do not leave the circle. You must show no fear, for if you do it will be the worse for you. To-morrow come back to this place and tell me how matters went!"

Thanking the little old man, Theophilus returned to the city, and his comrades, who thought they would find him plunged in gloom, were surprised to see him full of songs and jests. A little before eleven he took up his musket and, entirely at ease, went to the church.

"God grant that you survive the night, and that we see each other again in the morning!" said the comrades who accompanied him.

"I expect to do so," replied Theophilus. "I expect to return and greet you, because I am far more careful than those who went before me, and I have not the slightest doubt but what I will be able to solve this riddle!"

With this he bade his comrades farewell and went his way through the dark church to the royal tomb, splendidly illuminated. First of all he took up one of the twenty-four wax tapers that stood on the cover of the catafalque and examined it from top to bottom to see whether he could find anything suspicious about it. But there was nothing to be seen. Then he took up his posi-

tion in the middle of the vault, drew a circle around himself with the end of his musket, stepped inside it and, presenting arms, stood waiting for whatever might occur. Whenever he began to feel frightened he recalled the little old man's words, and his apprehensions disappeared.

As the bells chimed the hour of eleven, the golden cover of the casket popped open and out came the princess, black as a coal, and began to run about the vault like some horrible serpent. It was plain that she would gladly have flung herself on the soldier, but that she did not dare, since she could not pass the circle he had traced on the ground. So in a sudden fit of rage, she began to claw at the other caskets, scattering tatters of their coverings through the air and pulling the quiet dead out of their cerements in a way that was dreadful to behold. This continued till about twelve o'clock when with one leap she was back in her casket again, the cover closed of its own accord and all was silent once more.

Though Theophilus had shown that he was a brave youth, it was with much satisfaction that he heard the footsteps of the soldiers coming to relieve him. They were greatly surprised and pleased to find their comrade still alive, and at once asked him how he had passed the night, and what he had seen.

"What I have seen I have seen. We will let it go at that, for I shall not tell you!" answered Theophilus,

remembering that the little old man had ordered him not to say a word to any one.

The next day, when the news was known, the king sent for Theophilus to question him about his nocturnal adventure. "Your Majesty," said Theophilus, "I cannot tell you, so I beg you will not insist that I do!"

When the king saw that insistence was useless, he begged Theophilus to stand guard another night in the vault, offering to reward him richly if he did. Theophilus promised to do what the king asked, and that same afternoon went to see the little old man.

"Well? And how did matters turn out?" asked the old man, whom Theophilus found sitting beneath the selfsame tree. "Very well, and a thousand thanks for your good advice!" answered Theophilus, and then told him, word for word, all that had happened.

"Well done!" cried the ancient. "Go and mount guard to-night, and do just as you did last night. And though you may see even more terrible sights, have no fear and return again to-morrow to see me!" Thanking him for his advice, Theophilus returned to his barracks. When it was near eleven, he hurried to the vault. Just as on the preceding night, he traced a circle with his musket, and, stepping within it, awaited the horrors of which the ancient had spoken. As the bells chimed the hour, the lid of the casket raised, and the princess leaped out with a single bound. Then, as though they obeyed some mysterious signal, every corner of the

vault began to swarm with dreadful monsters whose eyes shot fire while they gnashed their great jaws at Theophilus. Hideous bats and owls fluttered about his head, while the princess turned the whole vault upside down, flinging about the remains of her ancestors, and grinning at Theophilus with her horrid black face. But the fearless soldier stood his post with raised musket, his eyes following the infernal dance which whirled about him. Suddenly the bells chimed twelve and all disappeared.

The next morning the king again asked him what he had seen in the vault the night before, but Theophilus would not tell him. In the afternoon he went back to the little old man and informed him of what had taken place.

"One more night must go by, and then the princess will be delivered from the infernal powers," said the old man. "Yet, if this third time you want me to aid you with my advice, you will have to promise me half of all you may receive as a reward for your trouble!"

"Gladly will I do so, old man, if you will aid me with your advice this third time!" said Theophilus.

"Very well, return and mount guard in the vault. Then, when the princess leaps from her casket, jump into it yourself without losing a moment, first tracing a circle around your head. As the hour of twelve draws near, the princess will make desperate efforts to put you out of the casket, and will ask you most tenderly to let

"At that moment a sinister trembling ran through the entire vault"

her get into it again. But you must turn a deaf ear to all her pleas, for otherwise it will be the end of you. Whatever else takes place you will see for yourself."

Theophilus promised to follow the old man's advice word for word and, after having left him, returned to town.

When eleven o'clock drew near, Theophilus already was at his post, and the moment the princess leaped from her casket, he ran up to it and, first drawing a circle around his head, climbed into her place. As on the preceding nights the same mad rout of fantastic monsters whirled around the casket, without any of them daring to pass the circle. The princess, whose fury was greater than ever before, tried to coax Theophilus from the casket, and when she saw that he did not move, flew into such a fury that she tore her clothes. Then, kneeling down beside Theophilus, she began to plead affectionately with him to let her enter the casket before the fatal hour struck. But the soldier turned a deaf ear to her pleadings. So, when she saw that nothing moved him, she offered him an immense treasure of gold and silver, enough to buy a kingdom. Yet Theophilus did not stir.

And that moment a sinister trembling ran through the entire vault and, at the same time, the four-and-twenty wax tapers on the catafalque went out, while blue lightnings flashed from every corner of the crypt. The caskets of the kings and queens opened and the

skeletons, coming out, at once formed a circle around that of the princess and began an infernal dance, stretching out their fleshless hands entreatingly toward Theophilus. Cold perspiration broke out on the young soldier's brow at seeing himself surrounded by this ghastly company, but, confiding in the little old man's promise, he commended himself to the protection of Heaven and, his eyes closed, acted as though he were dead. Suddenly came another strong shock, then the bells chimed twelve, and Theophilus, opening his eyes, saw that all was as before. There was one exception, however: the Princess Ludmilla was kneeling near the casket, praying fervently, and she no longer was black as coal, but more beautiful than ever. Theophilus's admiring eyes would probably have watched her for a long time, had not the steps of the soldiers, coming to relieve him, roused him to action.

He climbed out of the casket, while Ludmilla, whose blue eyes were still turned toward heaven, came to him and said: "How can I reward you, my noble friend, for having saved me from the clutches of the demons!"

Theophilus seized her hand and kissed it, and the princess, hearing a clash of arms, suddenly clung to him in alarm. The soldiers, coming to relieve Theophilus, had first peered timidly in through a crack in the door to see whether it were safe to enter the vault. But when they saw Ludmilla, her head surrounded

by a bright halo, they took her for a heavenly vision.

Seized with a sudden panic, they ran from the church, and it was the noise of their flight which had alarmed the princess. When they returned to the barracks they at once informed their officers that Theophilus was in the vault talking to an angel. Word was sent to the king, and he at once went to the church with them. When the king opened the church door, Theophilus and Ludmilla were kneeling before the altar. At first he could not believe his eyes, but when Ludmilla turned her head and cast herself into her father's arms with a cry of joy, the king held her close and wept tears of happiness. And her mother's joy, at seeing the daughter she had thought dead restored to her more beautiful than ever, was beyond description.

When Ludmilla told them of all the sufferings which had ended with her rescue by Theophilus, the king and queen thanked her deliverer, and the former had a purse full of ducats brought from the treasury and offered them to the soldier.

"Keep them, keep them, generous monarch!" said the soldier, waving the money away. "What I did I did without any thought of gain, and I would be ashamed to accept a gift!" At that Ludmilla seized her father's hand and cried: "Dear father, this is the man who saved me and whom I love, and the best reward you could give him would be to accept him as your son!"

At first the king shook his head but, finally, in view of the queen's pleading glances, he gave his consent. Theophilus could hardly believe his good fortune.

At the king's wish the wedding was celebrated at once, and Theophilus began to study the complicated art of politics in order to be able to take the king's place, for his father-in-law wished to resign the crown to him. Then came the young soldier's coronation, and at the banquet which followed, the new monarch had seats placed for his father and his six brothers beside himself. Then he settled down to his high duties, living with his beautiful queen in great content and happiness until, one day, when they were driving in the outskirts of the city, the horses of the royal coach, when about to cross the bridge that led into town, refused to budge, and nothing could induce them to move on. The king called out to the coachman to see what was in the way. But the coachman answered that there was nothing in sight, save a little old man seated at the foot of the gate of the bridge. The king, descending from the coach, went up to him and at once recognized the ancient who had given him the good advice. Pleased to see him, Theophilus cried: "Where have you been keeping yourself? I have had you searched for everywhere, without avail!"

"I trust that while you sought for me you did not forget your promise!" said the ancient.

"How could I forget it?" answered Theophilus.

"Of all that I gained the half is yours. And now let me present you to my wife!"

"It is your wife who interests me in this connection. . . . Are you aware of the fact, Theophilus, that you are entitled to only half of her?"

Theophilus did not know what to say, and the blood ran cold in his veins. Alas, he had not thought of that!

"I expect you to be just and keep your promise," said the little old man. "Take your sword and cut your wife in two and give me my half!"

The horrified Theophilus answered in a trembling voice: "Do not ask me to do such a cruel thing. I would rather give you the whole of my kingdom."

"But I do not want the whole of your kingdom," replied the obstinate old man. "I only want half your kingdom and half your wife, to which I have a just claim. If you are a man of your word, you will not hesitate to sacrifice what you value most in the world, for the greatest crime a king can commit is not to keep his word!"

At last Theophilus, after exhausting entreaty and argument, went back to his wife and told her how matters stood, and, hoping that the sight of her beauty and innocence might move the ancient, he brought her back with him. But the old man remained unmoved, and insisted on having his rights. So, kissing Ludmilla for the last time, the king drew his sword, raised it high in the air and—

"Stop!" cried the ancient, "I only wished to put you to the test to see whether you would make a just king, and one faithful to his given word. Now I know that you will do so, and if you continue thus for the rest of your days Heaven will bless you!" And with that the little old man vanished, while Theophilus reigned all the days of his life with equity and mercy, and was the joy and happiness of his subjects.

KEANG-NJAMO

ONCE upon a time there was a bit of fibre, Keang-Njamo, made of the inner bark of trees, such as the people beat into a cloth to wear about their bodies. It had been hung on a wooden stand near the fire, to dry. And there it hung. No one paid any attention to it, and it dried until it became hard. But as it hung there, Keang-Njamo, the bit of fibre cloth, thought to itself: "It really is unfair that I have to lie here in idleness, without being of use to any one! I cannot work or do anything else. So I will go to Allah, and beg him to make a man of me, for then I shall be of some use in the world, and will be able to work."

So Keang-Njamo at once set about carrying out its intention, and went to Allah. When Allah saw Keang-Njamo coming he said: "Well, Keang-Njamo, why do you come to me? And what is it that you want?" "Alas," replied the bit of fibre cloth, "I have to hang uselessly on a stand. I should like to be a man, so that I can do some work." "Your wish is granted," said Allah; "go home!" And at once Keang-Njamo, the bit of fibre cloth, became a man. Happy at heart he returned home and now was able to work and earn a living like other men.

But by and by Keang-Njamo noticed that his work and his constant worry as to how he was to support himself made him very tired. So at last he said to himself: "I am afraid that work will not agree with me in the long run. Of course, if I were rich, then I would be well satisfied. I must go to Allah once more!" No sooner said than done: he went to Allah. "Well, and what is the matter now, Keang-Njamo? What is the trouble?" asked Allah. "Alas," replied Keang-Njamo, "you granted my first wish and made a man of me. But now I have to work, and that does not please me at all. I can no longer stand working and take no pleasure in it." "What would you like, then?" asked Allah. "I should like to be so rich that I no longer would need to work," said Keang-Njamo; "then I would be happy and content!"

And Allah granted his wish.

So Keang-Njamo grew rich and even richer; he had coined gold and valuables more than enough; many men stood ready to serve him, and many slaves obeyed his commands. And at first he was satisfied; yet gradually he became envious and longed for new things. His wealth made everything easy for him, he was held in great respect, and men honored him; yet as his reputation increased so did his ambition; he yearned for even higher honors and greater power. Such ambitious thoughts and plans prevented Keang-Njamo from enjoying what he had in peace and contentment and drove

sleep from his eyes. At last he decided that all would be different, and he would be truly happy if he were king. Then there would be no one whom he need obey, and there would be no one for him to envy. No sooner said than done. He once more went to Allah, in order to tell him his wish. And for the third time Allah patiently heard his wish and granted it. In a few days' time Keang-Njamo was chosen king.

And now that this last wish of his heart also had been granted, Keang-Njamo increased in wealth and power and in wisdom. His kingdom grew ever larger, he became famous everywhere and enjoyed the respect of all. It seemed as though at last he must be content and happy. Yet, deep down in his heart, there was a thorn. There was still one being who was higher and more honored than he was, and that was Allah himself. This thought came to Keang-Njamo again and again, and he could not rid himself of it. At length his good fortune no longer brought him happiness, and envy gave him no peace by night or day. For a long time he racked his brain as to what could be done about it, until he finally made up his mind, and went to Allah for the fourth time. When Allah saw him he was much surprised and cried: "Why do you come to me again? What is it you lack now?" And Keang-Njamo answered: "Well, you see, first I was a bit of fibre cloth, then you made a man of me, you made me rich and, finally, you made me king. Yet there is still something

wanting to make me happy. I am still not content." "And what is it that you want now?" asked Allah. "Well," said Keang-Njamo, "I should like to be like you. I should like to be Allah myself. Then I would be satisfied!" When Allah heard these words a sudden great darkness spread around him, and from out that darkness his voice spoke to Keang-Njamo and said: "In the beginning you were a bit of fibre cloth. Be a bit of fibre cloth again!" And in the twinkling of an eye Keang-Njamo again found himself hanging on his old stand near the fire. Once more he was a bit of fibre cloth, hard and dried up, in the smoke of the hearth.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK FROM TLALOCAN

ONCE upon a time in the Land of the Jewel-Fish, where the flowers stand upright, there were two brothers, Quauchtli and Mixtli. They lived in the House of the Warriors, in Chich'en Itza. Both brothers were brave, both were handsome, both were graceful. Quauchtli was a master of the sword, while Mixtli was the best among the archers. When they danced in their rich dresses of colored feathers, none could say which was the better dancer. Yet Mixtli had one great failing: he was envious by nature. He valued nothing until some one else had it, and then he wanted it for himself.

Now among the fair maidens of Chich'en Itza was one named Xochitl. Quauchtli had won her heart and the promise of her hand. Until that moment Mixtli had never given her a thought. But when he learned that she loved his brother, he at once grew envious of Quauchtli and began to plan to win her away from him. But Xochitl would have nothing to do with Mixtli. She refused his gifts and, when he persisted in trying to make her like him, she forbade him to visit her

home. Then Mixtli decided to gain by foul means what he could not win by fair.

Near the temple of Kukulcan was a great, square well, which had been there since the beginning of time. For hundreds of years the people of Chich'en Itza had cast offerings into it—silver, gold and precious stones—for it was not like other wells. It went down, down, down, into the heart of the earth and beyond until Tlalocan, the paradise of the water-god, was reached. If you spoke a prayer at the well when the first ray of dawn touched the water and weighted it with a jewel of gold or a precious stone, the prayer was sure to reach Tlaloc, the water-god, and be heard.

To this well the two brothers went one morning before dawn. Quauchtli was going to cast his turquoise dancing-mask, the most precious thing he possessed, into the well with a prayer that Tlaloc hasten the day of his marriage with the fair Xochitl. When he had told Mixtli what he meant to do, the latter offered to go with him, for an evil plan had ripened in his mind. The dawn was coming over the hills when they reached the well and not another soul was in sight. Standing on the stone coping which rose a foot above the dark surface, Quauchtli leaned over as the first sunray touched it, to throw in his offering. As he did so, Mixtli, who stood behind him, gave him a push, and he fell head-foremost into the well. For a moment Mixtli stood and waited, but only a few bubbles rose

and broke on the dark mirror of the water. So envious Mixtli went his way, satisfied that now Xochtli never would be his brother's bride.

In the House of the Warriors he pretended to grieve, and told how Quauchtli had lost his balance as he stood on the brink of the well and had fallen in. And from the House of the Warriors he went to the home of Xochtli, who fell like a broken lily at his feet when she heard his news. Then he went to the temple. Here the chief priest said to him: "Quauchtli has gone to Tlalocan. He will never return. Even a feather thrown in the water of the holy well is drawn down to the land of the departed and is lost to earth. Yet Quauchtli, who is a warrior, will hang his head with shame if he has to walk among the other shades without his arms. At noon, when the sun-god stands midway between east and west, I will offer sacrifices, and you shall cast into the well your brother's warrior dress and his sword."

When noon came Mixtli went with the priests to the well, and Xochitl, too, was there. The priests sang hymns and burned fragrant copal gum, and Mixtli took his brother's warrior dress of plumes and his great jade-stone sword and raised them above his head, to fling them into the water. But at that very moment there was a bubbling and boiling in the middle of the well and suddenly, as though driven by some unseen force, a figure shot halfway out of the water. It was

Quauchtli. The priests, in their surprise, stopped singing and the pans of incense fell from their hands. Mixtli stood with mouth wide open, still holding the feather dress and sword above his head. But Xochitl gave a glad cry, as Quauchtli swam to the coping of the well and climbed out. Then, when he had caught his breath, he told his tale.

"When I struck the water," he said, "I tried to turn and swim to the surface. But the water was so light that I could not. It was so light that I felt as though I were falling through the air. I went down and down, faster and faster, and my turquoise dancing-mask, which had slipped from my fingers, sank below me as fast as I did. At last I lost my senses and when they returned I was lying on a shore of silver sand, upon which the dark waters had cast me. I was in a cool and pleasant land where a clear, blue light shone over meadows full of fragrant flowers. White butterflies and humming-birds with gold and azure feathers fluttered about in the air, and sweet-tongued birds sang in the trees. Among the flowers walked the shades of the departed. When they saw me they hurried down to the edge of the river and surrounded me. But I could not see their faces, for they held them turned away from me. And one of them said: 'Only those whom Tlaloc calls to him by the road of lightning or flowing water can stay in the paradise of Tlalocan! The feet of the living, whom Tlaloc has not called, have

"A figure shot halfway out of the water"

no right to tread these silver sands. Yet the water-god knows you are not to blame for being here. So he bids you return again to the land of the living!' And with that the shadows of the departed crowded about me and urged me into the water once more. And no sooner had I entered the river than it seized me and carried me along as before, swiftly and ever more swiftly, until it flung me up, here in the middle of the holy well."

But Quauchtli said not a word about Mixtli's having pushed him into the well, and this filled Mixtli with shame and repentance. As soon as they were alone he confessed that the evil spirits of envy and hatred had led him to do what he did, and begged Quauchtli's forgiveness. Quauchtli was as kind as he was generous. He bore Mixtli no grudge and forgave him, and from that day on Mixtli never again envied another. Sometimes, when he saw a beautiful jewel, or a lovely maiden whose heart belonged to another, the old jealous feeling stirred in his breast. But as soon as it did he closed his eyes and saw himself standing behind Quauchtli, as the latter bent over the water of the well, and then his envy vanished.

And not in vain had Quauchtli offered his turquoise dancing-mask to Tlaloc. The king of Chich'en Itza, when he heard the tale of his visit to the land of the cool blue clouds, was pleased to think that the water-god had not robbed him of so good a swordsman. He gave the young warrior a gift of gold and a house of

white stone, and since there was nothing to prevent, Quauchtli married Xochitl and they lived long and happily. And if you do not believe that Quauchtli ever visited Tlalocan, you need only to go to Chich'en Itza, in the land of Yucatan. The well is still there and you can see it with your own eyes.

THE GREEN BIRD

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had a little daughter whom he loved better than anything else in the world. One day, when he was playing on a terrace of the palace with his little Maruzza, for that was her name, a soothsayer went by and shook his head as he looked at the child. At once the king became very angry and ordered the soothsayer seized and brought before him. "Why did you shake your head when you saw my daughter?" he asked. "Alas, Your Majesty, I did so without thinking," answered the stargazer. "If you do not at once tell me the real reason," replied the king, "I will have you thrown in the deepest of the castle dungeons." So the poor soothsayer had to obey, and what he told made sorry hearing: "When the little princess is eleven years old," said he, "misfortune is sure to overtake her!"

This prophecy made the king very unhappy, and he had a tall tower without windows built in a lonely part of the land. In this tower he shut up his little daughter with a maid, but he often came to visit her and took pleasure, as Maruzza grew up, in seeing her become taller and more beautiful day by day. There never was any meat with bones served at her meals, so that

no harm could happen to her. But, when she was nearly eleven years old, the maid brought in a portion of roast kid for her dinner one day, and unfortunately a sharp bit of bone in the meat had been overlooked. Maruzza found it and wanted to play with it, yet, since she knew the maid would take it away from her if she saw it, she hid it behind a chest.

When she was alone again, she took it out and began to scrape the wall with it. Now it happened that there was a hollow place in the wall where she was scraping, and soon she had bored a little hole through the wall. Curiosity led her to keep on until the opening was large enough for her to put her head through it. And then, for the first time, she saw all the brightly colored flowers and the blue sky and the radiant sun, and took such pleasure in the sight that she spent the whole day looking out of the hole in the wall. When the waitress came into the room, she quickly drew a little curtain across the hole, which hid it. Thus some time went by. But one day, at the very moment she became eleven years old, there was a rustling in the air, and through the hole in the wall flew a beautiful, radiant green bird, which said: "I am a bird and become a man!" And at once it turned into a handsome youth.

Maruzza was much frightened and was about to call for help, when he said in a friendly manner: "Noble lady, do not be afraid of me, for I shall do you no harm. I am an enchanted prince, and must remain enchanted

for many a long weary year. Yet, if you want to wait for me, then some day you shall be my bride." When Maruzza heard the prince talk so nicely, she felt more confidence in him, and soon they were chatting together like old friends. But when the hour had passed he turned into a bird again and left her, promising to come again the following day. And, true enough, he came back every noon, at twelve o'clock, and as soon as the clock struck one, off he flew through the hole in the wall.

When a year had gone by, the king, Maruzza's father, thought that any danger which threatened her must have passed, so he came in a splendid coach and four and took her to the royal castle. Yet Maruzza was not happy in her father's beautiful palace. The mysterious, green bird, whom she had learned to love, no longer came to see her; and she grew so melancholy that she forgot how to laugh, and did not want to leave her room. So the king, her father, had proclaimed throughout the land that he would richly reward whosoever could make his daughter laugh again.

Among his subjects who heard the proclamation was a little old woman who lived in the hills, and she decided to go and see the king. On the way she met a muleteer who was driving before him a mule, laden with bags of money. "Give me a handful of your money!" she begged him. The muleteer answered: "I cannot give you any here on the road, but if you want

to go with me to the castle, where I have to deliver the sacks, then you may have a handful." So the old woman went along until they came to a wonderfully beautiful palace, in which dwelt twelve fairies. In the great hall of the palace the muleteer opened his sacks and carelessly let the coined gold roll out upon the floor. And when the old woman saw that here money meant nothing, she lost all desire for it. On the other hand, she went through the palace and looked at everything. The great hall was splendidly furnished, for chairs, tables and beds were all made of the purest gold. And at last she came to a room in which stood a golden table set with twelve golden dishes and goblets, and in front of the table stood twelve golden chairs. The very next room was the kitchen, and there stood the twelve fairies, all in a row, and each had a golden fireplace in which she was cooking her soup in a golden kettle. When the soup was ready, the fairies took their kettles from the fire and put them on the table.

Now the old woman, seeing that they did not notice her, felt she must call attention to herself: "Noble ladies," said she, "since you say not a word to me, I hope you will not object if I help myself!" And with that she took up a golden spoon and took some of the soup. But no sooner was she about to place the spoon in her mouth than the hot soup flew into her face and burned it. And at the same moment there was a rustling in the air, and the green bird flew into the

chamber. "I am a bird and become a man!" it said, and at once turned into a handsome prince, who wailed and wrung his hands and cried: "Ah, Maruzza, my Maruzza, have I lost you for good and all? Shall I never find you again?" The fairies surrounded him and tried to comfort him, but the old woman quietly left the fairy palace, "For," thought she to herself, "I must tell the young princess this tale and if it does not make her laugh, then nothing else will!"

When she reached the royal castle, she asked to see the king, and said she had come to make his daughter laugh again. So the king took her to his daughter's room and left them alone together. Then the old woman commenced to tell how the muleteer had led her to the fairy palace, and how she had burned her mouth when she wanted to swallow the soup. Maruzza began to laugh happily when she heard this, and the king, who was listening outside, heard her laughing and was glad that the miracle had taken place. But the old woman went on and said: "Wait until I finish, your Highness!" And she told her of the green bird which had turned into a handsome prince and was sorrowing for his beloved Maruzza.

Then Maruzza became quite happy and said: "My father shall give you a rich gift, and you will get the same from me if you will call for me to-morrow at the same hour and take me to the palace of the twelve fairies." This the old woman promised to do, and she

really did come to call for the princess the next day, and led her over hill and dale, a long distance, until they reached the palace in which the twelve fairies dwelt. There the twelve fairies were again busy at their golden fireplaces, and were just carrying the soup into the next room to eat it. "See, your Highness," said the old woman, "this is how I tried to get a spoonful of soup the other day!" With that she took a little soup in a golden spoon. But as soon as she tried to lift it to her mouth the hot soup again flew into her face. "Let me try it," said Maruzza, laughing. She took some soup in a golden spoon, and lo and behold, she had no trouble at all in getting it into her mouth!

Suddenly there was a rustling through the air, and the green bird flew in and turned into a handsome prince. And when he began to wail and lament again: "Alas, Maruzza, my Maruzza!" the king's daughter threw herself into his arms and called out: "Here I am!" But at that the prince grew very sad and said: "Alas, Maruzza, what have you done? Why did you come here? Now I must leave, and without ever resting must fly for seven years, seven days, seven hours and seven minutes!" "What?" cried Maruzza, "you are going to leave me now when I have been so sad because of you, and have come this long, long way to find you?" The prince answered: "I cannot help it. Yet if you wish to save me from my fate, you must do as I tell you." With that he led her to a terrace and

said: "If you will wait here for me seven years, seven days, seven hours and seven minutes, whether it rain or whether it shine, without eating, drinking, or speaking, then I will be delivered and we can be happily married!" Then he turned into a green bird once more and flew away.

So poor, faithful Maruzza sat on the terrace, and when the fairies came and begged her to come into the palace she sadly shook her head and remained sitting in her corner, neither eating nor drinking, and never a word crossed her lips. Thus she waited seven years, seven days, seven hours and seven minutes, in storm and rain and burning sunshine. Her delicate fair skin turned black, her fresh, dainty face faded and her slender limbs grew stiff.

When the seven years had passed there was a rustling in the air, the green bird came flying up and turned into a handsome prince. The two flew into each other's arms with tears, and Maruzza cried: "Now you are delivered and all our troubles are at an end!" But when the prince saw how black and ugly she had grown he no longer cared for her and—though not all men are so—thrust her away from him and said: "What do you want of me? I do not know you?" Maruzza, sobbing, answered: "Did I not leave my dear father for your sake? Have I not waited here seven years, seven days, seven hours and seven minutes for your sake, in drizzling rain and burning sun,

neither eating nor drinking nor saying a word?" But the prince merely answered: "And you mean to tell me you have suffered all these hardships for the sake of a mere man?" And with that he turned his back on her and left her.

Poor Maruzza sank to earth, weeping bitterly, while the kind fairies comforted her and said: "Never mind, Maruzza, you shall be ten times more beautiful than you were before!" And they led her into the palace and for many days washed her with rosewater until she was quite fair again and so beautiful that no one would have recognized her. Then Maruzza took her way to the country where the young prince lived with the old queen, his mother, and the fairies went with her, and during the night built a wonderful house directly opposite the royal palace.

When the prince looked out of his window in the morning, he was surprised to see the glittering palace across the way, for it was far more splendid than his own. And while he gazed in astonishment, Maruzza appeared at the window opposite, in silken robes and as fair as a blossoming rose, so that the prince could not take his eyes from her. He did not recognize her, so he bowed low and tried to address her. But Maruzza slammed down the window in his face. "Oho!" thought the prince, "who may this lady be who thinks she is better than I am?" He called in his mother to tell him, but she did not know, nor did any one else.

Then the prince appeared on his balcony whenever he saw Maruzza in her window across the way; but as soon as he tried to greet her and speak to her, she proudly turned her back on him and closed the window. So the prince grew sad, for he would have liked to marry this beautiful girl. "Mother," said he one day to the old queen, "do me a favor and visit the beautiful lady who lives opposite! Make her a present, in my name, of my most valuable circlet, and ask her whether she will marry me."

So the old queen went across into lovely Maruzza's palace, with a servant carrying the golden circlet, all glittering with pearls and precious stones, before her on a silver platter. When Maruzza heard that the queen had arrived and wished to speak to her, she hurried to meet her and said: "Ah, your Majesty, why did you not send for me to come to you, instead of taking the trouble to call on me? It was my place to kneel at your feet!" And she led her into the finest room in her palace, all shining with gold and jewels, and said: "How can I serve your Majesty?" Said the queen: "My son has sent me to you. He offers you his hand, and has sent you his circlet as a sign of his affection." "But that is too great an honor," answered Maruzza, "Your son should marry some rich, high born princess and not a poor girl like myself. I am not worthy of so great an honor!" And while she spoke, she took up the precious circlet and tore it into small bits.

Then she clapped her hands and cried: "Kur, kur, kur, kur!" and into the room came the twelve fairies. They had turned themselves into twelve little white geese, and eagerly gobbled up the precious stones and links of gold scattered on the floor.

Then the old queen was speechless with anger and astonishment. "Your Majesty," said Maruzza, "why do you look so angry? I always feed my little geese gold and jewels." She beckoned a servant and he brought in a bowl filled with valuable circlets, bracelets and jeweled chains, and she tore them all to pieces and scattered them to the geese.

So the poor queen had to return home, filled with shame, and when Maruzza had escorted her to the door, she went back and quickly stood in the window. In his own balcony the prince was waiting for a sign. But Maruzza only glanced at him, and then turned her back and closed the window with a bang. So, before his mother had brought him his answer, the prince knew that Maruzza had rejected him. Yet he could not help stepping out on his balcony every morning and looking at Maruzza, who always treated him with the same disdain.

After a time the prince again said to his mother: "Mother, for my sake, visit the noble lady opposite once more and ask her whether she will marry me!" "Alas, my son," answered his mother, "remember how cruelly she treated me!" But the prince said:

"Mother, if you love me, do as I ask and take my royal crown to her in my name!" And he took the crown from his head and gave it to the old queen, his mother, and the old queen allowed herself to be persuaded to visit the beautiful and haughty Maruzza once more, for what will a mother not do for love of her son?

When Maruzza saw her coming she hastened to meet her and received her with great politeness. Then when they had seated themselves she asked: "And how may I serve you?" Said the queen: "My son begs you once more to marry him and as a sign of his love, he sends you the golden crown from his head." "Ah, noble Queen," answered Maruzza, "how can I accept such a favor? Your son cannot take a poor girl like myself to wife." With that she called in her cook and said: "Here, cook, take this golden crown, it will do very well for a hoop in one of my kettles!" To the queen, however, who grew pale with anger, she said: "Your Majesty, why do you turn pale? I always have golden hoops around my kettles." So she called the cook back, and he brought a number of kettles, and they all were of pure gold and had golden hoops besides. The queen went home with her head hanging, but Maruzza hurried to the window to let the prince know his answer.

Now the poor prince was so deeply grieved by this refusal that he fell ill and every one thought he would die. Yet he did not forget his love and as soon as he

could speak he called his mother to his bed and said: "Mother, I pray you, go to this cruel girl again! Tell her that if she refuses me for good and all I will fall down dead at her feet!" With tears and quite broken by shame the poor mother—for mother love will dare all things—went for the third time to Maruzza. And, her tears still falling, she spoke her message: "If you refuse him for good and all he surely will die, for he cannot live without you." Then Maruzza replied: "Tell your son that if, out of love for me, he is willing to be carried in a coffin from his palace to mine, with the church bells tolling and monks chanting the mass for the dead, the priest will be waiting here to marry us!"

With this fearful answer the queen returned to her son. But when he heard it, he leaped up out of bed, his illness forgotten and, without a moment's hesitation, had a splendid coffin made in which he lay down. Then he ordered the bells of all the churches in the city to toll and, accompanied by monks carrying wax tapers and singing the mass for the dead, he had himself carried from his palace to Maruzza's home. And Maruzza, royally clad, stood in her balcony and looked down on the sad procession.

When the coffin was just beneath her window, however, she leaned over and said, in a loud voice: "And for love of a mere woman you were willing to lie in a coffin, a living, dead man?" At once, when she said this,

the prince recognized her and cried: "O Maruzza, Maruzza, forgive me!" And hearing him plead so tenderly and sadly, her heart melted, and she hurried down to him and said: "Yes, I am your own Maruzza! But I wanted you to know yourself how great was the sorrow you made me feel! Yet now all shall be forgotten and forgiven, and the priest is waiting to marry us!"

Then a splendid wedding-feast followed, the prince became king and Maruzza queen, and if nothing has happened to them they are still living in happiness and contentment.

THE GOLDEN ARMLET

ONCE upon a time, on his return from a victorious campaign against the Persians and rebellious Kurds, the Sultan Selim encamped near Mallatia, in order to let his soldiers rest during the hot midsummer months which retard the movements of great bodies of troops. Yet, though he had his soldiers compete in athletic contests, rewarding the victors with prizes, and himself practiced to keep up his mastery of lance, bow, arrow and scimitar, he grew weary of the monotony of camp life. What he enjoyed best was to make long excursions, sometimes afoot, sometimes on horseback, into the country around Mallatia, accompanied only by a young general, Achmet Pascha, who had done great service during the campaign. At such times the Sultan dressed very simply, in order that the country folk whom he met and with whom he talked might not know his rank and feel at ease, and Achmet Pascha also laid aside all signs of his high rank.

One day their aimless wandering brought the Sultan and his companion to a little stream, whose crystal clear waters bubbled over a bed of colored pebbles before leaping down into a valley. Old trees, casting a delightful shade, stood on its banks, and beneath

them soft, green grass offered rest and refreshment after their long walk along the white, hot, empty highway. Selim flung himself down beneath a tree and, since the hour had come, he said his second prayer with all devotion. Then he seated himself on the grass beside the stream and told his companion to sit down beside him. Lost in thought, they looked into the water hurrying by at their feet, until its pleasant monotonous murmur lulled them asleep. Suddenly the Sultan Selim heard himself called by name. He opened his eyes but, aside from Achmet Pascha, who still was fast asleep, and the silent fish with silver fins which played in the water, there was not a living creature to be seen. The Sultan, thinking he had been dreaming, already had closed his eyes again, when he heard his name called a second time and, looking in the direction whence the voice seemed to come, he saw a beautiful golden-yellow apple swimming toward him from the other side of the stream, so that all he had to do was to stretch out his hand and seize it. The apple was ripe and cooling and afforded Selim welcome refreshment in the heat of the day. He ate it slowly and enjoyed it. Suddenly, however, he felt something hard as stone between his teeth, and when he took it from his mouth, he held in his hand a black pearl—never had he seen one so beautiful—shaped like an apple core.

The Sultan now woke the sleeping Achmet and

showed him the strange jewel, telling him how it had come into his possession. Both carefully tested the pearl, and Achmet Pascha said: "It is in truth a valuable jewel!"

Then the Sultan became thoughtful. He remembered the just law of his land. According to it any object found, whether more or less valuable, did not become the finder's property until, in spite of his utmost endeavor, he had been unable to discover the owner. Once the owner was found, it was left to his generosity to reward the one who had returned his property.

"We must try," said the Sultan, "to find the owner of the apple I so thoughtlessly ate in order that I may return this pearl." And both followed the shady footpath by the side of the stream until, at the end of an hour's walk, they saw above the spot where the Sultan had found the apple, a high wall, across whose top an old apple tree stretched forth its great branches till they overarched the stream. And from its branches hung many beautiful golden apples like the one Selim had eaten.

"Here we will find the owner of the apple!" said Selim.

So he and Achmet made the round of the wall until they came to a narrow gate which, after they had knocked for a long time, was opened for them by an old woman. She had long since reached the years when

a woman may show her unveiled face to a man, yet she wore a veil, and only her hard eyes and severe voice showed that she was of an unfriendly disposition.

"Why do you knock?" she asked. "If you are in need of refreshment, wait here, and I will bring it to you. But I cannot take you in."

"We are not in need of refreshment nor do we ask for shelter," answered Selim. "We bring you this pearl, which I found in one of your apples that the stream had carried down to me."

"Where is the apple?" asked the woman.

"I ate it up."

"You know that you had no right to do so."

"That I knew. And that is why I have come to beg you to make me a present of it."

"I will not make you a present of it."

"Then sell it to me."

"I will not sell it to you."

"Then give it to me as a reward for finding this valuable pearl, which I return to you."

"I do not want the pearl without the apple. Keep it unrightfully, as you did the apple, or throw it away, as you ate the apple; but know that you are breaking the law, and that you will suffer the consequences of your disobedience."

"You are very severe."

"I am what I am, but I have never broken the law."

"Then you refuse to make me the rightful owner of

the apple and the pearl under any condition?" asked the Sultan Selim, who was an honest and pious man.

"Only on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you marry my daughter."

"How old is your daughter? Is she beautiful? Is she faithful and true?"

"No stranger has ever seen her face. As for the rest, she may be forty years old, or she may be lame, humpbacked or blind. You must take her as she is. After the wedding you may see whether she pleases you."

The Sultan thought for a few moments. If the woman's daughter were old and homely, humpbacked or lame, he could give her his blessing and dismiss her with rich gifts. That would be better than breaking a just law. "I will take your daughter for my wife," he said. "Call the *imam* and the witnesses, and my companion will represent me at the wedding. Here, take back the pearl!"

"Since you are marrying my daughter," said the old woman, "you become the lawful owner of what you have found, for I give you the pearl." After the wedding the Sultan saw that his bride was neither old nor homely, but instead a charming young creature, so he became very fond of her and settled down to live in her mother's home. While there, Achmet Pascha brought him daily reports of all that went on in the camp, received the Sultan's orders and saw that they were car-

ried out. One day he informed his master that the greater part of the army already was well on the road back to Istamboul, and that only the rearguard remained at Mallatia. It would be advisable for them to march at once, lest they be cut off from the rest of the host.

The Sultan prepared to take leave of his wife, who did not know that he was the Sultan. He now told her who he was, gave her a great sum of money, a bracelet and a broad armlet, both of purest gold. The bracelet was small and fragile, meant for the wrist of a delicate woman. The armlet had been wrought by a skillful goldsmith, whom the Sultan had called to Mallatia, and in the middle were three jewels of great value. It was intended for a strong man's upper arm, and was cunningly worked with beautiful arabesques. In the middle of the bracelet, surrounded by diamonds and rubies, glowed the black pearl which Selim had found in the apple. Beneath it, deeply graven in old Arabic letters, was a verse from the Koran: "Whoso is just, him will Allah reward beyond his deserts, but the unjust he will punish justly, for Allah is merciful and kind!"

"Take these two circlets," said the Sultan to his weeping wife; "one of them is for our son, should Allah see fit to send us one. The other is for you. Give the armlet to the boy when he is of age and wishes to leave his home. Then, but not before, you may tell him the

name of his father. He must carry the armlet on his arm beneath his shirt and guard it like a talisman, mentioning it to none. But I, should fate bring us together, will recognize him by it. Allah, if such be his wish, will lead him to me. Yet he is not to seek me out of his own accord."

In due time a beautiful boy was born to Selim's wife, who named him Ibrahim, brought him up carefully and had him instructed in the holy writings. His childhood was a happy one, and he had plenty of playmates, though none knew of his lofty descent. He excelled all his playmates in good looks, courage and kindliness, and his constant companion was Abdullah, the son of his mother's gardener, of an age with himself, and also gifted with much charm of manner and determination.

When Ibrahim was seventeen years old he longed to see something of the world and so told his mother. She did not deny his wish, and, after she had told him his father's name, prepared everything for his departure, supplied him liberally with money, and finally clasped the Sultan's golden armlet on his arm. As she did so she repeated Selim's last words: "Keep the armlet hidden, guard it like a talisman and tell no one of it. Your father will recognize you by the armlet should fate bring you together, but you must not seek out the Sultan yourself, and are forbidden to call him father before he has greeted you as his son!"

When Ibrahim came to say farewell to his friend Ab-

dullah, the latter said: "It is written: 'He who goes alone is helplessly exposed to twofold danger. Choose a comrade to go with you.' If you wish, I will accompany you, for I, too, would like to make the acquaintance of strange cities and people."

The next day Ibrahim and Abdullah left their home and followed the road to distant Istamboul, full of courage and happy anticipation. When but two days distant from the city, however, they were attacked by robbers one evening near an Anatolian village, and all they had was taken from them. The robbers were so pleased with the unexpectedly rich haul they had made, that they let the youths keep their clothes, and even made each of them a present of two gold pieces, so that they might reach Istamboul without having to beg their way.

A few hours later Ibrahim and Abdullah sat on the porch of a peasant's hut—he had hospitably taken them in when they told him of their misfortunes—and considered what best they might do to gain a living after the small sum of money the robbers had given them had disappeared. Ibrahim said:

"I know of one way to help us out of our difficulty," and when Abdullah begged him to explain, he told him the story of his birth but, at the same time, he was careful to say nothing of the golden armlet, since his mother had bidden him not to mention it. Yet Abdullah was not encouraged by what Ibrahim had told him.

"If you are to wait until the Sultan calls you, you will have to wait a long time," said he. "You yourself cannot approach him without being punished for disobedience, for your mother has given you your father's commands. Of what use, then, is your supposed high descent. It is possible that your mother was deceived by some stranger who unrightly made use of the Sultan's name."

"I beg of you, Abdullah," said Ibrahim, "not to insult me by taking for granted that my father was not an honest man!"

"I did not wish to insult you," replied Abdullah. "It was careless of me to mention a baseless suspicion which entered my mind. I do not doubt but that your father spoke the truth."

A few days later the two youths, with no special object in view, were straying through the streets of Istamboul. Their small fund of money already was half gone, and the future looked very dark. They walked along so gloomily that the attention of a good-natured man who kept a coffee-house near the imperial palace was drawn to them.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "you seem weighed down with care. You move along the street like feeble old men, with bent necks and downcast eyes. Probably you are strangers from a distant part of the empire. If so, and if you need the advice of an old resident of

Stamboul, then speak. I will do whatever I can to aid you."

The coffee-house keeper's kind words and face won the hearts of the youths. They told him how they had been attacked and robbed of their money when near Istamboul and added that any advice he could give them in their present straitened position would be welcome.

"Have you learned a trade?" asked the coffee-house keeper. "I am a gardener," answered Abdullah.

"I have learned to write and read," Ibrahim added.

"I think I can find employment for you," said the coffee-house keeper. "Many people visit my coffee-house, and I will find out whether one or the other can use a gardener or a scribe. Meanwhile you can make yourselves useful here, and thus need not worry about food and lodging for the moment."

Ibrahim and Abdullah gratefully accepted his offer and found that their work was not hard. All they had to do was to carry out the orders of those who visited the coffee-house promptly and courteously, bring one a cup of coffee, another a pipe, a third a glass of water. . . . Soon Ibrahim and Abdullah's grace and good looks had made them universal favorites, and the coffee-house keeper found himself well repaid for the kindness which had prompted him to take them in. They drew many customers to his shop and, in fact, the fame

of the two youths spread through the capital and finally reached the Sultan's ears. The latter still loved to wander about Istamboul, disguised as a dervish, merchant or laborer, and on such occasions often visited coffee-houses and similar places of amusement. So, one day, he entered the coffee-house in which Ibrahim and Abdullah were employed. At once he recognized Abdullah as one of the youths whose amiability he had heard praised, and had him bring him coffee and and water. When they were set before him he said:

"Where is your comrade? I should like to make his acquaintance."

"He is in the bazaar," replied Abdullah. "The host sent him there early this morning, to buy coffee and sugar. He will return in an hour."

"From what part of the empire do you come?"

"From the neighborhood of Mallatia, master!"

Now the Sultan wished to know more. "How old are you?" he asked.

"I was born in the glorious year in which the Sultan Selim, after he had defeated the Persians, encamped for the summer on the outskirts of Mallatia."

When Abdullah had said this he was called to wait upon another guest, who had just entered. The Sultan looked after him thoughtfully, for the long-forgotten past came back to memory. His thoughts dwelt on it with pleasure. It brought back his proud youth, the greatest victories of his stormy reign, and the face of a

lovely girl, to whom he owed three months of quiet happiness such as he never had known again. He recalled the clear stream which ran by the old wall, the silent house amid its gardens, the apple tree with its golden fruit, his beautiful young wife and his sad leave-taking from her. And he also thought of the bracelet and the golden armlet he had left with her, and the words he had said. Now he would gladly have known whether she and her child were still alive. He wished that he had not forbidden his son to seek him out, and had not ordered that he should wait patiently until fate brought them together.

The coffee-house keeper had at once recognized the Sultan when he entered, for it was not the first time he had crossed his threshold. Yet he knew that he would be severely punished if he betrayed what he knew. So he passed him with the same greeting he gave any distinguished guest, but did not lose sight of him. For all that the Sultan did not wish to be recognized, the coffee-house keeper would be held responsible for any annoyance he might have to suffer. So he called Abdullah to him as soon as the latter had left the Sultan and said:

"Show special attention to the guest whom you have just left! He is a great lord. In fact—I tell you in confidence—it is the Sultan himself! But it might cost me my life if you betray my secret!"

And then Abdullah was tempted. A voice seemed to whisper to him to pretend he was the Sultan's son,

and he forgot the saying in the Koran: "Seek help in prayer when the evil one leads you into temptation!"

Abdullah lingered about the place where the Sultan was sitting, and soon the latter called him to him and put many questions to him regarding his home and family. Abdullah answered them with seeming openness, but in such a way that the Sultan soon felt convinced that his son was standing before him. For all that the youth told about the appearance of his supposed mother, the house in which he had been born, its garden and the surrounding country, agreed exactly with the Sultan's own memories. Yet he wished to see whether his son would respect his father's command not to thrust himself upon him, so he asked him: "Who was your father?"

"I have never seen him," Abdullah answered, evasively.

"Did your mother never mention him to you?" the Sultan continued.

"Abdullah pretended to be embarrassed and excited: "I beg of you, my lord, ask me no more questions! I would have to disobey my mother were I to answer them!"

Soon after the Sultan left the coffee-house much pleased: he thought he had found his son as honorable a youth as he was handsome.

That selfsame evening Abdullah was ordered to come to the imperial palace and soon after brought into the

presence of the Sultan in whom, apparently surprised and overcome, he recognized the guest he had served in the coffeehouse a few hours before.

"I have decided," said Selim, after he had returned Abdullah's respectful greeting in the gracious manner he reserved for near relatives, "to take you into my service. Your words and appearance have given me confidence in you. It will now depend upon your own actions whether you keep my favor and rise to high honors, or lose it!"

Abdullah felt that the Sultan was warning him to act as he would toward any unknown benefactor. So cleverly did he take the hint that a few weeks after he had established himself in the imperial palace at the Sultan's command, he already stood high in the favor of the man who thought himself his father. The court accepted him as the *padischah's* declared favorite, and overwhelmed him with compliments and flatteries of every kind. Yet Abdullah was not content, for the thought of the deception he had practiced on poor Ibrahim deprived him of rest. He was haunted by the idea that chance might some time lead Ibrahim into the Sultan's presence. Then Ibrahim might discover that he had been deceived by Abdullah, who had spoken of Ibrahim's mother as though she were his own. And the fear that he might lose the high position he had gained hardened Abdullah's heart and slowly filled it with deadly hatred for Ibrahim, in whom he saw a ter-

rible obstacle to his own success. Gradually he formed the cruel resolve that his boyhood friend, who never had shown him aught but kindness, would have to be made away with. Yet he dared not hire a murderer to slay him, but thought out a plan by which he could gain his end in a manner which would not endanger himself.

When Abdullah had moved over to the imperial palace, he had told Ibrahim that the Sultan had taken a fancy to him and therefore had given him a place at court. "Perhaps I will get a chance to have you meet the Sultan," he added; "in fact, I shall do my best to bring about a meeting."

"Do not do so," had been Ibrahim's reply. "I would be acting against the Sultan's wish were I to try to gain his attention. Whatever is to be, will be!"

But Abdullah had ceased to go in fear of Allah, and foolishly thought that he could make sure of his good fortune by committing a crime. He begged the Sultan's permission to let Ibrahim keep him company in the palace. "He is the friend of my youth," said he, "and I do not like to see him doing hard and menial labor in a coffee-house while I, thanks to your favor, dwell in luxury."

The Sultan readily granted his wish and praised him for not forgetting his friend. "It would be impossible for me to do so," answered Abdullah, "for I love Ibrahim like a brother and would give my life for him." And he did treat Ibrahim like a true friend. He gave

him a room next to his own, in order, so he said, that they might not be separated. Then, showing him a great bag of gold the Sultan had given him, he said: "This belongs to us together. Take what you will of it!" But Ibrahim had no expensive habits and therefore did not touch the gold. One evening the two friends were sitting on the divan in Abdullah's room, talking of home, for Ibrahim was homesick. They had talked for a long time and—save for the guards—all seemed to have gone to bed in the palace when they finally separated. But no sooner had Ibrahim entered his room than he heard Abdullah's voice softly calling him. He at once returned to the apartment he had left, and there saw his supposed friend, who had hastily slipped off *kaftan,* turban and girdle, advance on him, his face distorted with rage, and a long knife in his hand.

Ibrahim was so surprised that he could not utter a word, and Abdullah gave him no time for reflection, for with dagger raised he seemed about to stab Ibrahim to death. Yet the latter was strong and agile. In another moment he had torn the knife from Abdullah and both youths, who a few minutes before had been chatting pleasantly side by side, now wrestled viciously with one another. Ibrahim's only aim, however, was to render Abdullah harmless, for he thought he had suddenly lost his reason.

Abdullah offered but little resistance, so that it was

easy for Ibrahim to fling him to the floor and hold him there. But then Abdullah began to shout for help in a loud and pitiful voice, which rang through the solemn silence of the palace and at once brought guards and servants hurrying to the room. They rushed to aid the *padischah's* favorite and found him half clothed, his undergarment torn, lying on the floor, while Ibrahim knelt on his breast, trying to hold him down. When Abdullah saw the guards and attendants he cried: "Free me from this wretch, who has tried to rob and murder me!" His command was easily obeyed, for Ibrahim opposed no resistance to those who seized him.

Abdullah, who with the aid of the servants had slowly risen, pointed to the knife and some gold pieces which lay scattered about the floor and said, sadly: "Why did you do this, Ibrahim? Was it necessary to murder me for the sake of yon wretched gold? Did I not tell you it was yours?"

And Ibrahim was so surprised and astounded that he could not find a word to say.

"Guard him carefully," Abdullah continued, turning to the servants and guards, "for you shall answer with your lives if any harm be done him. To-morrow the judges will question him, and he may have some explanation for his actions."

So Ibrahim was led off and Abdullah remained alone. He lay down on his couch but could not sleep. The following morning the Sultan—who had been informed

of all that had happened in his supposed son's room—sent for him. He listened to Abdullah's account with a frowning brow, and when the latter had ended, said: "Your friendship for Ibrahim has been rewarded with ingratitude, but the evildoer shall not escape his just deserts!"

"Use mercy for right, O sublime Sultan!" said Abdullah; "perhaps Ibrahim's mind was disturbed when he laid hand on me."

But the Sultan's eyes were as hard as stone. "It is my business to decide this matter," he replied. "Do not think you will be able to influence me, for I cannot be moved!"

Ibrahim's trial left no doubt in the minds of the judges as to his guilt. His truthful account sounded to them like a clumsy tissue of falsehoods. He had been found, knife in hand, kneeling on the breast of Abdullah, who lay half clothed on the floor, in his own apartment. Who could imagine that Abdullah would attack Ibrahim, his guest, whom he had shown the greatest friendship, as every one knew. And did not the gold pieces, Abdullah's property, found on the floor where the two had been struggling, offer plain proof of the motive of Ibrahim's criminal intention?

Ibrahim himself soon realized that it was impossible for him to clear himself of suspicion. He resigned himself to his fate and only said: "I am in Allah's hand. If he has determined my death then I must die."

The Sultan condemned Ibrahim to death. At the same time he passed more rigid rules regarding the maintenance of order in the imperial palace and, in order to lend special weight to his orders, commanded that Ibrahim's execution take place in one of the palace courtyards, in the presence of numerous officials and the greater part of the court. Abdullah also was ordered to be present at the execution.

In the middle of the courtyard a circular place had been covered with tan bark and yellow sand to the thickness of a finger. Then the Sultan appeared and seated himself on the edge of the circle on a high throne. Round about him stood the court, and directly opposite the Sultan was seated Abdullah, who was very pale. Slaves and attendants formed an outer circle around the Sultan and his courtiers. Soon Ibrahim, wearing the broad trousers used by the inhabitants of Diarbekr, the upper part of his body covered with a thin silk shirt, was led in. Two of the headsman's assistants held his hands, and his feet were lightly fettered so that, while he could not run, he still could walk freely. He bore himself proudly and nobly, and his eyes were not the shifting eyes of a criminal. The near approach of death had paled his cheek—but he did not tremble! The Sultan gave him a long glance, and his princely heart mourned to think that such proud, youthful beauty and charm should be paired with covetousness, ingratitude and treachery.

When Ibrahim had been led into the middle of the circle in which his head was to fall, the headsman's assistants stepped aside. Then the headsman himself drew near his victim, his saber in his fist, turned to the Grand Seignior, and bowed to earth three times. Slowly he walked around the condemned man and, stopping at his left hand, once more turned to the Sultan and cried: *"Padischachem kessilen basch yerineh gelmes!* It was an old saying which recalled to the highest human judge the severity of the sentence he had passed, by reminding him that what was done in accordance with his command could not be recalled. "The head separated from the trunk can never again be united to its body!" This formula had to be repeated three times so that the Sultan, to the very last moment, held the condemned man's life in his hands and could exercise mercy. Each time he called the executioner had to look at the Sultan in order to anticipate his decision, and a minute had to elapse between each repetition, while the headsman, with bent head, slowly walked across the court and back. Twice the sentence had sounded forth, and twice the Sultan by a short backward movement of his head had shown that he had not changed his mind and that the condemned man must die. But when the headsman was about to make his last round, and his assistants had seized Ibrahim's arms in order to make it possible for him to kneel with his fettered feet, one of them gave a cry of astonishment.

In the deadly silence that lay on the courtyard all present heard him. The headsman cast a frowning glance at his man, and he, as though to excuse himself, pointed to the arm the prisoner had just bared. The Sultan, his hands on the sides of his throne, leaned forward with wide opened eyes, and his face grew as white as that of Ibrahim, and the guilty Abdullah. "*Durr!*" (stop!) he said to the headsman, and then beckoned Ibrahim to step nearer.

"Who gave you yonder armlet?" he asked, pointing to the broad band of gold Ibrahim wore on his upper arm.

"My mother."

"What is your mother's name?"

"Malchatun."

"Where does she live?"

"In a village three miles west of Mallatia."

"Who was your father?"

"She who clasped this band on my arm told me that he would recognize me by means of it, should Allah will that we meet, but she forbade me to seek him out."

"You are in your father's presence," said the Sultan gently, and his eyes rested tenderly and kindly on the figure of his sorely tried son. But his glance again grew dark with passion when, pointing to Abdullah, he said in a harsh voice: "And who is he?"

Ibrahim turned around. Abdullah was kneeling, his

face touching the dust, and his wailing cry for mercy, *"Aman, aman!"* was faintly audible. "He who kneels yonder is Abdullah, the son of my mother's gardener," said Ibrahim, answering the Sultan's question.

"He has betrayed the caliph, tried to deceive a father's heart and offered up the Sultan's son to the headsman's sword! He shall die!" Then Ibrahim said, so softly that his words reached only the *padischah's* ear: "Allah is merciful and mild," and he pointed to the verse graven in his golden armlet.

The Sultan looked to the ground, his chest rose as he breathed deeply, and then, speaking with great emotion, while he stretched his right hand out threateningly in Abdullah's direction, he said: "You have deserved death, and my favor is withdrawn from you! Yet for the sake of my dear son, whom Allah gave me to-day for the second time, I give you your wretched life! Leave this place—and never let my glance fall on you again!"

Ibrahim, publicly acknowledged as the Sultan's son, soon won his father's love and confidence. The terrible minutes he had undergone on the place of judgment had made him serious and reflective, and he spoke so little he was known as "the taciturn." Yet his ability won him a great name at court, and the poor loved him because of his charity. When war broke out, he distinguished himself by his bravery, and when the Sultan

was in danger of being captured in a daring cavalry attack, Ibrahim, at the head of a band of heroic Janizaries, saved him from the enemy.

After the battle the Sultan and his son rested in the shade of a low-growing old tree. Then, although the air was motionless and fruit and leaves still clung firmly to the branches, an apple fell to the ground, between the Sultan and his son. Ibrahim handed it to his father, who looked at it thoughtfully. And suddenly a picture from the distant past came back to his memory. He saw himself as a youth again, by the stream near Mallatia, and saw the apple which the waters brought him. It was an apple of the same kind that he held in his hand. In order to become the rightful owner of the apple he had found in the stream, he had, against his will, promised to marry a maiden whose mother had said she might be old and homely. And then his obedience to Allah's command, his justice had been rewarded, for in Malchatun he had found a young and beautiful wife. And now an even greater reward had been his, for Ibrahim, the son Malchatun had given him, had saved his life. "Whoso is just, him Allah will reward even beyond his deserts," murmured Selim, thinking of the verse engraved on the golden armlet by means of which he had been able to tell that Ibrahim was in truth his son.

THE WATER OF KANE

IN the old, old days there lived on the island of Hawaii a king who was very ill, so ill that his family and all his friends thought he would die. His whole family gathered in the court of his house and his three sons wept bitterly because of the grief they felt. As they wept an old man came by and asked them why they mourned, and one of the youths answered: "My father lies in the house sick unto death."

Then the old man looked over the fence of the court-yard and said calmly: "I know what would restore your father's health. He should drink some of the water of Kane, the water of life. It is a pity that it is very hard to find and still harder to keep when found."

When the old man had gone on the oldest son spoke as follows: "I will go and find the water of Kane." "For," thought he, "then I shall be my father's favorite, and he will give the kingdom into my hand." So he ran to his father and begged permission to go and seek the water of Kane. But the sick king answered: "No, that is too hard and dangerous a task. It would be better were I to die." Yet the young prince pleaded so long and so earnestly that at last his father gave his consent.

Then the prince took up his water calabash and hur-

ried off. For a long time he journeyed, but found no trace of the life-giving water, for Kane lies far, far beyond the horizons of Hawaii, in a land beneath the ocean, where it springs clear and cool from an ever-running well, which is not easy to find. One day, while the prince was wandering through a forest, a homely little dwarf suddenly came up to him and said: "Where are you going in such a hurry?" The prince answered rudely: "Is that any business of yours? Why should I tell you?" and, pushing the dwarf aside, he continued on his way.

This made the dwarf very angry. He was a magician as well as a dwarf, so he used his magic arts and the path the prince had taken suddenly developed a thousand and one different crooks and turns and grew smaller and narrower the further the prince went. The trees kept pressing closer and closer together and finally the path disappeared altogether and, between the trees which hedged him in, spread creeping and climbing plants of every kind. The prince fell to the ground and soon, in spite of a desperate struggle, the blossoming creepers wound themselves about his body, legs and arms, so that, to all appearances he lay dead where he had fallen.

For a long time his people waited for him to return to the house of the king, his father; but when he did not come back, they knew that something must have happened to him. So the second son said he would go out

and look for the water of Kane. He took up his water calabash and followed the same road his brother had taken, for he felt sure of finding the water of life and inheriting the kingdom in his brother's stead.

As he was going through the forest he, too, met the dwarf—who was really a magician and the king of the dwarfs—and the latter cried: "Where are you going in such a hurry?" The prince answered him rudely, just as his brother had done, pushed him out of the way and ran on. But soon the dwarf's enchantments changed the forest, and he was caught and held by the creepers as his brother had been.

At last, after waiting in vain for his brothers to make their appearance, the youngest son, in turn, set out to free them, and to fetch back the water of Kane to his father. He met the dwarf, just as his brothers had done, but when the dwarf asked him where he was going, the prince told him all about the king's illness and the magic powers of the water of Kane, and begged him to help him find the life-giving spring. "My father is sick unto death," said the prince, "and only the water of Kane can cure him, and I do not know the path that leads to it!"

Then the dwarf said: "Since you have told me everything in such a friendly way and have asked me to help you, and because you did not treat me rudely as your brothers did, I will show you the road to Kane and aid you. Take this staff—and the road to Kane will open

before you as you go! After a time you will come to the palace of Kane, who is a divine king and a magician. In his palace the living water rises in a holy well. But only with these three magic packets of food which I give you can you enter the palace. Take the packets in one hand and your staff in the other, and when you reach Kane's palace, knock on the door three times. It will open at once. When it opens you will see two dragons, ready to devour you. But if you quickly fling one of the magic packets of food in the jaws of each, they will do you no harm. Then fill your calabash with the water of life and hurry away. For at the hour of midnight all the doors and windows of the palace close tightly, and you would not be able to get out again!"

The prince thanked the dwarf, took his gifts and went on his way with a glad heart. Following the magic staff, he came, after a long time, to a strange land and in it found the palace of Kane, the divine magician king. He knocked at the door, saw the dragons, threw the magic packets into their jaws and made them his friends. Then he entered the house and was greeted by several young chieftains, who gave him a war club and food. Thence he was led into another room, and there stood a beautiful girl, the daughter of Kane, to whom his heart went out as soon as he looked at her. She gazed into the prince's eyes, and told him that, though they must part at once, they should meet again and she would become his wife. Then she led him to the well

in which the water of life rose, cool and clear, and told him to make haste. So he filled his calabash at the well, and ran out of the door of the palace just on the hour of midnight.

Full of joy he now hastened back, passing from one land and from one sea to another, and looking everywhere for the good dwarf who had so greatly aided him. And suddenly, one day, just as though he knew what the prince wanted, the dwarf stood in front of him and asked him about his adventures. So the prince told him of his long journey and of its success and thanked him for all his kindness. But when the dwarf refused to take any reward, the prince asked whether he might make bold and beg one more favor of him. Said the dwarf: "You treated me with friendliness and respect when you met me in the forest. Ask what you desire, and perhaps I can grant you your wish!" Then the prince said: "I do not like to go home without my brothers. Will you not help me find them?"

"They are lying dead in the forest," said the dwarf. "Even if you did find them they would only try to harm you. They are lying among the ferns and creepers and there let them lie, for they have evil hearts!"

Yet the prince pleaded so movingly that at last the dwarf showed him the winding path through the forest, which opened up before the prince's magic staff, until he came to the place where his brothers lay. There he sprinkled them with a few drops of the water of life,

and they at once awoke to life and strength. Their young brother told them how he had found the water of Kane, of the gifts which had been given him, and how he had been promised a beautiful bride. When they heard this news, however, the evil older brothers forgot their long death sleep, and were jealous and enraged to think of their younger brother's success.

But they hid their feelings and set out with him to return to their home. On the way they came to a land in which the chieftain was at war with his rebellious subjects. The country had been laid waste and the people suffered, and the young prince felt sorry for the chieftain and his warriors. So he gave them some of the food which had been presented to him in Kane's palace, and when they ate it they at once became strong and vigorous again. And when he had loaned the chieftain his war club, the rebels were soon scattered and the land enjoyed peace once more.

Finally the prince landed with his brothers on the shores of Hawaii again. There he lay down to sleep; but his evil brothers, who knew that they were now safe from danger, would have killed him, had it not been for the magic war club which guarded him while he slept. Since they could not slay him, they took his calabash, however, and poured the water of life out of it into their own calabashes, filling the prince's with salt sea water.

The following morning all three went home. When

he reached his father's house the youngest brother came forward with his calabash, and gave it to his father, telling him to drink of it and become well. The sick king drank heartily of the salt water, and at once became more ill than he had been before. Then the other two brothers came up and accused the youngest of trying to poison their father. They gave him the true water of Kane to drink from their calabashes, and at once the king became well and as strong as in the days of his youth.

But the king was very angry with his youngest son, and sent him away with a man who knew the forests well, with orders to lose him in the woods so that he would perish there. The man, however, was a friend of the young prince, so instead of losing him, he brought him to a safe hiding-place where he lived in solitude and sadness.

Not long after, the powerful chieftain, whom the prince had helped in his difficulties, came to Hawaii to bring him many gifts as a reward for the aid he had given him in establishing peace and prosperity in his kingdom. He told the father what a wonderful son he had and asked that he might be allowed to thank him. Then the king regretted the wrong he had done his son, and sent for the man he had told to lose him in the forest. And when he learned that the prince was not dead, he dispatched messengers to bring him back with them.

In the meantime Kane's daughter, the loveliest princess in the world, had sent out word everywhere that she would seat herself in her house, and that her magicians would draw a line through the air running straight to her. Whichever prince was the first to reach her, coming along this line and looking neither to the right nor to the left, she would take for her husband. And a special day was set for the event.

Now the messenger, whom the king had sent to fetch the young prince from the forest, had heard this and told the prince, and the latter at once hurried to the land of Kane on the wings of love. His brothers had not succeeded in finding the daughter of Kane after the most painstaking search, but the young prince followed the path of his heart, which was the very same line the magicians had drawn, and came straight to a door which opened of itself. And there the daughter of Kane ran out of the house and into his arms, and sent her servants forth everywhere to proclaim that she had found her husband.

As for the two evil brothers, they wandered off into far lands and never came back, and the prince and princess became king and queen of Hawaii and lived happily and contentedly to the joy of their subjects and their own.

THE RED HERON

ONCE upon a time there lived a king in Anahuac whose *tecpan* was surrounded by wonderful gardens, filled with the choicest flowers and trees to be found in the world, and most beautiful of all was a giant cactus tree, which bore figs of purest emerald. When the emerald figs had ripened the king had them counted, but the next morning one was missing. When the king heard this he at once ordered a guard of his soldiers, his bravest *Eagles* and *Jaguars,* as they were called, to be posted around the tree during the day to see that no more of the precious fruit was stolen. And that night he sent the oldest of his three sons into the garden to stand watch over it. But when midnight came his eyes grew heavy and closed, and when he awoke in the morning a second emerald fig was missing.

So the next night the king sent his second son to stand guard beneath the tree. But when midnight came the prince fell asleep, and when he woke in the morning another emerald had disappeared. Now it was the third son's turn to stand watch, though the king did not think he would accomplish much, seeing what had happened to his brothers. So the third young prince lay down under the tree, but unlike his brothers, he did not grow

sleepy: when midnight came, he was wide awake. And as he lay there with his eyes open, he heard a rustling in the air and by the light of the moon he saw a beautiful Red Heron. All the feathers of its neck, breast and wings were red, every shade of red known. The Red Heron had wine-red, blood-red and rose-red feathers, feathers scarlet, purple and vermilion, feathers as clear-red as mountain berries, as dark-red as rubies and golden-red like autumn leaves. Never had the young prince seen such a glorious sight.

The Red Heron settled in the giant cactus tree and he had just picked one of its emerald fruits with his beak, when the prince shot an arrow at him. The heron flew off, but the arrow struck his wing, and one of the glorious golden-red feathers fluttered to the ground. The youth picked it up, and the following morning brought it to the king, his father, and told him what had occurred. The king called together his counselors and wise men, and they all declared that the precious feather was worth more than his entire kingdom. "If it is as valuable as that," said the king, "then a single feather is of no use to me, and I must and will have the bird itself."

So the oldest son set out to hunt for the Red Heron, relying on his cunning and feeling sure he would catch it. After he had gone a way he saw a coyote by the roadside and aimed an arrow at it. But the coyote cried: "If you do not shoot me I will give you a bit of

good advice! You are on your way to hunt the Red Heron, and this evening you will reach a village in which there are two inns, one opposite the other. The first is brightly lit and is full of merrymakers. Do not enter that inn, but go to the other, even if it does not look so attractive."

"How can such a silly beast give me any good advice," thought the king's son. He let fly with his arrow, but missed the coyote, which at once turned tail and ran off into the forest. Then the prince continued on his way, and in the evening reached the village with the two inns. From the one came the sound of song and laughter; but the other had a silent, shabby look. "What a fool I would be," thought the king's son, "if I were to go to that wretched-looking inn instead of this fine, gay one." So he went to the inn which was full of merrymakers, and soon was enjoying himself so well that he forgot the Red Heron, his father and everything else.

As time went by and his oldest son did not return, the second young prince started out to hunt the Red Heron. Like his older brother he, too, met the coyote and listened to his good advice, but did not profit by it. And when he came to the village with the two inns, there stood his brother in the window of the one and beckoned him in. So in he went and soon had forgotten the Red Heron and his father as completely as his brother.

Again time went by and at last the youngest prince

wished to set out to hunt the Red Heron, though his father begged him not to do so. "You would only be wasting your time," said he, "for if your brothers did not find the Red Heron, it is not likely that you will. And if misfortune overtakes you I will have lost all my sons." Finally, however, since his son gave him no peace, he agreed to let him go. When he came to the forest, there sat the coyote, begged for its life and gave its bit of good advice. And the good-natured prince said to it: "Do not worry, little coyote, I am much obliged for your advice and will do you no harm." When the coyote heard this it answered: "You shall not regret it, and now, so that you may travel the more quickly, climb up on my tail." No sooner had the prince climbed on the coyote's tail than the animal ran off so swiftly over stick and stone that the wind whistled through the prince's hair. When they reached the village, the prince climbed down and, taking the coyote's advice, entered the quiet inn without even looking at the other one, and passed a restful night.

The following morning, when he had left the village and was following a road which led past large fields of maize, the coyote again appeared and said: "Now I will tell you what to do next! Keep on walking straight ahead, and you will come to a handsome, walled *tecpan.* Outside a whole company of warriors of the *jaguar clan,* with their two-edged obsidian swords, their feathered armor and their high helmets, are standing guard.

"The Red Heron had just picked one of the emerald fruits with its beak"

But pay no attention to them, for they all will be fast asleep where they stand, snoring loudly. Walk right into the palace and go through all its rooms till you come to one in which the Red Heron hangs in a cage of woven reeds. Beside the plain cage of woven reeds you will see another, a splendid cage of gold wire. But be careful not to take the Red Heron out of the reed cage and put it into the golden one, for if you do it will be the worse for you."

With these words the coyote once more stretched out its tail, the prince climbed up on it and off they flew, over stick and stone, while the wind whistled through the prince's hair. When they reached the walled *tecpan* everything was just as the coyote had said. And the prince came to the room in which the Red Heron fluttered about in its cage of reeds, while beside it stood another of gold wire. And on the floor of the room lay the three emerald figs. Yet it seemed silly to the young prince to keep the beautiful bird, which shone and glittered like a living jewel, in the cheap, common cage of woven reeds. So he opened the door, seized the bird and was about to thrust it into the golden cage when it gave a piercing cry.

At once the *Jaguars* who had been sleeping outside the *tecpan* awoke, rushed into the room and at once led off the prince to a *cuauhcalli,* the wooden prison-cage reserved for those who have committed some mortal offence. The following morning he was placed on

trial and, since he admitted everything, was condemned to death. Yet, said the king, he could save his life on one condition, that of bringing him the Yellow Hind, whose hair was of gold and which could outrun the wind. If he brought him the Yellow Hind, said the king, not only would his life be spared, but he should receive the Red Heron as a reward.

The prince agreed to undertake the task, and went his way, shaking his head and sighing, for he had no idea where the Yellow Hind might be found. And suddenly, there by the roadside, stood his old friend, the coyote: "You see," said the intelligent beast, "what happened because you would not take my advice! Yet do not lose courage, for I will tell you where to find the Yellow Hind. If you keep on going straight ahead you will come to a *tecpan* in whose stable stands the Yellow Hind. A company of warriors of the *Eagle* clan will be standing in front of the stable with their two-edged obsidian swords, their feathered armor and their high helmets. But pay no attention to them, for they will be sleeping where they stand and snoring loudly, and you can lead the Yellow Hind out of the stable with perfect safety. But one thing you must remember. Before you lead out the Yellow Hind throw the coarse cotton blanket over her and not the rich blanket of *quetzal* feathers which hangs beside it, or it will be the worse for you."

Then the coyote stretched its tail, the prince climbed

up on it and off they went, over stick and stone, till the wind whistled through the prince's hair. All was exactly as the coyote had said it would be, and the prince had no trouble in finding the stable in which stood the Yellow Hind. But when he was about to fling the coarse, cotton blanket over the beautiful creature, whose hair shone like the purest gold, he thought to himself: "It would be a shame to disgrace so handsome a beast! I will give it the *quetzal* feather blanket it deserves!" No sooner had he taken up the blanket of *quetzal* feathers, however, than the Yellow Hind gave a piercing bleat. The *Eagle* warriors who were sleeping outside the stable awoke, rushed in and once more the youth was cast into the *cuauhcalli,* and the next morning was condemned to death. However, the king promised to spare his life and give him the Yellow Hind in addition, if he brought back to him the beautiful daughter of the King of the Emerald *Tecpan.*

The youth agreed to undertake the adventure and set out again with a heavy heart, for he had no idea where to look for the beautiful princess. But his faithful friend the coyote had not deserted him and was once more awaiting him by the roadside. "You do not deserve to be helped," said the coyote, for it was vexed, "but I will take pity on you and will help you once more. Right on ahead lies the country of the King of the Emerald *Tecpan.* You will reach the Emerald *Tecpan* in the evening, and you must hide and wait until

midnight, when the beautiful princess goes to her *temazcalli* to take a bath. When she is about to enter the *temazcalli* you must walk up to her and give her a kiss. Then you will be able to lead her away with you. But take care not to allow her to bid her parents good-by, for if you do it will be the worse for you."

Then the coyote stretched out its tail, the prince climbed up and off they went, over stick and stone, till the wind whistled through the prince's hair. When they reached the Emerald *Tecpan* all was as the coyote had said. The prince waited until midnight, when all were fast asleep, and just as the beautiful princess was about to enter her *temazcalli,* he stepped forward and kissed her. She told him she would gladly go with him, but begged him with tears in her eyes to let her say farewell to her father and mother before she went. At first the prince would not yield to her pleading, but when she kneeled at his feet and wept bitterly he gave in. But no sooner had the princess stepped up to her father's couch than he and every one else in the *tepcan* awoke, and the youth was captured and thrust into the *cuauhcalli* for the third time.

The following morning the King of the Emerald *Tecpan* said to him: "Your life is forfeited, and the only way for you to escape death is to remove the mountain which lies in front of my *tecpan* and which interferes with my view. And this you must do within eight days' time. If you do this not only shall your life be

spared, but you shall marry my daughter as well." So the young prince thought he might as well make the attempt and commenced to shovel and dig as hard and as fast as he could. But when he saw how little he had accomplished in the course of seven days and that the mountain was as big and as high as ever, he lost all heart and grew much discouraged. But on the evening of the seventh day the coyote once more appeared and said: "I ought not to trouble my head with you at all. However, go to sleep now and I will attend to your work for you." And the next morning, when the youth awoke, he saw that the mountain had disappeared. Full of joy he hurried to the king and told him that he had fulfilled the condition. Then, whether he liked it or not, the King of the Emerald *Tecpan* had to keep his word, and give him his daughter's hand in marriage.

Then the prince and the princess set out together from her father's country and before long they met the kind coyote. "It is true that you have the best of all," said the coyote to the prince, "but the Yellow Hind belongs with the Princess of the Emerald *Tecpan.*" "How can I obtain the Yellow Hind?" asked the prince. "That is easily done," replied the coyote. "First you must bring the beautiful princess to the king who sent you to the Emerald *Tecpan.* When he sees her he will be so full of joy that he will have the Yellow Hind brought out of the stable and presented to you. Then

you must climb on the creature's back and bid them all farewell. Last of all you must say good-by to the princess. Then, when you hold her hand, you must quickly draw her up on the Hind's back with you and flee, for the Yellow Hind can outrun the wind."

The prince did just as the coyote told him and carried off the beautiful princess on the back of the Yellow Hind. The coyote kept up with them and when they were safe from pursuit, said: "Now I will help you obtain the Red Heron. When you draw near the *tecpan* in which the bird is kept, have the princess dismount and I will take care of her. Then ride into the court of the *tecpan* on the Yellow Hind. The king will be so delighted that he will bring out the Red Heron to you, and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand, ride back to us and take up the princess again."

When this had been done, and the prince was ready to ride back to his father's kingdom with his treasures, the coyote said: "Now you must reward me for the aid I have given you." "What shall I do for you?" asked the prince. "When we reach the forest, you must draw an arrow on me and shoot to kill. Then you must cut off my head and my paws." "That would be a fine reward for all you have done," cried the prince, "and a fine way of showing my gratitude! No, that is something I cannot do for you." "Well, then," said the coyote, "if you will not do as I ask, then I will have to leave you. But before I go I will give you a bit of

good advice. Beware of two things: buy no gallows' flesh and do not sit on the edge of a well." And with that the coyote ran off into the forest.

The young prince thought to himself: "The coyote is a strange beast and full of curious fancies. Who in the world would buy the flesh of those who are to be hanged, and never in my life have I thought of sitting on the edge of a well." He kept on with the beautiful princess and soon his way led through the village of the two inns, in which his brothers had remained. There was great tumult and excitement in the village, and when he reached it and asked what was the matter, he was told that two men were about to be hanged. When he came closer, the prince saw that the two men were his two brothers, who had done all sorts of evil deeds and squandered away all they had. He asked whether they would not free them. "If you wish to pay all that they owe we will set them free," said the villagers, "but why should you waste good money on two such evil creatures?"

Yet the good brother did not hesitate for a moment. He paid down the gold for their release, and when they had been freed, all three continued their journey together. When they reached the road through the forest, where the brothers had met the coyote for the first time, the sun was burning hot and the forest cool and shady. So the older brothers said: "Let us rest a little by the well, and eat and drink." The youngest brother agreed,

and while he was talking with them forgot the coyote's warning; and seated himself on the edge of the well without any suspicion. Suddenly the two older brothers pushed him in so that he went down the shaft backward, took the beautiful princess, the Yellow Hind and the Red Heron and went home to their father. "We have not only brought you the Red Heron," said they, "but also the Yellow Hind and the beautiful daughter of the King of the Emerald *Tecpan*." Then there was great joy and happiness—but the Yellow Hind would not eat, and the Red Heron would not sing and the beautiful daughter of the King of the Emerald *Tecpan* would not speak, but sat all day long weeping bitterly.

Yet the youngest brother had not perished. Fortunately the well was dry, and when he tumbled in he fell on the soft moss which covered the bottom. The only trouble was that he could not climb out again. Yet in his greatest need the faithful coyote did not forget him, but came rushing up, looked over the edge of the well and scolded him for not following his advice. "I have not the heart to leave you there," it said at last, "and I will help you up so that you may see the light of the sun once more." Then it added: "Take hold of my tail, which I will hang over the edge of the well, and I will pull you up!" And soon the prince was out of the well.

"Your troubles are not over yet," said the Coyote, "for your evil brothers are not certain that they have

killed you, and they have surrounded the forest with warriors who will slay you if you show yourself." Now a poor beggar was sitting by the roadside, and the prince changed clothes with him and thus was able to pass the watching warriors and reach his father's *tecpan*. No one knew him in the shabby rags he was wearing, but suddenly the Yellow Hind commenced to eat, the Red Heron began to sing and the beautiful daughter of the King of the Emerald *Tecpan* stopped crying. The king was much astonished and asked the lovely princess why she no longer wept, but all she could say was: "I do not know how it is, but I have been sadder than sad until now, and now I feel happier than happy. I feel as though my true love and husband had arrived." Then she told the king all that had happened, though the two older brothers had threatened to kill her if she did. At once the king had all those who were in his *tecpan* brought before him, and among them was the youth in the beggar's rags. The princess knew him even in his disguise, however, and flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then his evil brothers were banished from the kingdom, while the youngest brother married the beautiful daughter of the King of the Emerald *Tecpan* and they lived happily ever after.

But what became of the good coyote who had brought the prince all his happiness? A long time afterward the king's son was again walking in the forest, when the coyote appeared and said: "Now you have all that

heart could wish, but I am as unfortunate as ever. Yet it is in your power to release me from my sufferings." And then he once more begged the prince in such a piteous way to kill him and cut off his head and paws that he said he would. And no sooner had the prince done so than the coyote turned into a human being, and who do you suppose he was? None other than the brother of the princess of the Emerald *Tecpan,* who had been enchanted by an evil magician, and was now released from his enchantment. So there was not another thing needed to ensure the happiness of all concerned.

URASHIMATARO

ONCE upon a time a pious old couple dwelt close by the seashore, living on the fish they caught. An only son was their one great joy in life, and since he both looked and did well, they never complained because they had to work hard, but saw the days go by content and happy. The son's name was Urashimataro, which means the son of the ocean isle.

He grew up to be a brave, handsome youth, and, since he helped his father with the fishing, he could be seen putting out to sea every day, rain or shine. No one in the village, which was famous for its fish, dared go so far out to sea as he did, and often the neighbors said to his parents: "If your son continues to be overbold, you are bound to meet with misfortune. The waves will bury him and the day will come when he will not return to you!" But Urashimataro paid no attention to these speeches, and since he was strong and fearless in the handling of his boat, they did not worry his parents.

One morning—it was a clear, bright day—when he drew his well-filled nets from the water and emptied them into his boat, he found the smallest and prettiest little turtle imaginable among the fishes. Much pleased with his catch, he dropped it into a wooden vessel, and

at that the little turtle suddenly began to beg him in the most pitiful manner not to kill it: "Spare me," it cried, "of what use am I to you? I am so very young and small, and would so much like to live. If you are merciful and give me my freedom, I promise to show myself grateful!"

It did not need to say more, for Urashimataro was far too good-natured to deny a request. He at once took up the turtle and put it back in the water again.

Years passed, and Urashimataro, as before, drove his boat out along the paths of the sea every morning. Then one day, just as he was guiding it past a great rock, he was surprised by a tremendous gust of wind, which piled the waves mountain-high and smashed his little craft. Urashimataro was flung out into the raging billows. He was a good swimmer, however, so he did not despair, but breasted the waves with his strong arms, making for the shore. Suddenly he saw a giant turtle come swimming up to him and, in spite of the howling of the wind, heard it speak as follows: "I am the turtle whose life you saved! Now I wish to prove my gratitude and make a return for what I owe you. The shore is far away and without my help you never could reach it. Climb on my back, therefore, and I will carry you wherever you wish!" Urashimataro did not need to be told twice, and gratefully accepted his friend's help. Yet no sooner was he seated on the turtle's back than it proposed to him not to return to the

shore that day, but to let it carry him where it wished. "If you do, you shall see wonderful things," said the turtle, "and will never regret it!"

Urashimataro was much surprised, but readily agreed to the proposal, and the next moment the turtle dove beneath the waves, straight down into the depths of the sea. How quickly they went down through the blue waters! The brave youth hardly knew what was happening to him, and thus they swam for three whole days until, finally, the turtle stopped before a great palace at the bottom of the sea. This palace was built of crystal and precious stones, and was all shining with gold and silver, radiant rosy coral and shimmering pearls. The turtle led Urashimataro into the palace, which was just as splendid within as without, for there were golden fruits, leaves strewn with pearls and radiant jewels, and the walls were covered with precious, glistening fish-scales which shone like thousands of lights.

"Where have you brought me?" Urashimataro asked his guide.

"To the palace of Riugu, in the house of the sea-god, to whom we all are subject," answered the turtle. "I am the first attendant of his daughter, the incomparably beautiful Princess Otohime, whom you shall soon see!"

And while Urashimataro still gazed about him with eyes of wonder, and waited for whatever was to happen, the turtle—which had already told his mistress much about the beautiful youth, and had carried him to the

palace at her request—went to inform her that Urashimataro had arrived. And when the Princess found him every bit as handsome as the turtle had said, she received him with joy and festivity, and begged him to remain with her for all time. His reward should be the gift of eternal youth and beauty.

"You shall never grow old," she coaxed, and since she was as beautiful as the sun-queen herself, and pleaded with him in so sweet and charming a manner, Urashimataro at last consented, and agreed to marry her and stay with her in her palace beneath the sea.

There he led the happiest of lives with the beautiful princess, and time went by in utter joy and delight. Yet suddenly, in the midst of all this happiness, he was seized with a great and uncontrollable longing for his dear parents. No matter how hard he tried to hide it, he could not conceal this feeling, and one morning he was so sad that it was quite impossible for the Princess to cheer him. At last she asked him why he grieved, and Urashimataro honestly confessed that he longed for his parents and would die unless he saw them again. When she heard this the Princess was much frightened. In vain she told him his wish would expose him to the greatest danger: "I shall lose you forever!" she wailed, amid her tears. Yet Urashimataro remained firm, and only replied: "I must see my home and my parents again. Yet I will gladly return if you command me to."

Sorrowfully the Princess bowed her beautiful head, and sighed deeply: "There is one way by means of which you may return to me in safety," she said, "but I fear that you will not be able to carry out the condition attached to it."

"I will do all that you ask," replied Urashimataro, and looked at her with his honest eyes. But the Princess did not grow more cheerful—something told her that she would lose him. Yet she rose, went off and came back with a little box of mother-of-pearl, tinted like the rainbow, with clasps of coral and jade. This she gave to Urashimataro, begging him earnestly to take good care of it and, above all else, never to open it. "If you can obey this condition," she said, when she bade him farewell, "you need only go down to the shore and call your friend the turtle, and it will bring you back to me the way you already have traveled!" Deeply moved, Urashimataro thanked her, and again promised to do exactly as she said. He put the little box carefully away in his robe, seated himself on the back of the turtle, which was waiting for him, and was carried off while the Princess looked after him with tears in her eyes.

Again they swam for three days and three nights before they landed safely on Urashimataro's native strand. There the turtle bade him farewell and disappeared in the foaming waters. Urashimataro, however, hastened to his village with quickened steps and a happy heart.

He saw the smoke rising from the chimneys, saw the well-known straw roofs showing above the green bushes; he heard the merry shouts and laughter of children, the sound of the *koto,* the Japanese lute, coming from a hut by the wayside, and tears of joy at his return to the home he had yearned for so long filled his eyes.

Yet suddenly his heart contracted as he wandered along the village street. All was changed, not a stone, not a human being did he recognize. Alarmed, he hurried to his parents' house. Sure enough, there it stood, but its appearance had changed. Horrified, he asked the people living in it what had become of his parents, but they did not even know their name. In wild despair Urashimataro now hastened to the burial-ground, the only spot in the village where he could look for help and advice in his hour of need. There all the kind and good gods dwelt, they would reveal to him what all these mysterious moments of torment and disappointment meant! Nor was he deceived—after a short search he found his parents' grave, and chiseled in the headstone was a year not far removed from that in which he had departed for the palace of the sea princess.

Urashimataro said his prayer, and then looked around. About him were countless graves of more recent date. And, at last, he found that over three hundred years must have passed since he had left his home!

Filled with horror, he ran back to the village street. And when the people told him that no dream was tormenting him, but that all was true, he took the little box the Princess Otohime had given him from his pocket—perhaps he was caught up in the web of some evil magic, thought he, and it might save him. Almost mechanically he opened the clasp of coral and jade and saw a purple mist rise from the box. Astonished, he hid the empty box in his hand and saw his hand—which but a few minutes before had been the strong hand of a youth—shrivel up and grow wrinkled and bony like that of an old, old man. He went over to the clear lake whose waters flowed down from the mountain and looked at his face in the surface of the wave as smooth as a mirror—and a face like that of a mummy gazed back at him. Despairing and weary unto death he dragged himself through the village.

No one recognized in the old, old man the handsome, blooming youth who had hurried through the street a short hour before. Thus he hobbled wearily along until he came to the seashore. There he sat down and called to the turtle—but he called in vain, and it was not long before death came and gently released him from earthly suffering. Yet before this happened, he told the kind folk who saw him sitting by the shore in his loneliness and came to comfort him, his experiences, and they told the story to others until it spread throughout the land. And all praised the brave, good

son who had left the wonders and magnificence of the beautiful sea-princess's magic palace for love of his parents. To this very day, when a son leaves his home to wander afar, his parents bid him not to forget Urashimataro's example, and at the moment of his greatest success and happiness never to forget father and mother and the home he left.

THE GIRL WHO KNEW MORE THAN THE EMPEROR

ONCE upon a time there was a poor man who lived in a cabin with his only daughter. Now she was a very clever girl. She went about everywhere in search of alms, and she also taught her father to speak wisely and well and thus obtain what he wanted. So well was he able to put his best foot foremost in any society, that one day the poor man came to the emperor and begged him for a gift.

The emperor, surprised at the choice language the beggar used, asked him who had taught him to speak in such a way.

"My daughter," said the poor man.

"Is your daughter so well educated?" asked the emperor, and the poor man replied:

"Heaven itself, as well as our extreme poverty, have been our teachers."

Then the emperor gave the poor man thirty eggs and said to him:

"Take these eggs to your daughter and tell her to hatch chickens from them. And if she hatches no chickens from them it will be the worse for her!"

The poor man, tears in his eyes, went back to his

cabin and told his daughter what the emperor had said. And his daughter at once saw that the eggs were hard-boiled. But she told her father not to worry for she would see to everything. Her father, following his daughter's advice, went to sleep while she, taking up a kettle, filled it with water and with beans and put it on the fire. The next morning, when the beans had been boiled, she called her father, and told him to take a plough and oxen and go plough near the road where the emperor would pass.

"And when you see the emperor," said she, "take the beans and begin to sow them, saying: 'Giddap, my oxen! May Heaven protect me and make my boiled beans sprout!' And should the emperor ask you how boiled beans could sprout, you can tell him: 'It is just as easy as hatching a chicken from a hard-boiled egg!' "

The poor man did as his daughter told him to and when he saw the emperor he began to call out: "Giddap, my oxen! May Heaven protect me and make my boiled beans sprout!"

When the emperor heard these words he stopped in the road and said:

"Why, you poor madman, how could boiled beans ever sprout?"

To which the poor man replied:

"Gracious emperor, it is just as easy as hatching a chicken from a hard-boiled egg!"

Then the emperor realized that the daughter had taught her father what to say. He ordered his servants to seize the poor man and bring him before him, and then gave him a small bundle of hemp and said:

"Take that and with it make me sails, cordage and everything else a ship at sea needs, or else I will cut off your head!"

The poor man returned home to his daughter in tears, and when he had told her what had happened she sent him off to sleep and promised him she would attend to everything. The following morning she took a splinter of wood, woke her father and said to him:

"Take this splinter to the emperor and tell him that as soon as he has made me a spindle, a shuttle and a loom of it I will make what he wants."

Again the poor man followed his daughter's advice, and went and told the emperor what he had been told to say. The emperor was astonished and decided to make another try, so taking a drinking-glass he gave it to the poor man, saying:

"Take this glass, bring it to your daughter and tell her to bail out the ocean with it so that I can till its bottom like a field!"

Tears in his eyes, the poor man returned home again and repeated his conversation with the emperor to his daughter, word for word. But his daughter told him to wait until the morrow, for she would attend to all.

The next morning she called her father, gave him a pound of cotton waste and said to him:

"Carry that to the emperor and tell him to stop up all the springs and all the river-mouths of the earth, and after that I will bail out the ocean."

Back went the poor man to tell the emperor what she had told him to say.

The emperor now saw that the girl was wiser than he was. He ordered her to appear before him and when she, together with her father, had saluted him, the emperor said:

"My child, do you know what can be heard the greatest distance off?"

"Yes," said the poor man's daughter, "thunder and falsehood can be heard the greatest distance off."

Then the emperor took his beard in his hand and, turning to his counsellors asked:

"Can any of you guess how much my beard is worth?"

One after another the counsellors guessed, some guessed more and some guessed less, but the girl declared that not one of them had guessed right and said:

"The emperor's beard is worth exactly three rainfalls in the dog-days!"

Then the emperor was delighted and cried:

"She has guessed it!"

So he asked her to marry him, saying he would not

be satisfied until she gave her consent. The girl bowed and said:

"Gracious Emperor, your will be done! Only you must write on a piece of paper, with your own hand, that if at any time you come to dislike me and wish to send me away from you and out of this castle, I shall have the right to carry off with me whatever I love best."

The emperor consented and gave her the paper, all splashed with red wax and sealed with the great seal of the empire.

Then some time later it did happen that the emperor became dissatisfied with his wife and said to her:

"I no longer wish you for a wife! Leave my palace and go wherever you like!"

Said the empress: "Illustrious Emperor, you shall be obeyed! Let me spend one more night here and in the morning I will leave."

The emperor granted this request and then the empress, before supper, put certain fragrant herbs in the wine, and, bringing the emperor his goblet, said:

"Drink, your Majesty, and rejoice! To-morrow we shall leave each other and, believe me, for it is true, I shall be even happier than the day I married you!"

No sooner had the emperor taken a drink from the goblet than he fell asleep. Then the empress at once had him put in a carriage which stood ready and

took him to a grotto cut in the rock. When the emperor awoke in this grotto and saw where he was he cried:

"Who brought me here?"

To which the empress answered:

"I brought you here!"

Said the emperor:

"Why did you do that? Did I not tell you you no longer were my wife?"

But the empress held out a paper to him and said:

"What you say is quite true. Yet here is what you promised me in your own hand. When I left you I was to have the right to take away with me whatever I liked best in the whole palace!"

When the emperor heard these words, he hastened to embrace his empress, and they returned to the palace together and there lived happily ever after.

THREE NEGRO FAIRY TALES FROM AFRICA

I

Brave Little Kombe

ONCE upon a time a Fellata boy by the name of Kombe Alhassu left his home to go a-wandering. He wanted to see the world and learn what it was like. After he had gone a ways he met a giantess. She gave him good day and asked: "What are you doing?" Said little Kombe: "I am wandering along seeing the world. Some day I will be king!" When she heard this the giantess laughed and answered: "Do not stay here all day, for this is a very dangerous place." Said little Kombe: "In that case this is the very place in which I'll stay, for it is to see things that I travel around."

Now the giantess had three giant sons. Each son killed three full-grown elephants every day and brought them home for dinner. So when it was noon the three sons came home. Each carried his three dead elephants, one across each shoulder and one on his head. Said the giantess to them: "Something new dropped in on us to-day. But you must be careful or you will

crush it by mistake!" Then one of the giants stooped, raised up little Kombe Alhassu, put him on a saucer and took a good look at him and his weapons. Then he very carefully bent down and placed him on the ground again. At this Kombe Alhassu was frightened and said to the giantess: "I think I would rather go now, after all." But the woman answered: "Now it has grown too late, you had better stay and eat supper with us."

So the three young giants dragged up an enormous pot, cut up the elephants and then threw them into it. Then they lit the fire and commenced to cook the meat. When it was cooked, they seized immense spoons, with handles like beams, and began to eat with a will. Soon one of them said: "This little human must have something to eat, too!" So they perched Kombe Alhassu on the rim of the enormous pot. But little Kombe accidently fell into the elephant stew, and as one of the giants thrust in his hand to draw out a morsel of meat, little Kombe got onto his finger, and the finger shoved him into the giant's mouth. No one saw it, though Kombe cried out at the top of his voice. Yet when the giants had finished eating, they looked around for the little human, and their mother asked: "Where is he? He was sitting on the edge of the pot only a few minutes ago!" They looked in every corner, but could not find him. At that moment one of the giants said: "Something is caught in my teeth. It must be

an elephant-sinew!" He pulled it out, and then they all saw it was little Kombe, who had gotten into the giant's mouth by mistake.

So the giantess said to Kombe: "You see! Didn't I tell you it was dangerous here for a little fellow like yourself? But now come, lie down on my mat and sleep. Then nothing more can happen to you, and you can continue on your way to-morrow."

And the good-natured giantess laid down her own mat for little Kombe to sleep on. When it grew dark, however, Kombe thought he would flee. He groped about in the darkness and at last came to a great cavern, in which he hid.

Now this cave was neither more nor less than the giantess's huge ear. Toward morning the giantess's nose tickled her, and she sneezed so terrifically, that a great current of air burst from her mouth, nose and ears. The shock flung little Kombe out of his hiding-place, hurled him through the window and flung him a good way into the forest.

In the morning the giantess said to her sons: "I wonder what has become of our little human?" So they all looked for him, but could not find him, and the giantess said, sadly: "I hope I have not squashed him!" But Kombe Alhassu, who was safe and sound, wandered happily along his way, until he came to a great tree. At the foot of the tree was a cave and into this cave little Kombe crept to sleep.

Up in the tree sat a vulture. After a time an elephant came up to the vulture and said: "How do you do, oldster! To-day is the change of the year so I wish you good luck! You are older and know more than any living creature, so I beg of you, tell me a true tale!"

Then the old, old vulture said: "You are right. This is the day of the change of the year, so I wish you good luck also! Nor do I mind telling you one thing or another, for there is much that may be told. For instance, if you take the leaves of this tree, dry them, powder them and use them for medicine, they will cure many sicknesses. But that is a trifle, and since this is a great day, I shall tell you something quite special. In the land of Massina, near Dia, there is a village called Maitaka. In Maitaka there is a hollow in the ground, and if someone were to dig in the earth there they would find a great pot. This pot is filled from top to bottom with pure gold. And when the pot is lifted out of the ground, then a river will at once rise from the place and flow through the land!"

That was the story the ancient vulture told the elephant, and little Kombe, who had been listening, heard every word of it. So he got up and went his way and after wandering a long time reached Maitaka one day in the morning. There he raised the pot of gold —and the river streamed forth. Little Kombe was the first man of the Fulbe tribe to come to the land of Massina, which the Fulbe or Fellata now possess, and

"The Pot was filled from top to bottom with pure gold"

the river was named after him. One of his descendants was the pious Samba Omar, whose name is spoken with reverence whenever fish from the Kombe Alhassu river are eaten.

II

The Land Turtle and the Hippopotamus

THERE once was a land turtle that lived on a river-bank and fed on the small onions that grew there. One day a hippopotamus waddled ashore and when the land turtle saw it, it was frightened most to death. And the next day, when an elephant came down to the river to drink, the turtle grew speechless with terror. When the turtle had grown calmer it said to itself: "I would never have thought that a larger animal than the hippopotamus existed, but now I believe the hippopotamus is not the strongest."

Now the land turtle was a sly creature. Knowing that the hippopotamus lived in the water and the elephant on land, it went to the hippopotamus and said: "Dear friend, the elephant is telling everybody that he is stronger than you are. If you will give me a gift, I will tell you all the elephant has said about you." So the hippopotamus asked: "What do you want me to give you?" Said the land turtle: "A bundle of the juciest and tenderest water lily roots."

But the hippopotamus would do nothing of the sort. It laughed the turtle to scorn and said: "Stupid! I do not believe there is another animal here in the forest as strong as I am! And what beast can live both in the water and on the land as I do?"

But the artful land turtle replied: "How silly you are! Why, I could beat you myself!" Then the enormous hippopotamus gave the little land turtle a scornful glance and said: "O you miserable creature, you are much weaker than I am, so how could you beat me?" But the turtle answered: "If you do not believe me, let us take a long rope and each of us pull at one end. If you can drag me down into the water then you will have beaten me. The contest will begin at twelve o'clock sharp!"

Then the land turtle at once hurried off and went to the elephant and said: "You with the trunk, the hippopotamus says he is stronger than you are!" Said the elephant: "How could he be stronger than I am?" The turtle answered. "Yes, the hippopotamus gave me a rope. At twelve o'clock sharp you must have a tug-of-war to see who is the stronger!" But the elephant, who was a wise beast, did not trust the turtle and said that his tale must be false. Then the sly turtle answered: "Very well, then I will have a tug-of-war with you!" That suited the elephant, for it felt sure of beating the turtle, and in that case it meant to step on it. So the elephant agreed, and the turtle said:

"When you see the rope taut at twelve o'clock you will know I am pulling at the other end!"

When the elephant saw the rope grow taut at twelve o'clock, it began to pull with all its might, and the hippopotamus in the river did the same. But the little land turtle had hidden in the brush, and had nothing to do but watch the two great beasts at their tug-of-war. The elephant felt ashamed and panted: "That turtle is pulling me!" And the hippopotamus grew angry and roared: "Must I be dragged about by a land turtle?" At last, when both animals were so exhausted that they could pull no more, the land turtle went to the elephant and said: "Well, did you notice what I can do?" The elephant snorted and said: "You surely are strong. How did you manage to prevent my beating you?" "Easy enough," answered the land turtle, "I had dug myself so firmly into the earth that nothing could dislodge me!" So the elephant said: "That seems to be so," and gave the turtle a pile of luscious fruit it had culled from the trees with its trunk.

Then the land turtle went to the hippopotamus, and it had to admit its defeat: "You are very strong," it said, "for all you are so small I could not drag you into the water. But how did you manage?" So the turtle told the hippopotamus what it had already told the elephant, and the hippopotamus gave it the tender water lily roots and praised it, saying: "Indeed you are very strong, little land turtle, the strongest among

all the smaller forest beasts! None of them could have stood up against me as you have. So now I shall go to the lion and have him sign a testimonial that you are the strongest of all animals."

But when the hippopotamus came to the lion and told the whole story, the lion said he would wait with the testimonial until he personally had convinced himself as to the land turtle's strength. And to this very day the land turtle has not received the testimonial.

III

Why One Cannot See the Sun's Whole Face

ONCE upon a time a certain king falsely accused his son of conspiring against him to take his life, and the son, whose name was Safadu Kwaku, said that Heaven should judge whether he were innocent or guilty. To this the king agreed and sent men to Ge to buy him many swords and knives. When they returned with them he had them sharpened at the grindstone for seventeen days.

Then he had the sharpened swords and knives thrust point upward into the ground beneath a tall cotton tree and invited every one to come and witness the judgment of heaven. The king and his son were carried to the place where the test was to take place, and when they arrived, the king ordered his son, Safadu

Kwaku, to climb the tree and fling himself down upon the sharp swords and knives. His mother wept, but Safadu Kwaku had no fear, for he knew that he was innocent.

So he climbed the tree singing the song beginning *Dedende manjimato, samafa hinihini,* a song so old that even in his day none knew the meaning of its words, and when he had finished, he cast himself down from the tree and suffered no harm. But the king said he had not seen it, because he was in the bath. So Safadu Kwaku climbed the tree for the second time, sang his song and plunged down on the swords. Then the king said he had just finished bathing, so Safadu Kwaku had better climb the tree a third time. Again he climbed the tree and plunged down. But the king said he had been anointing himself with fat and had not seen him. Again he ordered him to climb the tree and again he did not see him because he had just put on his sandals. When Safadu Kwaku climbed the tree for the fifth time and plunged down, the king had not seen him because he was taking a pinch of snuff. And when he climbed the tree for the sixth time the king said: "Now I am just getting around to seeing him," and ordered him to climb it the seventh time.

Then all murmured and took Safadu Kwaku's part, but he climbed the tree for the seventh time. Then, when he was about to plunge down, heaven, to prove

his innocence and reward his faith and constancy, raised him to the skies and placed him in the dawn-glow. And now, when the sun rises and one wishes to look him in the face, he hides his face and says: "I have been seven times wronged!" And that is the reason why one cannot see the sun's whole face.

THE KING WHO KEPT HIS WORD

IN ancient times good King Haristschandra reigned over the great kingdom of Kosala. His subjects blessed him because he was just, and the gods rejoiced in his blameless life. Kindness and good breeding were the rule in Kosala, and happiness was paired with piety, for "like king, like people" is a true word.

Now once upon a time King Haristschandra was hunting with his court in a gloomy forest, when he heard sounds of a struggle in the jungle and a female voice crying pitifully for help. At once King Haristschandra leaped from his chariot and cut a way with his sword through the brush. "Courage!" he called out. "I am coming to aid you! Have no fear! I will slay the wretch who is annoying you with my own hand!" But when he had broken through the brush he was much surprised to find himself in the presence of the holy hermit, Kauschika, who stood with his hands raised to heaven. And through the tree-tops the king saw a flock of demons flying away, uttering loud cries for help and followed by the holy man's burning glances.

When his eyes fell on King Haristschandra the holy man was angry. "What, Madman!" he said to the

king, "You dare to threaten me with death and interrupt me at my sacred work! Shall I lay a curse upon you?" The king kneeled at the powerful hermit's feet. "Forgive me," he stammered, "I thought only of my duty. To protect the helpless and give royally is my duty as a king." "Then protect the good and give to the pious!" answered the hermit. "You have tried to protect evil demons and have disturbed my holy peace! I demand a gift to atone for your fault!"

"A gift you shall have, prince of hermits," cried King Haristschandra, joyfully, "and take me and my kingdom, my wife, my child and all else that I have besides!"

"You have given your word, O king!" answered the holy man. "Your broad kingdom is mine and all else that you possess. You may keep your wife and child, but you must give me the gift of atonement you promised!"

"But, holy hermit, all that I have is yours! I have nothing left wherewith to give you a gift of atonement," Haristschandra said quietly.

"You must keep your word! You promised to give me a gift of atonement *and* all that you had. Do you wish to bandy words and break your promise?"

"Nay, holy man, such is not my intention," said the poor king. "Only grant me until the moon has waxed and waned another time, and I will pay you."

"Then go your way. I will wait until the time you have set has passed," answered the hermit, severely.

King Haristschandra bowed before him, then turned and made his way back to his chariot. There he called wife and child to him, and all three robed themselves in the cotton gowns of the beggar guild, and gave up their royal splendor without a murmur. Then they wearily marched afoot to the capital of the kingdom, begging their way as they went. When they reached Ajodhia the people of the city recognized them and gathered around the beggar. "Hail, King Haristschandra!" they cried. "Where are you wandering with a beggar's pack? Why have you left your throne? And see, there is poor Queen Sajvi, with her handsome baby boy! Alas, their feet are bloody; hers, who sat in a golden chariot, and his, who rode the proudest of mountain elephants and could cover himself with jewels from head to foot. Behold, they are beggars! Help them! What has happened, O King?"

"I am bound by a promise, good people," said the king. "Give me alms! I must gather alms for a pious purpose! Give to us who are poor! Give!"

Many of the good people of Ajodhia already had put their hands in their purses when suddenly the hermit, Kauschika, appeared in the midst of the throng and called out in a commanding voice: "Stop! Return to your homes, ye people of Ajodhia!" And the Kosalians obeyed the pious hermit's command, while

the latter turned to King Haristschandra and said: "Shame! Is it thus you keep your word? Did you not give me your kingdom and all your possessions? And now you are begging them back again, penny by penny. No doubt you are trying to rouse the people against me, their new ruler?"

"By no means, prince of hermits," answered King Haristschandra, sadly. "I was begging for gifts so that I might pay my debt to you." "Then beg outside my land, and do not forget the day of the full moon," replied the holy man in a harsh tone of voice and turned away. But Haristschandra took his wife and child by the hand, and wandered out of the land over which he and his fathers before him had ruled.

When the day of the full moon came, the beggar king had but seven copper coins in the pocket of his worn, cotton robe. The friendly inhabitants of the districts through which he wandered had freely shared their food with the unfortunate beggars, but money was too scarce to waste on strangers. When the morning of the day of payment dawned, the hermit Kauschika stood beside the couch of leaves on which his debtor lay. "Up, Haristschandra!" he cried. "Pay, pay! He who has debts should be roused from slumber by anxious care!" "O master," said Haristschandra, as he leaped up, "have patience until the sinking of the sun! I still have nothing to offer you!" "Then make haste, for your debt is overdue," cried Kauschika,

angrily. "This is your last chance. If you do not improve it, my curse shall be laid upon you and yours!"

Again Haristschandra went a-begging with his wife and child. "Alas, unfortunate that I am," he cried, "I cannot keep my word, and the holy man's curse will cast me into the nether world! Alas, I must bow my royal head beneath the yoke of slavery! Yet the servitude of my body shall free our souls."

"Nay, dear lord," answered Sajvi, "you shall not serve, for you are my master. Sell me. I have given you a son, and thus have done my duty as a wife. But you are a man. You have given your word to the priest and must keep it, for keeping faith is a man's most valuable possession. Sell me and win freedom yourself!"

Then Haristschandra sank down at her feet, and so great was his sorrow because of the noble woman's sacrifice that he lost consciousness. When he regained his senses, Sajvi said: "Now lead me to the market, beloved! I will remain true to you no matter how hard I must slave. Yet if you go into bondage then all of us lose caste and honor." Wearily the king rose and silently accompanied his wife to the market-place. Their boy ran on before them and babbled about his little golden bed in the palace, and the wooden sword a servant had carved for him.

Haristschandra murmured as he went: "Alas, I am the lowest of the low! I am about to sell my wife,

like some intoxicated gamester! Alas, woe shall be my portion!" When they reached the market-place an old Brahmin stepped up to Haristschandra and said: "What are you doing here?" The king looked at the priest and thought that he might be a kind master to his wife, so he said with a trembling tongue: "O master, I am one unworthy! I am a wretch, a monster! I will—I must—sell my wife, in order to meet a debt which must be paid!"

"I am looking for a slave," said the Brahmin. "My beautiful young wife does not care to bother with housework. Take these seventy gold pieces and I will take your wife." Haristschandra took the coins in silence and turned away his face in shame. But no sooner had Sajvi become the Brahmin's property than he pulled her down by her long hair and dragged her across the market-place. At Sajvi's cry of pain, Haristschandra turned his head, and when the unfortunate man saw the insult offered his wife he fell to the ground as though struck by lightning. Frightened at seeing his father lying motionless on the ground, her little son ran crying after his mother.

"O my new lord and master," Sajvi cried to the cruel Brahmin, "buy my little son as well, for he will die if deprived of a mother's love, and I myself would not be able to work if devoured by grief at the loss of my child!"

Thereupon the Brahmin returned to Haristschandra,

roused him from his fainting spell, and counted out thirty additional gold pieces into the hand of the unfortunate man, who was so horror-struck that he hardly knew what was happening. Then he took the boy and his mother, and disappeared around the corner of the market-place. Haristschandra was still seated on the ground, staring at the gold in his hand, when the holy hermit, Kauschika, suddenly stood before him. "Take it—take it—the gift of atonement I promised!" he stammered in horror and thrust the gold out to the hermit.

Kauschika angrily threw back his shoulders. "And you dare to offer me that?" cried he, his eyes sparkling with rage. "A mere handful of gold a *king's* gift of atonement? Again you insult and dishonor me! If you do not give me at least ten times the amount of what you now offer by sundown, the full weight of my curse shall fall on you!"

When Haristschandra raised his head, the holy man had disappeared. He rose, murmuring sadly, "So my faithful wife's sacrifice was made in vain!" But then he bravely raised his head again, and stepping out into the middle of the market-place, cried: "Who will buy a strong slave, wise in many things and skilled in the use of weapons of all kinds?" After a moment a *tschandala* stepped up to him. The *tschandala* is the hangman of the town, the lord of the gravediggers and torturers. Dirty and misshapen, narrow of brow and

broad of mouth, this *tschandala* stood on his crooked legs, the evil odor of his trade clinging to him. A girdle of bleached bones around his middle showed he was an outcast.

"Come along with me!" he said, grinning, to Haristschandra, who shuddered at his sight. "Come along! I will pay a thousand gold pieces for you!" "Away, away!" cried the unhappy king. "How could I serve an outcast, a *pariah?* Better that the hermit's curse should fall on me than to become the slave of a *tschandala!*" But suddenly Kauschika again stood before the king: "And is it thus you keep your word, King Haristschandra," he asked, mockingly. "You refuse the gold which would enable you to keep your promise?" "O holy hermit," cried the unfortunate man, sinking on his knees, "take me yourself! I will be your slave until I die. Thus I will pay my debt!" "You admit that you are my slave?" asked Kauschika. "Yes, master," Haristschandra replied, simply. "Well, *tschandala,* take the fellow for a thousand gold pieces. I sell him to you!" spoke the hermit. Then Haristschandra said no more, but obediently followed his new master to the knacker's yard, before the city gates, where all the outcasts must dwell.

Day and night the fallen king now served with the hangman's assistants, gathering offal and carrion from the streets and alleys of the city and cooking the meals for the town dogs. Often hunger drove him to share

their meat with the vicious beasts, for beatings were the only fare he had from his master. And often he thought of his misfortunes, and his heart was filled with longing for the faithful wife who suffered for him. "Alas, Sajvi," he would murmur to himself, "forget that you ever had a husband! Do not hope that he will ever buy your freedom, for he is even poorer and more wretched than you are."

One day his master, the *tschandala,* came to him and said: "Make ready, slave! To-night you must go to the burial ground and rob the dead of their clothes! You have cost me a fortune and you bring me in nothing, you lazy slave! Go and steal! One sixth of your booty, as of all other things, belongs to the king. You shall have two-sixths, but I get three. Go and do your work as it should be done, and I will be a good master to you!" Without a word Haristschandra went to carry out his master's command.

When he reached the place where the dead were buried, he sat wearily down on a stone to wait for it to grow dark. And then he saw a woman tottering along, who was carrying the body of a child in her arms. It was Sajvi, whose son had been killed by a viper's bite. But toil and sorrow had so disfigured the queen that Haristschandra did not recognize his wife. Nor did Sajvi imagine for a moment that the worn, dirty man, wearing the garb of a *tschandala* slave, was the king. The fallen man sighed deeply

when he saw the child's little form. "Alas, how much wretchedness there is on earth!" he said sorrowfully. "It is a child—a boy—no older than my own little son!" Sajvi looked at him: "Haristschandra!" she cried, "O ye gods, all that remains of all his kingly splendor is his voice!"

"Sajvi!" in turn cried the outcast, falling at the feet of his faithful wife. "Ah," he cried, "how unhappy I am!" But Sajvi stroked her hapless husband's hair and asked him how he happened to become a slave of the *tschandala.* Sobbing and stammering, Haristschandra told her of what had occurred in the market-place, after the Brahmin had led her and her child away. And in turn Sajvi, with bitter tears, told how her son had fallen victim to a poisonous snake while at play. Long the two clung together, shedding tears of sorrow.

Then Haristschandra rose and said with a firm voice, "No, I will endure no more! Rather would I pass through all seven hells of the nether world, and be reborn as an animal, after all these tortures. No longer will I bear the shameful slavery of the *tschandala!* I will share the funeral pyre with my dead son and die in the flames. But you, Sajvi, continue to serve your Brahmin master faithfully, for then the gods will reunite us, even though we first pass through a thousand transformations!" But Sajvi would not have it

so. "I will die with you, Haristschandra," she said softly, "for I cannot live without you."

Meanwhile twilight had fallen, and in the gathering darkness her husband built a pyre on which they determined to die together. Carefully they bedded the body of their beloved child on it, and once more bowed in prayer before the highest of all the gods. But then a great light suddenly filled the burial ground and, led by the holy hermit, Kauschika, the gods of the radiant upper heavens appeared. "Stop!" cried the god of justice. "Stop, good King Haristschandra, we bring you the reward your faithfulness and patience have earned!" And Indra, the Lord of the Heavens, said: "In your mortal body you shall enter into my eternal paradise, O faithful man, O sufferer!" "Ye kind gods," answered Haristschandra, "release me from my slavery! And my faithful wife also sighs in servitude—how then could I enjoy the joys of paradise?"

Then the god of justice again stepped forward and said: "I, Haristschandra, I was the *tschandala,* and also the Brahmin who bought Sajvi. I proved your firmness in pain and wretchedness. You have stood the test like gold in the furnace. Enter into Indra's paradise!"

"One care still weighs upon me," replied Haristschandra. "My kingdom, my dear land of Kosala, is

without a ruler, and Indra's anger lies heavy on the peoples who have no kings."

Then the highest of the gods sprinkled a few drops of *amrita* on the body of the little prince. Joyfully the latter arose from the dead and embraced his beloved parents. "There stands Kosala's future king!" cried Indra. Then the sorely tried couple bowed before the gods with deep reverence, and a cloud chariot floated down from the skies and received them. The air resounded with melodies of the divine minstrels, and through an ocean of fragrance they ascended to eternal light and eternal joy.

TWO CINDERELLA STORIES

I

La Cenerentola

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who had two daughters, one more beautiful than the other. Of the two one always stayed by the cindery hearth, and because of that they called her Cenerentola, the cinder wench, which is the same as Cinderella. Her mother had no opinion of her at all and sent her out every morning with a couple of ducks, giving her a pound of hemp along to spin.

One morning Cinderella came to a ditch with her two ducks, and sent them into the water, saying:

"Ducks, ducks, drink in the creek,
Don't drink if the water's thick,
If it's clear, then please be quick!"

No sooner had she said these words than an old woman stood before her. "And what are you doing here?" asked the old woman. "I have brought out my ducks and have a pound of hemp to spin," answered Cinderella. "And why do you have to do all these

things?" "Because my mother wants me to." "Does she ever send out your sister with the ducks?" "No, never!" "Here, dear child, I will make you a present! Take this comb and try and comb your hair with it!"

So the old woman gave her a comb, and Cinderella combed her hair on one side, and as she did so kernels of grain kept rolling out without a stop, and the ducks ate them until they were fit to burst. And when she combed her hair on the other side, out rolled diamonds and rubies. Then the old woman drew out a little box, gave it to her and said: "Take it and put your diamonds and rubies in it, and when you bring it home hide it carefully in your bureau drawer." "But now I must spin my hemp!" said Cinderella. "Never mind about that!" answered the old woman, "I'll attend to it!" And with that she cracked a little whip she held in her hand and cried: "I command that the hemp be spun!" and in the twinkling of an eye it had been done. "Now go home!" said the old woman, "and come here every morning, for this is where you will find me."

So Cinderella went home, and said never a word, but sat in her corner of the hearth as before. Yet every morning she went to the same spot and there found the old woman, who had her comb her hair, and who span her hemp for her. One morning, after the hemp had been spun, the old woman said: "Listen! To-night the king's son gives a ball, and he has invited your

father, your mother and your sister. But when they ask you in jest whether you want to go too, you must say no. Do you see this little bird? Well, hide it in your room, and to-night, when the others have gone, go to the bird and say:

'Birdling, birdling, here and there,
Make me fairer far than fair!'

And you will be surprised. All of a sudden you will be wearing a ball dress. Then take my whip, which I give you now, crack it, and a carriage will appear. Get into the carriage and drive to the ball. No one will know you, and the king's son will dance with you. But you must be careful. When all go into the dining-room to enjoy the refreshments, you must crack the whip and have the carriage come and drive away in it, so that no one can see where you go. And then you must return to your bird and say:

'Birdling, birdling, here and there,
Make me far less fair than fair!'

Then you will look just as you did before and can sit down again among the cinders of the hearth without having to open your mouth."

The girl took the little bird, carried it home and hid it in her room. And, sure enough, when her

mother saw that she had returned, she said to her: "Listen! The king's son has invited us to the ball. Would you like to go along?" "I do not care to go," said Cinderella. "Go and enjoy yourselves. I shall stay at home!" So that evening they went and left her sitting amid the ashes of the hearth. No sooner had they gone than she went to her little bird and did just as the old woman had told her to; and when she appeared at the ball, the king's son danced with her and fell in love with her. But as soon as refreshment-time had come, she got into her carriage and drove home. The prince, who no longer saw her, had them look for her everywhere, but she could not be found, and no one knew who she was or where she lived. In the hope that at least he would see her again, the king's son, before the guests left him, invited them all to return the next evening for another ball.

When her father, mother and sister came home they found Cinderella sitting in the corner of the hearth. "It was a splendid ball," said her mother, "and there was a lady there, a real beauty, and no one knew who she was. If only you could have seen her, she was *so* beautiful!" "I'm not interested," said Cinderella. "See here," said her mother, "to-morrow there will be another ball! Then you could come along, too." "No, no! I shall stay here in my corner by the fire, for that suits me perfectly."

The next morning she drove out her ducks as usual

and found the old woman. "How did things go?" she asked. "Everything went well," was her answer. "Then go again to-night and do just as you did last night. But be careful. This time they will follow you when you leave. So you must crack your whip and command: 'Money!' Then take the money and throw it out of the carriage. The people will stop to gather it and will lose sight of you."

And, sure enough, when evening came, father, mother and sister went to the ball and left her at home. Then the little bird made her even more beautiful than the first time, she drove to the ball, and the king's son, delighted to see her, danced with her. This time he had given his servants strict orders to keep an eye on her. And, in fact, when the time for refreshments came, and she entered her carriage, the servants ran after her. But she threw a lot of money out of the carriage, and while the servants stopped to pick it up she disappeared from sight.

So the prince, in despair, made up his mind to give a third ball the following night, but as before Cinderella pretended to take no interest in the news. In the morning she drove out her ducks and met the old woman: "So far everything has gone well," said the old woman, "but be careful. To-night you will be wearing a dress with little golden bells and golden slippers. You may be sure they will run after you again. Then throw money to them as before, and one

of the slippers. But this time they will find out whither you drive."

And, sure enough, when she was alone that evening in the house, the little bird brought her a splendid dress covered with little golden bells, and to put on her feet she had golden slippers that were a wonder. And the prince danced with her, and fell more and more in love with her. Then, as she left to enter her carriage, the prince's servants hurried after her. But she got in and drove away with the servants chasing along behind. But this time the king had commanded his servants to find out where she lived under pain of death, so they paid no attention to the money she threw out of the window, though one of them picked up her slipper. And they all ran so swiftly that they really saw where the carriage stopped. So they returned and told the king and brought him the slipper, and the king gave them a great reward.

The next morning the girl drove out the ducks and met the old woman and the latter said to her: "This morning you will have to make haste, for the king's son is coming to fetch you!" And as she said this she gave her the comb and the little box, span her hemp for her and sent her home. No sooner did her mother catch sight of her than she asked: "Why have you come home so early to-day?" But all Cinderella said was: "See how fat the ducks are!" And when her mother looked at the ducks and saw how fat they were, she

did not say another word. At noon the king's son came in his coach. He knocked at the door, they saw who had come, and all ran downstairs save Cinderella. She went to the little bird and said:

"Birdling, birdling, here and there,
Make me fairer far than fair!"

And again the little bird caused the dress covered with little golden bells to appear, but there was only one slipper. Meanwhile the prince asked Cinderella's father: "How many daughters have you?"

"Only one, Your Royal Highness, the one you see here!"

"What! Have you no other daughter?"

"Well, yes, Your Royal Highness, I have another one, but I am ashamed of her. She sits in the corner of the hearth and is covered with ashes."

"Be that as it may," said the prince, "go and call her!"

So her father called: "Ho there, Cinderella, come downstairs for a moment!" She did so and as she stepped downstairs the little golden bells rang out, *dolin, dolin,* at every step.

"Look at the silly thing," said her mother, "she must be dragging the shovel and the fire tongs along with her!"

But no sooner had she appeared in all her finery than

she dazzled their eyes, and they could not utter a word.

But the prince said: "This is the girl for whom I have been looking, and the only thing she lacks is a golden slipper. Let us see whether this is the one?" With that he drew the golden slipper from his pocket and gave it to Cinderella, who turned rosy-red and, putting it on, proved that it really was her own. Then the king's son asked her hand in marriage, and her parents could not say no. And Cinderella took the little bird and all the jewels the old woman had given her and went along with the young prince. Their wedding was exceedingly splendid, and Cinderella gave rich gifts to her father, mother and sister, just as though they had always been kind to her.

II

The Youngest of Seven Sisters and the Djulung-djulung *Fish*

In the old, old days there once were seven sisters who dwelt in the land of Bantang, on the island of Celebes. When their parents died the oldest sister took command of the keys and ordered the management of the home, and day by day gave out their daily tasks to her six sisters. It was the duty of the youngest to do the hardest and heaviest work, and she had to fetch the wood for the kitchen fire every day.

Now one day while she was bathing in the river she caught a *Djulung-djulung* fish. She took it with her when she came from the river, and placed it in a pool of water in the grotto named Tja-lindo-lindo. And there she fed the fish day by day, giving it half of her own portion of rice. She would go to the pool of water and sing:

"*Djulung-djulung,* hear my song,
Tasty rice I've brought along,
Washed in milk, to make you strong!"

And as soon as the fish heard her singing it would at once swim to the surface of the water and eat its meal. Thus the fish was fed every morning by the maiden, and it grew and thrived and soon became as long as a pillow.

But alas, alas! The other sisters noticed all too soon that the youngest was growing thinner from day to day. And as they could not make clear to themselves why this was, they decided, in order to find out, to follow the youngest secretly wherever she went and watch whatever she did. It was not long before they discovered that she always gave half of her food to the *Djulung-djulung* fish, and for that reason was growing thinner and thinner all the time herself. Now it is hard to say whether they did what they did out of pure love for their sister, or whether the beautiful

Djulung-djulung fish roused their appetite. For be that as it may, one day they caught the fish and secretly ate it up.

When the youngest sister went to the grotto of Tja-lindo-lindo the following morning in order to feed her fish, she sang, as was her custom:

"*Djulung-djulung,* hear my song,
Tasty rice I've brought along,
Washed in milk to make you strong!"

But this time the fish did not come at her call, and in vain the maiden waited for it to appear. So she returned home sad and despairing, wrapped herself in her *sarong,* and slept day and night.

One morning the crowing of a rooster awakened her. And the rooster told her that the sad remains of her friend the *Djulung-djulung,* his fishbones, were hidden in the kitchen. At once the youngest sister rose, searched for the fishbones, and when she had found them, buried them in the grotto of Tja-lindo-lindo. And as she did so she sang:

"*Djulung-djulung,* here take root,
Grow into a lofty, splendid tree;
For Java's king to gather, may your leaves
Fall toward Java, Java o'er the sea!"

And, sure enough, the fishbones grew into a stately tree whose trunk was iron, its leaves silk, its thorns steel needles, its blossoms gold and its fruits diamonds.

When the tree had attained its growth, one of its silken leaves, just as the maiden had wished, fell on the island of Java. And when the beautiful leaf was brought to the King of Java, he at once made up his mind to visit the land which had produced such a beautiful tree. So he set out for Celebes, and one day, as he was wandering about the island, he saw before him the magic tree of Tja-lindo-lindo. He was very curious to learn the story of the wonder tree, but no one could tell him anything about it.

But he was informed that not far from the grotto there lived seven sisters, and that they might be able to give him some information. And when he heard this the King of Java sent for the seven maidens. Only the six older sisters appeared, and when the king asked them about the tree they were not able to satisfy his curiosity.

Now when the king found that they could tell him nothing, he finally asked them whether they did not have another sister, and where she might be. Then all six answered: "Yes, we have another sister! She is the youngest. But we have left her home, for she is a brainless thing, and only useful about the house!"

But in spite of what they said, the king sent for the

seventh sister. And behold, a wonderful thing happened! When the maiden came, the great tree bowed down to the ground before her, and the maiden picked some of its leaves and fruits and handed them to the king.

The King of Java was much surprised at so strange a happening, and at the same time he was so pleased by the attention the maiden had shown him that he asked her to become his wife. And the seventh sister at once said that she would. So she married him and they returned to his kingdom together. And since the seventh sister had a kind heart, she let her other six sisters go with her to share her happiness in the land of Java.

THE WISHING-STONE

ONCE upon a time, in the days of good King Dagobert, there lived in the city of Paris a poor pastry cook named Anselm, who had thirteen mother-less-children. Now even in good King Dagobert's time this was a large family to raise and often—for all he was a pastry cook—their father had to send his little ones supperless to bed.

One day, as the pastry cook went through the Paris streets with the small portable stove he carried strapped before him, crying: "Spice cakes, spice cakes hot! Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" he was stopped by a tall thin man who wore an astrologer's black gown and tall black cap. The pastry cook thought he had found a buyer, and at once held out two spice cakes to him on his flat, tin spoon. But the astrologer—and every astrologer is a bit of a magician—waved him away. "Star dust, my good man, star dust is my only food," said he. The disappointed pastry cook drew back his spice cakes. "Then why do you stop me if you want no cakes?" he asked.

"I am going to do more for you than buy a pair of greasy spice cakes," said the astrologer, in a superior tone of voice. "I am going to relieve you of care and

expense by taking one of your children into my service as a *famulus.*" The pastry cook stared at him: "And what may a *famulus* be, respected sir?" he asked. "A *famulus,*" replied the man in black, " 'tis a Latin word, means a lad whom some kind astrologer is good enough to adopt and train in his arts—star-gazing, magic formulas which show the way to find hidden gold, the science of foretelling events which will come to pass, all that sort of thing. A bright lad, who has been the *famulus* of an astrologer for a year or so, is bound to make his fortune."

The worthy pastry cook was overjoyed to think that his baker's dozen was to be reduced to twelve. In his mind's eye he saw the lucky child chosen by the wise man return home after he had served his apprenticeship. Anselm beheld him clasp his father to his breast, and then stiffen like a pointer dog who sees a bird. "There is hidden gold under the floor, father!" he would cry. "Raise yonder plank and dig it up!" And once the treasure was raised his troubles would be at an end.

All this passed through the pastry cook's mind, but what he said was: "If you will come to my home with me, respected sir, you may choose your *famulus* at once among my thirteen." And ten minutes later the astrologer was looking over Anselm's thirteen children, drawn up in a line for inspection in the pastry cook's humble lodging. "I think I will have this one,"

he said at last, pointing to little John, a sturdy, sixteen-year-old boy. So, bidding his father a cheerful farewell, and with high hopes of a good supper, little John went off with the astrologer to be his *famulus*.

The astrologer lived in a ruinous, old tower on the the very outskirts of the city. That is to say, it looked ruinous from the outside, but was richly and splendidly furnished inside. A great laboratory formed the top floor of the tower. There, for several weeks, John cleaned the glass vessels filled with curious colored liquids which stood about on oaken tables, built fires, swept and dusted. But the astrologer said nothing about teaching him the secrets of his art. For, to tell the truth, the astrologer had never intended to do so. He needed a young lad who was innocent of evil to help him gain a treasure which he himself, being a wicked old magician, could not secure through his own unaided efforts. And that was why he had so kindly offered to adopt John.

One night, after they had eaten their supper—for the magician did not live on star dust, as he had told the pastry cook, but enjoyed all sorts of good things to eat, especially roast chicken, a fact that helped little John over his first homesickness—the astrologer said: "We start in half an hour for the Sargasso Sea! You do not know what or where it is, but that does not matter. What does matter is that you do exactly as I tell you when we get there. And what you are to

do I will let you know when we arrive. Now come with me." And with that he began to climb the ladder which led to the trap-door that gave out on the flat roof of the tower, and pushed it open. Here a large rug lay rolled up in one corner. The magician went over to it, unrolled it and bade John stand on it beside him. Far below their feet twinkled the lights of the city, above them shone the stars. As they stood there on the carpet the magician, in a solemn tone of voice, began to mutter a spell, and when he had finished, much to John's surprise, the carpet began to move. It rose slowly from the tower roof and then, as the magician pulled John down beside him, shot off with ever greater speed through the air. "We might as well sleep now," said John's master, "for by morning we will have reached the Sargasso Sea!"

When morning came, John rubbed his eyes and awoke. The magic carpet hung motionless in the air and some thirty feet below it, for miles and miles, as far as the eye could reach, lay a great sea—a sea of green-gray and purple kelp and weeds. It was more like some vast prairie, however, than an ocean, for the weeds grew so thickly that the water beneath them was hidden from sight.

While the magician was uncoiling a long ladder of silk rope at one end of the carpet, John crept to the other end and looked down. Directly beneath him lay a tangle of dark shapes—a sort of island in the kelp

—yet not altogether overgrown by seaweed. There was something familiar about the dark shapes below him, but at first John could not make out what it was. And then, suddenly, he knew. These were ships, ships such as he had seen pass by on the river Seine at home, when he went swimming from the docks with his boy companions.

But these ships—they were of all sorts and sizes—never moved. They lay as motionless on the motionless sea of kelp as the carpet which hung above them. In fact, a curious stillness hung over the whole scene. Not a breath of air stirred in the heavens, and the sea of green and purple kelp and weed was as still as a painted ocean. If there was such a thing as a tide or a swell, it moved so far below the thick green and purple verdure of the sea that it did not even stir it. And, so curious was this lifeless stillness, that John felt ill at ease, though he was a brave boy who hardly knew what fear meant.

While he had been looking down at the strange island of motionless ships beneath him, the magician had flung out his silken ladder, which had a heavy iron weight at its end, so that it dropped with a thud on the deck of a curious, old vessel which lay directly beneath them. Then he turned to John:

"If you do just as I tell you, my boy," he said, "our fortunes are made! We are above the very middle of the Sargasso Sea. From the beginning of time it

has been written in the stars that certain ships shall never sink at sea or rot ashore. These are the ships which find their way to the Sargasso Sea. A slow, steady drift of currents brings them here from all the far oceans of the world to this one spot which is land and sea at the same time, and once they reach the middle of the Sargasso Sea they are there to stay until the Day of Judgment. All of them are ships on which some great evil has been done, and which have been condemned with those who manned them to wait in the Sargasso Sea through the centuries, until the trump of Gabriel stirs the weeds. Now many of these ships are filled with priceless treasures—with a wealth of gold and gems beyond all telling. But I cannot let myself down to gather them"—here the magician gave a deep sigh—"only a blameless child may tread those enchanted decks unharmed and gather the treasure in their holds. So you must go where I cannot. When you have found the choicest jewels in this treasure-house—for the gold we must leave for another time—I will give you your share. Then you can return to your father and make him a rich man. One thing more," added the magician, "my spells will make it possible for me to keep the magic carpet here for one hour by the hourglass, but not a minute longer." He held up a golden whistle which hung around his neck from a silver chain. "I shall blow the whistle ten minutes before the hour is up. When you hear it

come at once to the ladder and tie what treasure you may have gathered to it. I will pull it up and then let down the rope for you!"

This is what the magician said; but it was not what he meant to do. He was greedy and avaricious, and did not want to share the treasure with John. His plan was to have John make a bundle of the treasure and tie it to the ladder. Once he had hauled up the treasure he did not mean to let the ladder down again. Instead, he would speak his spell and sail back on the magic carpet to Paris, leaving John in the middle of the Sargasso Sea. Being an evil magician, he would do just that and it would never worry him at all.

John was growing very weary of the magic carpet. "It would be great fun to hunt jewels in the dead ships," thought he; so he cheerfully nodded his head, slid down the rope-ladder and in another moment stood on the deck of the ship beneath the magic carpet. It was a long craft whose bulwarks rose but a few feet above the weeds and were pierced with holes for the oars of rowers. The prow was formed of a great wolf's head, with red tongue and white, grinning teeth. John went down some steps at one side of the fore-deck and looked into a sort of half-cabin, without a door. Skins lay on the floor and a great bear hide was flung across a rude wooden chair. In one side of the wall was a small, hinged door, with hasp and staple. John pulled out the staple, and in the space behind

the door stood a little brass box. A key was in the keylock, and John put the chest on the oak table in the middle of the cabin and turned the key.

Then he clapped his hands and gave a joyful shout. When he pushed back the lid of the little brass box, the cabin was filled with sudden flashes of radiance. The sunlight, filtering through a chink in the deck overhead, fell directly on the box, and the flashes came from the great jewels which it touched: gleaming topaz stones and wonderful rubies, some rose-color, others a deep, glowing crimson. Where the sunlight touched them there rose glittering sparks of green, blue, red and yellow flame. When he had silently enjoyed the beauty of the stones for a moment, John closed the lid of the brass box, locked it and turned to leave the cabin. As he did so a voice in an unknown tongue spoke solemnly. John turned quickly, but the cabin was empty. Strange to say, however, though he did not know the tongue in which the words were spoken, he understood it. The voice had said:

"If, without you, treasure rise
To the carpet in the skies,
It will sail off through the blue
Leaving you, leaving you!"

Then and there John made up his mind that any treasure which went up the rope-ladder would go

with and not without him. Up on deck once more he saw that only ten feet away lay another ship. It was a much higher vessel and towered above the one he was on. A rope, however, hung invitingly over the side, and John decided to accept the invitation. He let himself over the side of the craft he was on and felt the seaweed to see whether it would carry him. It would. There was a slight yielding, a slight tremor as he walked over it, such as one feels when stepping over marshy ground, but no more. To seize the rope and climb the deck of the second ship took but a moment.

John could not know it, but it was an old Roman war-galley, one of those ships called *triremes*. John made straight for the cabin, for he knew that was the place in which to hunt for treasure. But there he had a surprise. It was larger than the cabin of the first ship. There were chairs curiously carved of metal and ivory, and at a great round table sat a figure in armor. It was that of the captain who had once commanded the *trireme*. But a skeleton sat within the bronze shell.

There never had been a skeleton in John's family, yet he was not afraid. One of the first things his master, the magician, had taught him (with this very chance in view) was that skeletons were harmless. So John was not frightened. Now the *trireme* was one that a Roman general named Lucullus had sent to

Rome, loaded with the treasure of the kingdoms of Asia. But it had never reached the town of Ostia, on the yellow Tiber River, but had come to join the dead ships in the Sargasso Sea instead. And the very choicest of its cargo of treasure lay in a small leather bag on the table before the skeleton in armor. Watching the figure closely, John stretched out his hand and seized the treasure. The figure never moved. As John clambered up on deck again he once more heard a voice, in still another tongue, and once more understood the meaning of the words he did not know:

"If, without you, treasure rise
To the carpet in the skies,
It will sail off through the blue,
Leaving you, leaving you!"

"Not a bit of it," thought John to himself. "Either the treasure and I go up the rope together or we stay here!" For now he was convinced that the magician meant to betray him, and once he held the treasure in his hands, leave him there in the dead Sargasso Sea, with its dead ships and its skeletons, and all the treasures which could not buy him a drink of water or a crust of bread. Once up the *trireme's* companionway, John threw himself down on the planking and, untying the mouth of the leather bag, poured out its contents on the deck. The hot sun shone over-

head and John had to hold his hands before his eyes to shield them from the dazzling blaze of fire which shot from the little heap of jewels. It flamed with all the colors of the rainbow and great pink pearls, as large as pigeon's eggs, glowed a deeper rose where they caught the ruddier tint of carbuncle and ruby. John shut his eyes and, holding the bag open with one hand, poured one fistful of gems after another into it. When he had thrust in the last handful of jewels he saw a curious stone still lying on the deck.

It was an oval stone, like a moonstone, yet with a curious shifting glow hidden in its cloudy, gray heart. It took John's fancy, and instead of putting it in the bag with the rest, he slipped it into the pocket of his breeches.

As he did so the magician's golden whistle rang out shrill on the air and John, looking up, saw him dancing about excitedly on the magic carpet, and beckoning violently for him to return. John jumped up, ran to the side of the ship, slid down the rope and, crossing the quivering kelp, was soon standing beneath the long silk rope-ladder, with its knotted footholds, which hung from the carpet. The magician bent over the edge. When he saw the brass box and the leather bag in John's hands a pleased smile crossed his face: "Here," he cried as a length of thin cord dropped on the deck beside John, "tie the treasures on so that I can pull them up!"

At that moment, coming from all the dead ships which lay around him, John heard a soft chorus:

"If, without you, treasure rise
To the carpet in the skies,
It will sail off through the blue,
Leaving you, leaving you!"

"No," he called up to the magician, "I'll climb up with the treasure," and he grasped the rope to clamber up hand over hand. But this did not suit the magician at all. "Disobedient boy," he shouted, "is that the way a *famulus* should act! Drop back on deck at once! If you do not, I'll cut the rope!"

He meant to frighten John. But John was not frightened. "Why should I send up the treasure first," he cried, "when I can bring it up with me just as easily?" "No, no, no!" shouted the magician in his rage, and forgetting that the precious minutes were passing. And, suddenly, while he danced about on his carpet, vainly trying to make John change his mind, the carpet began to move, slowly at first and then faster and faster, till the silk rope-ladder which hung from it stood out like a tail. For a moment John could see the magician capering about in a mad rage. He had dashed his tall, black cap down on the carpet and seemed to be trampling on it. But in another minute carpet and

magician were no more than a black dot on the horizon, and then were gone.

John looked about him. There he was—all alone in the middle of the Sargasso Sea—round about him lay the silent ships and the silent seaweed, and above him stretched the silent sky, with never a seagull or albatross to break the stillness with a cry. As he stood there on the deck of the old ship on which he had landed, his eyes filled with tears, for all he was so stout-hearted a boy. He thought of his kind father, the pastry cook, and wondered whether he would ever see him again. He thought of the docks on the river Seine. Sometimes good King Dagobert himself would come down to the dock. Behind him would walk the royal treasurer, carrying a bag of silver pennies. These good King Dagobert would fling into the clear water, and John and his companions would dive for them with shouts of glee. He looked at the mysterious ocean of seaweed and shuddered to think of what he might find if he dove beneath it.

As he stood lost in gloomy thought, John put his hand in his pocket and his fingers touched the curious stone. He drew it forth and was turning it idly in his hands, when a voice behind said: "Command, and I will obey my master!" John turned and, lo and behold, a monstrous figure with a long white beard stood behind him. "Who are you?" asked John.

"I am an *afrit* and must obey the commands of the owner of the wishing-stone you hold in your hand!" When he said these words John knew just where he was at. *The Book of the Thousand and One Nights* was good King Dagobert's favorite reading. As a consequence, this famous work was used in all the schools in Paris for a reader, and John—who went to school when he was not playing truant along the docks—felt quite at ease when the *afrit* spoke. He was not the least bit frightened, but said in the most matter-of-fact way: "Good *afrit,* be so kind as to carry me and my treasures at once to No. 12 Rue Pignalle, in Paris, where Anselm, the pastry cook, lives." And at once the *afrit* placed him on his shoulder and off they went through the air.

The *afrit,* you must know, flew much faster than the magic carpet, and in spite of the start the magician had John had no sooner reached the Bay of Biscay than who should he spy but the treacherous magician, seated sorrowfully on his carpet and seemingly plunged in dark thoughts, ploughing along through the air.

Now John, as you may have noticed, was an intelligent lad. Among the boys who had dived for the silver pennies good King Dagobert cast into the Seine, he had always brought up the most. When he saw the magician he rubbed his wishing-stone and the *afrit* stopped: "Listen, good *afrit,*" said John, "catch up with yonder magic carpet flying just ahead of us. Put

"The *afrit* flew much faster than the magic carpet"

me on the carpet and take the man in the long black robe who is sitting on it on your back. Then fly with him to the deck of the ship in the Sargasso Sea, where you found me, and leave him there."

"To hear is to obey," said the *afrit*. In a moment the magic carpet had been overhauled, and while John continued on his way to the astrologer's tower, where he arrived that very evening, the *afrit* flew back to the Sargasso Sea and left the magician there. But no sooner had he dropped him on the deck of the old ship than the evil magician blew up with a tremendous report and disappeared in thin air. For the treasures of the Sargasso Sea were protected by a powerful spell, and this was what happened to any who came hunting for them, unless they were blameless children like John. And, needless to say, the magician was not a blameless child, but an ancient sorcerer skilled in every evil, black art.

When John reached the magician's tower he went straight to bed and woke up refreshed and happy in the morning. Below him, as he looked out of the window, stretched the sea of the Paris roofs and not that of the Sargasso weeds. After he had prepared his breakfast and eaten it and concealed the priceless jewels he had brought from the Sargasso Sea about his person, he set out for No. 12 Rue Pignalle.

When he entered the humble room where his father Anselm, having already dressed eleven of his little ones,

was now finishing with the twelfth, the good pastry cook raised his hands to heaven in his surprise.

"And how are you getting along, my son? Are you still a *famulus?* And how is your good master?"

"I am no longer a *famulus,* dear father," answered John, while all his little brothers and sisters stared at him with admiring eyes. "I have learned so much and learned it so quickly, that now I have a wishing-stone of my own, and no longer need serve any one. Besides, my master, the astrologer, has gone on a long journey to try to discover how to extract gold from kelp, so I am free." With that he embraced all and discussed with his father how they might best turn the wealth he had gathered into gold. "For," said he, "I have found a treasure of precious stones which will make it needless for you ever to sell another spice cake." Then he put his hand in his pocket to show his father the wishing-stone—but it was gone! Whether or not it had fallen from his pocket into the sea when he changed to the carpet, he never knew. "Well, it is gone, and that is the end of it," thought John, and remembered that he still had a fortune in jewels.

Good King Dagobert was as merry as Old King Cole, but for all the good king flung silver pennies into the Seine that the boys of Paris might dive for them, his tax-gatherers were serious-minded people. If a poor pastry cook blossomed out into the owner of immense wealth over night, they would be sure to

search his house. Then the whole wonderful treasure of rubies, pearls and diamonds would be seized and tucked away in the king's treasury, and Anselm could peddle spice cakes as before. So Anselm disposed of the gems little by little, a few at a time, which enabled John to travel to distant lands where he sold the bulk of them for vast sums of gold to princes, kings and emperors. In the course of a year John and his father no longer needed to practice concealment. Good King Dagobert made Anselm Lord High Intendent of the Royal Cakebox, and created John Prince of Algues and Duke of Soude. His brothers all entered the army, the navy or the church, and his sisters became maids-of-honor to the queen and married powerful lords and barons.

But John never tried to go back to visit the treasure ships of the Sargasso Sea. "Why should I," he was wont to say to his father Anselm. "Enough is enough and as good as a feast. We have all we need to make us happy, so why seek to gain more!" And, in fact, the only thing he regretted was that as one of the great lords of the kingdom, he no longer could dive for pennies in the Seine. Sometimes, when he was in attendance on good King Dagobert while the latter amused himself casting the bright silver coins into the river, amid the merry shouts of his young subjects, John would sigh. How he longed to shed his white satin doublet and scarlet hose, kick off his yellow leather

shoes with pointed toes that curled backward, raise his arms over his head and dive in. Yet that would never do for a Prince of Algues and a Duke of Soude. After all, no one can expect to have every little thing in life exactly as he wishes it to be.

RICH BROTHER AND POOR BROTHER

ONCE there were two brothers, one of them very rich and the other very poor. Now one day it chanced that while the poor brother was out guarding the sheaves of corn in his prosperous brother's fields, he saw, muffled up in a mantle, the white figure of a woman, who was gleaning along the cornrows and adding her gleanings to the piles of sheaves. When she drew near him he caught her by the arm and asked her who she might be and what she was doing.

"I am your brother's Good Luck," she answered, "and I am gleaning the fallen ears to add to what he already has."

"Tell me, I beg of you," asked the poor brother, "where my own Good Luck may be?"

"In the direction of the sunrise," answered the fairy, and disappeared.

So the poor man decided to set out in search of his Good Luck. In the morning, when he was about to leave his hut, Misery suddenly stepped out from behind the oven, and, with tears in her eyes, begged him to take her along.

"Alas, my friend," replied the poor man, "you are very weak and the road is a long one; but if you want

to go, wrap yourself up and get into this empty bottle so that I can carry you."

So Misery climbed into the bottle, and the young man at once thrust in the cork and set out on his way. Before long he came to a swamp and into the swamp he threw the bottle, and thus was rid of Misery for good and all. A few days later he reached a great city and there took service with a noble, who wanted him to dig a cellar.

"You will receive no pay," said the nobleman, "but should you find anything while you are digging it shall belong to you."

After digging for a time, he found a lump of gold. According to the agreement it was his, but like a good fellow he gave half of it to the nobleman and went on digging. Before long his pick struck against an iron door. The poor youth opened it and found that it led into a cavern heaped with riches.

"Open, my lord, open!" then came a voice from behind an arch. The good fellow raised a curtain which hung before the arch, and out came a beautiful girl, clad in white who, bowing before him, said:

"I am your Good Luck, which you have been seeking all over the world; from now on I never shall leave you or your family!" With these words she disappeared.

The young man who had been poor divided his wealth with his master, as before, and still had a splen-

did fortune, which grew larger with every passing day. But his prosperity did not lead him to forget his days of poverty, and he never spared alms for the poor. One day, going through the city, he met his brother, who had come there on business. He at once took him to his home and told him the whole story of his adventures: how he had seen his brother's Good Luck watching over his brother's fields; how he had rid himself of Misery; and all the rest. Then he insisted that he be his guest for several days, and when he left gave him a dagger with a hilt of gold and handsome gifts for his wife and children.

But the rich brother was a man of a discontented mind and envied his brother his Good Luck. On his way home he cudgeled his brains to find some way of sending Misery back to his brother's house. And when he reached the place where his brother had thrown the bottle into the swamp, he searched about until he found it.

The minute he uncorked the bottle and Misery came out and recovered her original shape, she began to leap with joy, embracing and kissing her benefactor and assuring him of her gratitude.

"Until death us part," she said, "I will thank you and your family, and will never abandon you!"

In vain the envious brother tried to get rid of her, telling her to return to her former master: but there was no way he could rid himself of Misery, neither

by selling her, threatening her, burying or abandoning her; she trod in his footprints wherever he went.

All the rich goods he was bringing home with him were stolen by robbers in the middle of the road. When he reached his native village, reduced to poverty, he found his house was a heap of ashes and that his cornfields had been drowned by a flood.

And all that was left of the envious rich brother's fortune was—Misery!

THE TAILOR OF THE DWARFS

LONG, long ago there lived in the old imperial city of Aachen a master-tailor named Caspar, who had a high opinion of himself because he was specially privileged to make all the housing-cloths and garments for the imperial horses and servants. When he sat at his table, a pointed white cap on his head, his measure in hand like a scepter, one might almost have taken him for the emperor himself. His apprentices all stood in fear of him, and the wildest and rudest journeymen tailors grew tame and obedient when they had spent a week or two in his workshop. The lazy became industrious and those who liked singing songs or telling stories better than taking stitches soon grew as silent as fish under his rule. Yet many claimed that it was not due so much to Caspar himself, that the obstinate and impudent young apprentices were so easily controlled, as to Caspar's lovely young daughter, Rose, who kept house for him.

Yet, for all Caspar's discipline and Rose's friendly kindness exerted a softening and civilizing influence on the members of his business family, in one case they were exerted in vain. Philip, Caspar's nephew, was a good-natured youth, and—when he wished—a skill-

ful and industrious workman. But he would talk, laugh, sing and joke while he worked, and was continually throwing the workshop into confusion and uproar. Now Caspar often had tried to break him of this bad habit, in public and in private, but in vain; for the more he preached the worse Philip conducted himself, and in spite of the pleadings of Rose—who was fond of him—he grew more careless day by day, and, not content with doing his work badly and carelessly, played practical jokes with the clothes of the best customers. He thought it great fun, for instance, to sew bright-colored rags on the solemn black mantle of a town counselor, which, at first hidden by the collar, would be exposed by the least breath of wind, and thus make the respectable magistrate the jest of graceless street urchins.

But it has well been said that the pitcher goes its way to the well until it breaks. One day Master Caspar took a great piece of chalk and drew a line through his nephew's name on the wall. In spite of Philip's pleas and Rose's tears, he told the youth he would have to leave his house on the morrow. And at the same time the master-tailor solemnly vowed that he would not take him into his shop and home again until he could show him six hard-earned golden ducats—a great sum in those days—as an earnest of betterment. The other apprentices turned pale when they heard this solemn vow; but Philip, seeing that what must

be must be, packed his knapsack, fastened his shears and iron to it, and took leave of Master Caspar and Rose that very afternoon. Rose, when he said good-bye, handed her cousin a purse full of silver pennies as a parting gift. As she did so two tears rolled down her cheeks, and Philip, his heart wrung to think he had lost her owing to his own folly, hurried from the house, his own eyes wet.

Poor Philip, knowing how hard it was for a journeyman tailor to find work, did not have the courage to follow the highroad to the next large city. Instead he dreamily climbed the mountain called the Losberg, which lay behind his native town of Aachen, and soon had lost his way among the rocks and the pine and chestnut forests which covered its top. As he strayed he remembered many an excursion he had made to the mountain when a boy. For there were all sorts of petrified shells and little sea-animals to be found in the sandstone, and often he had brought a pocketful home with him on a Sunday.

The great forests of old, dark pine trees which stretched beyond the rocks had the reputation of being haunted. Formerly woodchoppers brought home beautiful shells from it, but they soon took them back again, for in the middle of the night the shells would begin to whimper softly with the complaining voices of little children that are being hurt. Old folks said that this whimpering was done by the little Hurlemen

who lived in the stones and shells, and of whom it was unsafe to make enemies. For that reason the forest of the Losberg was generally undisturbed, and no shells were taken from it.

Lost in sad thoughts of his childhood days in Aachen, of Master Caspar and, most of all, of Rose, Philip did not notice where he was going, and as the sun began to set, found he had lost his way. It was too late to think of getting out of the forest that night, so Philip hunted up a place where he would be protected from the cold wind, and, settling down on the moss beneath a great, pine tree, said his prayers and soon fell asleep.

Suddenly, while he slept, he thought he heard some one call his name. And, since Rose usually called him when it was time to get up in the morning, he thought it was time to go down to the workshop and answered drowsily: "Coming, coming, Rose!" But the thin, long-drawn laughter which fell on his ear awoke him from his dreams. He opened his eyes, and there, in the midst of the forest, in a faint light which came neither from sun nor moon, he saw a little man not over a foot in heighth. The dwarf had a good-natured face, with a long, white beard and was leaning on a staff. Philip rubbed his eyes and pinched himself, but the little man did not disappear. Instead, he raised his hand and beckoned Philip to follow him.

At first Philip was much inclined to run away. But the little man looked so good-natured and seemed so

small and harmless, that he took his knapsack and followed the dwarf, for evidently he was a dwarf. They went further into the forest, and soon Philip saw that the strange light he had noticed came from an open fire, flaming between two large rocks. About the fire sat five other dwarfs, all of whom looked very sad, and beside whom Philip's guide seated himself, making a sign for Philip to do the same.

The night was cool and the warmth of the fire agreeable. The tailor's apprentice stretched himself out beside it and rubbed his chilled hands. Yet the silent company began to seem a little tiresome to him. He already had tried, once or twice, to get one of his little neighbors to speak, but when he turned to him with a friendly question, the dwarf would gnash his teeth and give a furious look. And when Philip did not stop chattering and asking questions, the Hurleman who had guided him struck the fire a blow with his staff that sent glowing coals into Philip's face and hair and gave him several burns. At first Philip came near tapping the dwarf on the head with the knobbed stick he carried. Fortunately, however, he remembered some stories his nurse had once told him, how in similar cases enraged dwarfs had turned an unfortunate man's head hindside fore. So he quieted down and, since he could not sleep, took up his knapsack and commenced to unpack it. At this all the dwarfs began to peer into the open knapsack, while Philip, apparently quite un-

concerned, spread out a cloth on which he laid needle, shears, thread and twine in the neatest order, and beside them his bright irons. The dwarfs moved about on the ground and stretched their necks in order to see what the youth would do next.

Thought Philip to himself: "Aha, now you are beginning to open your eyes!" and acted as though he had not noticed the dwarfs' curiosity. Instead, he took up an old shirt and skillfully began to sew up a great hole in it with his needle. The dwarfs' looks at seeing this became more animated than ever, and they tiptoed over to the tailor to watch him work. At the same time all six of them sighed deeply, and Philip noticed that they looked twice as sad as before. Feeling sorry for them and thinking that now they would answer him, he once more began to question them. Yet no sooner had he spoken the first word than all sat down again, looking furious, and Philip received so sound a box on the ear from behind that he fell head over heels on the moss. At first he thought that Master Caspar had found him and awakened him from a deep sleep. But when he looked around he saw that it was the branch of a tree which had boxed his ear in so strange and meaning a fashion.

Thoroughly angry, he sat down again, and once more began to sew, and with every stitch he took the dwarfs came nearer and sighed more pitifully. In his

good-natured way Philip thought to himself: "I wonder what ails the little chaps?" and when their leader stepped up to him, gave him a strange look and passed his hand over his back, Philip thought: "Oho, I wonder whether the dwarfs want me to patch their cloaks and breeches?" It seemed as though the dwarf could read his thoughts, for a friendly smile crossed his sorrowful face. Encouraged, the tailor seized him by the neck and laid him across his knee to examine into the state of his clothing. And, sure enough, there was a great tear in the back of his coat, and when the tailor parted the cloth he saw that the tear extended not only through the lining and shirt, but into the dwarf's very body itself. This body was of a very special sort. It did not consist of flesh and blood, but was like an onion, with the difference that its layers, one above the other, were formed of some delicate substance like rose-leaves. And he remembered that his grandmother had once told him that the Hurlemen, like all dwarfs and mandrakes, were descendants of the rootmen, who in turn were descendants of the onion-folk.

Now, Philip, once he did get to work, was as skillful and able as any one, so he straightway made up his mind to see what he could do about patching up the dwarf's little body, before he sewed up the lining and coat. Besides, he was human enough, when he remembered the glowing coals and his box on the ear, to think

of taking a deeper stitch than necessary every now and then. So he commenced to work on the dwarf with his finest needle.

Full of curiosity the other dwarfs crowded about him, and their faces began to clear when they saw that the tailor was sewing up the lowest leaves first in the most thorough way. "Now," thought Philip, "it is only fair that the little scrabbler answer my questions!" And, just as he was threading another needle, he opened his mouth and begged the dwarf to tell him what he really was. Alas, no sooner had he spoken than the needle between his fingers turned red-hot and ran an inch deep into his hand of its own account, so that he yelled with pain! At the same time he received a box on the ear, no less heavy than the first, on the other side. What should he do? Philip reached behind him for his stick, but as he did so he noticed that the dwarfs suddenly were growing taller and broader with every passing second. So he dropped his hand with a sigh and commenced to work again. Yet he found that all the stitches he had taken had been ripped out, and a good half hour went by before he had made up what he had lost. At the same time he felt bad to think of the evil company into which he had fallen, and sadly recalled the workshop in Aachen, Master Caspar and lovely Rose. There he could have talked all day long, and never would have had his ears boxed or a red-hot needle run into his hand.

"Yet," thought he to himself, "after all, chattering while at work must be a bad habit. And if it is punished so severely only an hour's distance from Aachen, no doubt they will chop my head off in the next city if I say an unnecessary word!" For the first time in his life he thought seriously of bettering himself. Meanwhile his work was coming along nicely, but he noticed that whenever he took a deeper stitch than necessary, he felt a corresponding sting in his own hand from the needle.

While he worked, the other Hurlemen gathered dry brushwood and kept the fire burning. When Philip was done, since he could not use the hot iron to smooth out the coat, he took his big shears and beat out the seams on the dwarf's back, though while so doing he put more strength into the blows than was necessary. Then he took the dwarf by the hand, carefully looked him over once more, and saw with pleasure that all grief had vanished from his face. So he gave him a hearty slap with his bare hand and sent him flying over the fire into the soft moss. But the dwarf showed not the least bit of anger. Instead he jumped up and danced around as though mad with joy for quite a time. Then he returned to the tailor, drew a large goldpiece from his pocket, and put it into his hand. Surprised, Philip examined the coin and saw that it was a solid gold ducat, a ducat of the best, whose weight and ring guaranteed its value.

Meanwhile the night was far advanced, and a cool breeze already had announced the coming of dawn, when Philip commenced to pack up his tools and took up his stick in order to say farewell to the dwarfs. He shook hands with all of them, and felt sorry to see that the five who had not been mended looked twice as sad as before; while only the mended one looked gay and happy. Suddenly the latter drew a small golden goblet out of his pocket, took a sip from it, and then handed it to the tailor. The latter, who had no suspicions, drank the sweet liquid it contained to the last drop. But what was happening to him? First he felt as though he were falling from a mountain height; but then, to his astonishment and horror, he felt his body gradually shrinking, and in a few moments he was just as small as the dwarfs themselves.

It was a terrible moment for poor Philip! He felt so unhappy that at first he was unable to think at all. Then tears came to his eyes, for he remembered Rose, and that he never could return to her as a Tom Thumb. When he gained control of himself, he used the tongue which had kept silence so long, and overwhelmed the dwarfs with the bitterest reproaches for their ingratitude, while the tears ran down his cheeks. But they merely shrugged their shoulders and pointed upward as though to say he could be made large again and that he must have patience.

There was nothing else to do: he had to be patient.

So he followed the dwarfs, who went on ahead, beckoning him to follow. How enormous the pines—his eye could not reach their tops—now appeared! The low-growing juniper bushes, which he had trodden underfoot the day before, now rose high above his head, and the beetles and spiders, awakened by the dawn, and busily hurrying about their affairs, seemed huge and terrible to him.

After a short time he came with the Hurlemen to a high rock, higher than any he had ever seen, and here they stopped before a winding, shell stairway, turned to stone like other shells he himself had chopped out of the rock, and which now also seemed enormous to him. One of the dwarfs took out a golden horn and blew it, whereupon the winding stairs slowly turned, disclosing an opening, through which the company entered and then slowly began to ascend the stairs.

The unheard of magnificence now revealed to Philip's astonished eyes led him to forget his sorrow for a moment. From the stairs they came to a great anteroom, formed of the most beautiful, glittering stones, and supported by columns of rose-red and pure white crystal. Thence they made their way into great halls, one more splendidly decorated than the other. In all these rooms and passages there was not a soul to be seen. Yet it was plain that they had been occupied only a few short hours before, because gold and silver vessels and goblets stood about in disorder on the

tables, and the lights still burned dimly in great chandeliers which hung from the ceilings.

It looked as though great festivals and banquets had been celebrated in these chambers, nor had music been missing at them, for in one of the great halls the musicians' gallery was still filled with instruments. The dwarfs passed through the beautifully decorated rooms sadly and in silence and Philip followed them, full of astonishment. By now they had left the festal halls behind them, and found themselves before a number of winding passages, where the six Hurlemen bade each other farewell, each of them disappearing in one of the passages in question. One of them beckoned Philip to follow him, and both entered a vaulted corridor, at whose end soft, low music greeted them. It sounded like the sweet music the wind makes when passing through the strings of an Æolian harp. In this corridor there was one door after another and, quite near the end of the passage, the dwarf opened a little door, bade Philip enter and locked it after him.

Philip, whose head was spinning with all the marvelous things which had happened to him during the day, did not first dare to look around, for fear of seeing some new mystery. But when he at last examined his little room he found that, though hewn in the rock, it was far more daintily and tastefully arranged than his bedroom in Master Caspar's home. The bed itself, made of a single large seashell which had turned to

stone, looked strange to him; but as pillows, sheets and covers were of the finest material he undressed, said his prayer and lay down.

First he thought sadly of Rose, and how near and yet how far away he was from her. Yet the music which continued to sound from the passage did not encourage sad thoughts. On the contrary, his heavy dreams and sighs all turned into gay, merry faces, which danced about him, and thus he fell asleep.

How many hours he might have slept he never knew, but after a time he felt something tugging at his sleeve, and there stood his guide of the evening before, who signed for him to rise and follow him. The poor tailor lad rose with a sigh, and followed the dwarf out into the passage. There the soft melody of the preceding night had ceased; instead there sounded a gayer, statelier music which seemed to echo from the splendid halls through which they had passed. At the end of the corridor they were joined by the other five Hurlemen and all went off silently through the empty and radiantly lit halls. The six dwarfs walked with sad, downcast eyes, but Philip could not help but look around on all sides. Now and then, as they passed, he could see a door open and a dwarf or a dwarfine, magnificently dressed in splendidly embroidered garments, step out; but when they saw the melancholy procession they at once disappeared again. At last—they had reached the great anteroom with the rose-red and pure

white crystal columns from another side—one of the dwarfs blew his horn, the winding stairway turned, and as they slowly descended it, the festival music and the loud joy of the dwarfs' castle grew fainter and fainter, until, when they once more stepped out into the forest beneath the pine trees, it had altogether ceased.

It was night again, only it seemed to Philip that it was decidedly colder than the night before. But the dwarfs at once built a fire so that the tailor could warm his fingers. Then he noticed that the dwarf who had fetched him from bed had carried his knapsack, and now laid it down beside him. Then the company seated itself about the fire, and said not a word. Philip, too, remembering his box on the ear and the red-hot needle, was afraid to speak. Soon, however, he grew weary of the monotony, and, opening his knapsack and taking out needle and thread, he asked the dwarfs in sign language whether any of them wished to be mended. At once five of them leaped up joyfully and crowded about him. He clutched one of them by the arm, examined his coat and found he had the same kind of a tear in his side that the other had had in his back. So he put the little chap in the right position and went to work sewing him up. Since his hands were now as small as those of the dwarfs themselves, it took him longer, and though he was careful not to speak and have to do his work over again, dawn was

reddening the sky in the east before he finished his task.

After the dwarf who now had been patched up had leaped about in the grass for a time as merrily as the other, he also drew a gold ducat from his pocket and gave it to the tailor. Then they returned to the dwarf castle just as they had done the day before, climbed the winding stairs, walked through the empty halls and Philip lay down again to the sound of the harp music and fell asleep.

And the same thing happened to the tailor the third, fourth and fifth night. Each time, out in the woods, he took one of the Hurlemen and sewed him up, skin, lining and coat, in the most careful and conscientious way, and received a gold ducat for it. And, since there was nothing else for him to do, he resigned himself to his sad fate, which seemed to have made him the tailor of the dwarfs, nevermore to return to his own people. The one thing that seemed strange to him in the nightly visits to the pine forest was that winter had come so early that year. The third night it was so cold in the woods, that, had it not been for the dwarfs' fire, he would have frozen his fingers; and yet he had only left Aachen toward the end of August. The fourth night he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the branches of the pine trees weighed down with snow and sighing sadly in the icy wind; and so it was during the fifth and sixth nights when the last dwarf took him out to be repaired like the rest.

That night he sewed more eagerly in order to keep warm, and when midnight came already had completed his task. When he dismissed the dwarf with a gentle slap like the rest he was surprised to see all six rise, join hands and dance wildly around him with all sorts of merry gestures. Then they stopped and the one whom he had first patched up stepped over to him and spoke to him for the first time: "For what you have done for us," said he, "receive our sincerest and heartiest thanks! Now you shall learn how great a favor you have done us. You have seen our splendid castle and the magnificent halls from which the merry dwarf people always had just departed when we entered, and you can see that we lead a happy and joyous life. During the time which you human beings call day, when that great star, the sun, well-nigh blinds you with his dazzling light, we dwarf people sleep. Not until night comes does our castle begin to show signs of life, and we do pass happy hours at dance and play. Now you must know that we dwarfs are far more irritable than human beings. So it happened that one night, we six, excited by the dance and games, forgot one of our first laws—that of keeping silence at the right time—in the castle of a neighboring dwarf king. This led first to a quarrel with the other dwarfs, and then to bloodshed. You have seen the wounds we have received, and only the fact that we live for a thousand years saved us from death. When we returned to our

castle our king laid a severe punishment on us. He forbade our taking part in the merry feasts and dances of our folk, and sent us out into the gloomy forest to spend the hours which the other inhabitants of the castle pass so joyously. There we were to stay till we could find a man who, without our asking him, and without speaking a word, would sew up our wounds and our garments in the human way. In order to make this more difficult, we were only allowed to become visible to the wanderer during the change of the moon. You will be surprised and horrified when I tell you that we had been waiting in vain over a hundred years before you appeared. So you see, the debt of gratitude we owe you is beyond payment!"

Philip, who had listened to this speech with the greatest astonishment, did not know what to reply. Then the dwarf drew the well-known goblet from beneath his cloak, and handed it to Philip, who first took it doubtfully; but then, full of confidence in the dwarfs, emptied it at once. Suddenly he felt a strong desire in all his limbs to stretch. He grew from minute to minute in height and breadth, and soon, to his great joy, saw that he had regained his former shape and heighth.

"Take also," continued the dwarf, "the six golden ducats which you earned during the six nights as a reward for the service you rendered us! I know that there is nothing human beings value so much as this shining metal. Yet do not let a single one of these six

gold pieces pass from your possession. Lock them up in a chest, and whenever you need money for your expenses you will find it there. And leave them to your children and your children's children, for they possess a mystic power which attains its greatest strength in the course of a few hundred years. Now farewell, and remember the golden rule whose neglect on our part brought us into trouble, and which you yourself do not seem to practice over well: 'Be silent at the right time!' "

With these words he and the five other Hurlemen shook hands with the astonished tailor, and immediately disappeared. Now the first ray of the morning sun fell over the hills and on the snow which hung from the pine boughs and glistened on the ground. And for the first time, happy Philip realized how he had suddenly passed from summer to winter in the space of six short nights. The dwarfs had only been able to show themselves to him from month to month, and in the intervals they had surrounded him with a magic which allowed him to sleep a month at a time.

Though it was now February and very cold, Philip had no difficulty in making his way down the hills, for there were no leaves on the bushes to hide the view. He shouted with joy when he saw the majestic towers of the Emperor Charlemagne's cathedral rise before him. Soon he had reached the walls of the city, and

hurriedly ran through the streets to Master Caspar's house.

The latter had often regretted his harshness toward Philip, and tears of joy came to his eyes as well as those of Rose when Philip rushed into the room. Yet how great was his astonishment and satisfaction when Philip drew the six full-weight gold ducats from his knapsack and spread them out before the master's eyes while he told his wonderful tale. And, after a few days' test to see whether Philip really was a chatterbox reformed, Master Caspar allowed him to marry the happy Rose. Thenceforth there never was a more industrious and painstaking tailor than Philip. If at first he sometimes felt inclined to lay down his work to chat, he felt a slight itching in his ear as well as a faint stitch in the hand, reminders which gradually disappeared. The dwarfs kept their promise, and the golden ducats—locked up in a special drawer—always supplied any money needed for special expenses, and thus remained in the possession of the family.

THE GOLDSMITH'S NIECE AND THE FISHERMAN'S FAITHFUL SON

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and a queen who had no children. But just behind the royal palace stood a fisherman's hut, and heaven sent the fisherfolk another child with every passing year. Now the poor queen, seeing that the king had begun to dislike her, sent down to the fisherman's hut one day, when a new child had arrived, had it given to her, and brought it up as her own. After a time God gave her a child, too, but she did not turn out the fisherman's boy on that account; he grew up with her own son and they became inseparable friends. After a time, when they were older, they asked the king's permission to go out into the world to become acquainted with strange peoples and countries, and, permission having been granted them, they set out. For a long time they wandered until they came to a great city near the sea, and, since it pleased them, they settled down there, intending to remain for a while.

One day the young gentles of the city gave the two strangers a banquet, and at the banquet the talk fell on the beauties of the city. After much had been said, one way and another, one of the young nobles spoke as fol-

lows: "There is no woman so beautiful as the goldsmith's niece, who sits in her window with a golden crown on her head, playing with an apple of gold." Not one of those present contradicted him, but all agreed that he had told the truth, and the traveling prince was seized with such a love for the goldsmith's niece that he could neither eat, nor drink, nor speak. It took his friend, the fisherman's son, some time to discover the cause of his grief, but when the prince confided in him and said he must die of love for the beautiful unknown, he said he would find a way to help him.

So the fisherman's son rented a house not far from that of the goldsmith and hired skilled workmen, who dug a tunnel which led from his own to the other dwelling. The latter was seven stories high, and the goldsmith's niece lived on the seventh story. The doors of the seven stories were locked with seven locks, whose seven keys the goldsmith—whose shop was in another street—carried about his person. When the tunnel was finished, the fisherman's son climbed up to the goldsmith's niece and found her at her window, her golden crown on her head, playing with her golden apple, and looking out to sea. When she saw the fisherman's son she wondered how he had found his way to her and asked who he might be and what he wanted. Said he: "I am a king's son who has come to your city. Here I heard so much about your beauty, your crown and your apple that I fell in love with you. Then I had no rest until

I dug a tunnel which leads into your house, and in this way I have managed to visit you."

Then he begged her to lend him her golden apple, since he wished to have another just like it made, to take back to his own kingdom. But she said that she was afraid of her uncle, for if he found it out she would have to suffer. But the fisherman's son answered that he only needed the apple for a short time, and would return it by way of his tunnel long before the goldsmith could unlock his seven locks. In short he begged and pleaded until she gave him the apple.

Back went the fisherman's son to the goldsmith in his workshop and said to him: "Be kind enough to make me another apple just like this one!" The goldsmith looked at the apple from every side, and the longer he looked at it the more convinced he was that it was his own apple. So he said to the fisherman's son: "That is my own apple, which I made myself!" "Folderol!" replied the latter, "do you think you are the only goldsmith in the world?" But the goldsmith rose, and took his seven keys to see for himself whether or no his niece still had her apple. Before he could unlock the seven locks on the seven doors, however, the fisherman's son had slipped up through his tunnel, and had brought back her apple to the goldsmith's niece. And when the goldsmith came in and saw his niece playing with the apple, she asked him how he happened to come home at so unusual an hour. "What shall I say,

my child," answered he. "A stranger came to my shop and gave me an apple for a model that looked so much like yours that I had to see whether you still had it." But his niece said: "Why, uncle, what an idea! Why should not someone else have a similar apple?" Back went the goldsmith to his shop, but before he had opened and locked the seven doors the fisherman's son had arrived before him, the apple in his hand. So the goldsmith took his order, and his customer told him to have the apple ready as soon as possible, since he was leaving in a few days.

When the apple had been completed the fisherman's son went back to the goldsmith's niece, and begged her to lend him her crown, as he wished to have one just like it made to take back to his own kingdom with him. At first she demurred, as she had done before, but finally she gave in. Then the fisherman's son went to the goldsmith's shop and begged the goldsmith to make him a crown like the one he held in his hand. The goldsmith looked at the crown from all sides and decided that it was the very crown that he had made for his niece. But when he told the fisherman's son, the latter laughed at him, so he again took up his seven keys and went home to see for himself. But before he had unlocked the seven doors the fisherman's son had brought back the crown to the girl and hidden himself. And when the goldsmith arrived and saw the crown on his niece's head, he was much surprised and said to

her: "I hardly know what to make of it! The stranger who ordered the apple from me has just brought me a crown so like your own that I thought it could be none other." But his niece answered: "Why, uncle, what an idea! Do you not keep me under seven locks? How could any one come here and steal my crown?" Off went the goldsmith to his workshop but when he got there, there stood the fisherman's son with the crown in his hand. After they had agreed on the price, the fisherman's son said: "It must be ready to-morrow, because I am leaving town then!"

Then he brought back her crown to the goldsmith's niece and told her a great tale of his love and that he would like to take her back to his own kingdom and make her his queen. "But," said the goldsmith's niece, "my uncle never would give his consent." "Leave that to me," said the fisherman's son. "I will marry you before we sail, and your own uncle shall give you away!"

The next day the fisherman's son went to the goldsmith, got his crown and said: "My friend is marrying an orphan girl of this town to-morrow evening. Will you do me the honor of giving away the bride, since we know no one else here?" And the goldsmith said: "Why not?" That evening he went home and told his niece he had promised to give away the bride at the wedding of the stranger's friend, but that he did not feel like going. "What," said his niece, "a good cus-

tomer does you the honor of asking you to be a best man, and you wish to refuse?" And she kept at him until he went.

In the morning, that same day, the fisherman's son had led his friend, the prince, through the tunnel to the goldsmith's niece, and said to her: "This is your true love and the man you are to marry, for he cannot live without you!" The prince did not find it hard to convince the goldsmith's niece of his love, and it was agreed that the prince should bring her down to his ship off the seashore that evening for the wedding.

So when it was dark he brought the goldsmith's niece to the ship, and the fisherman's son sent for the goldsmith to give the bride away. But the moment the latter saw the bride, he thought to himself: "Why, that is my own niece!" He excused himself, saying he had forgotten something, and would be right back. Yet before he had unlocked his seven locks, his niece had slipped back through the tunnel, and when he came in, there she sat with her golden crown on her head, playing with her golden apple. "Is the wedding already over?" she asked. So the goldsmith told her what had happened and how he had come back to make sure she was not the bride. "You must hurry back at once, uncle, or they will laugh at you!" she said, and back he went. But when he reached the ship there she was sitting in the bride's place. Again he said to himself: "That is my own niece!" and hurried off. And again

he found his niece at home, playing with her golden apple. And so it happened the third time. Then he said to himself: "I am foolish! Are there not plenty of people who look like each other?" So he made no further difficulties, but gave away the bride, and as soon as the wedding was over the sails were hoisted and the ship put out to sea.

When the goldsmith reached home, however, he found an empty nest. He looked everywhere, but all in vain; his niece had disappeared. So he said to his eyes: "Hark ye, eyes, of what use are you to me when you do not wish to see and my mind cannot see!" He took them out and flung them into the air. There they changed to birds, flew to the ship on which his niece was sailing and perched on the mast. "This young woman soon will be a widow!" said one. "How so?" asked the other. "When her husband, the prince, lands in his own kingdom they will celebrate by firing cannon, and one of the cannonballs will strike and kill him. Yet, if he has a brother who loves him with all his heart, nothing will happen to him. But whoever hears my words and repeats them will turn to stone from his knees down!

"When they are about to enter the city, horses will be brought them to ride, and the prince will mount one that will fling him off and kill him and make his bride a widow. Yet if he has a brother who loves him with all his heart, nothing will happen to him. But if

any one who hears these words repeats them, he will turn to stone from his middle down!

"And when they come to the castle, a dog will run out and bite the prince and he will die, and the bride become a widow. Yet if he has a brother who loves him with all his heart, nothing will happen to him. But if any one hears my words and repeats them, he will turn to stone from his neck down!

"Finally, when they go to their room, a monster will come and devour the prince and his bride will become a widow. Yet if he has a brother who loves him with all his heart nothing will happen to him. But whoever hears my words and repeats them, his head will be turned to stone as well!"

The fisherman's son had heard all that the birds had said, but he did not repeat a word of it. When they landed in the prince's kingdom, he at once sent messengers to the city forbidding them to shoot off the cannon as a sign of rejoicing. When they found the horses waiting to take them to town, he sent them back. "What a jealous fellow this fisherman's son is," thought the young bride. When they came to the castle door a dog rushed out to welcome them. But the fisherman's son drew his sword and killed it, which made the bride still more angry. But when they were safely in the castle, the fisherman's son had the cannon fired.

When the young prince and his bride went to their apartment the fisherman's son followed them and stood

on guard with drawn sword. At midnight a horrible monster came down from the ceiling and was about to devour the prince when the fisherman's son killed it.

In the morning the prince and his bride went walking in the castle gardens, and while they were away the old queen came in. When she saw the floor covered with blood, she thought her son had been murdered. "None other than that envious fisherman's son has killed him!" she cried. "That is why he forbade us firing the cannon, and sent back the horses, and slew the dog at the castle gate!"

And when the fisherman's son heard her say that he was angry and said: "So that is my reward! Because I have saved your son from death again and again you abuse me!" So he began and told the first thing he had heard the birds say—and turned to stone from his knees down. And he told the second—and turned to stone from his waist down; and told the third, and fourth, and turned completely to stone.

Then the queen, who had looked around the room and found the slain dragon, felt sorry, but it was too late. She had the stone fisherman's son raised and placed in a room and there he stood, deaf and dumb. When those whom he knew came into the room it was plain to see that he recognized them, but he could not move a limb nor speak.

The young prince and his bride, however, felt so sorry for their faithful friend, that they never smiled

for three years, and by that time the tears they had shed for him filled a great bowl. Then, however, they had their reward. They took the bowl of tears, the tears of their sorrow and affection, and poured it out over the stone fisherman's son. The evil spell was broken, he became a living human being again, and all dwelt together in peace and happiness to the end of their days.

ONE THAT IS DEAD KILLS TWO, AND TWO THAT ARE DEAD KILL FORTY

IN very ancient times there once lived in a mountain country a rich and beautiful princess, who was skilled in the asking and answering of riddles. Now, because of her beauty and her wealth, many princes tried to win her hand, yet she found none among them to her liking. And when she saw that her suitors kept on increasing in number, she had it proclaimed everywhere that she would only marry a man who could outdo her in the asking and solving of riddles. But she made it a condition that the prince whose riddle she could solve, or who could not find an answer to the riddle she gave him, should be hanged. Whoever overcame her at this game, him she would marry. Many a prince came to try his fortune, yet none could solve her riddle, and so they all perished by the rope.

Now it happened that far distant from the city in which stood the princess's palace, there ruled a king who had an only son, named Salmon. And since he was alone, his parents gave him a comrade to play with, a boy named Luis, who was of an age with the young prince. Both were brought up in strict seclusion, for the old king did not want his son to hear any-

thing of the beautiful princess and the strange conditions she made her suitors, lest he be tempted to try his luck. And since the boys kept to the palace and the palace grounds, they thought the whole world was no larger than the kingdom in which they lived.

Sometimes they would gaze out into the far, blue distance, and when they saw smoke rise on the air, they would look at it with astonishment, until gradually they began to long to cross those distant hills and see what there might be on the other side. Yet they were too far away for them to make the journey afoot, and they could obtain no horse, because the old king carefully kept his horses under lock and key. Now one day the king sent Luis, who enjoyed greater liberty than Salmon, and who happened to be going to the rice fields, into the forest to bring him his horse, and Luis obeyed. But when he brought back the horse, the king already had gone into the palace. So Salmon and Luis thought they would improve the opportunity to ride across the mountains on the king's horse. But as they were about to set out Salmon's mother appeared and said: "Where are you going?" "We want to see what there is on the other side of the mountains," said her son.

His mother did not want him to go, but no matter how much she wept, scolded, begged and entreated, she could not move him. "You and father have held us cooped up long enough," said Salmon. "Now we

can stand it no longer, and must go!" Then the unhappy mother thought: "It were better if my son were to die swiftly and painlessly this very minute, rather than have to hang in the land of the beautiful princess!" And, to save Salmon and Luis from the rope she feared would be their portion, she tried to scatter a swiftly-working and painless poison on them. But the two boys already had mounted the horse and were riding away, and the poison merely fell on the horse's hind-quarters. Yet there it did its work. When they stopped to rest for the first time the horse died!

Soon the horse's corpse attracted two black crows. They at once began to feed on it but as soon as they had eaten fell down dead themselves. Salmon and Luis took up the dead birds, cut them in half, smoked them over the fire, and wrapped them up in leaves. Then they continued their journey, crossed the last mountain-ridge, and, descending into the valley-land, found some huts where they were kindly received.

But intelligent Luis was not pleased with the appearance of the people. Said he to Salmon: "These people look as though they might rob and even slay us while we sleep. So we must be on our guard and take turns watching and sleeping." The young prince, however, was not a good watchman; he could not help falling asleep, and while both slept all their belongings were stolen, including the two smoked crows, which the thieves ate up. Yet since the crows were

poisoned, the thieves who lay down to rest after eating them never woke to tell the tale.

The following day Salmon and Luis journeyed on until they came to the city of the wise princess, where they were hospitably entertained. The very first evening of their arrival the princess wanted them to ask and answer riddles. The prince began to make excuses, for he could think of no riddle to ask, but Luis whispered in his ear to beg the princess to allow them to retire for a moment to another room. When they were alone Luis said to Salmon: "You must first give the princess a riddle to solve. So say to her: 'One that is dead kills two, and two that are dead kill forty. What is the answer?' But be careful not to give her the least little clue, or she will at once solve your riddle."

Then they returned to the princess's chamber, where the prince begged permission to give the first riddle and the princess granted his request. So he said: "One that is dead kills two, and two that are dead kill forty. What is the answer?"

Then the princess thought and thought and thought, but she could not solve the riddle and had to ask that they give her more time in which to think it over.

Now Luis knew very well what the princess had in mind, and said to his master: "To-night the princess will send some one to spy on us and listen to what we say. Stay awake, and as soon as you hear me cough,

come out as though in a rage, and ask what all the noise is?" What Luis expected came to pass.

No sooner did the princess think that the prince was asleep than she sent the wife of one of the king's captains to knock softly at the door of his room. When Luis opened it, she offered him a bag of coin if he would tell her the answer to the riddle.

"Ah," said Luis, "I have no need of money, for my master is very rich!"

"Well," said the captain's wife, "say what you wish and it shall be given you!" Then she pleaded with him to tell her what she wanted to know. But while she was pleading Luis began to cough, and Salmon stepped into the room. Filled with shame and fright, the woman fled, and left behind her the bag of money she had brought and her mantle, which Luis had seized. This happened four nights in succession, and each time another captain's wife knocked at the door.

On the evening of the fifth day Luis said to the prince: "To-night the princess herself will come to you. So you must sleep in the outer chamber in my stead." And, sure enough, the princess came. But she, too, had to flee when Luis stepped out of the inner room, leaving the money and her mantle. Yet she had managed to worm out of the prince that he had ridden away from home with his servant on horseback. And that was all the wise princess needed to know in order to solve the riddle.

The following morning, when the prince came to her, she said: "A poisoned horse kills two crows, and two poisoned crows kill forty people. That is the answer to your riddle!" And so the prince had forfeited his life and had to agree to be hanged.

Yet when he stood beneath the gallows, he begged to be allowed to give his servant his last greetings and good wishes for his parents, to carry back to them, and his wish was granted. But when Luis appeared, the prince said to him: "We caught a doe with one copper and one silver horn. Luis, show the horns!" And the servant showed the first two mantles and bags of money. "And then," Salmon went on, "we caught another doe with one silver and one gold horn. Luis, show the horns!" And then Luis showed the two other mantles and bags of money. When he did so the wives of the four captains fled, filled with shame, for their husbands were present and had recognized the mantles. Then Salmon spoke once more: "We also caught a female tiger, with one gold and one diamond horn. Luis, show the horns!" But when he said this the princess cried: "Never mind showing them! I see that you are the husband Heaven means me to have!" So Prince Salmon stepped happily out from beneath the gallows, and married the wise, rich and beautiful princess, with whom he lived happily ever after.

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE

ONCE upon a time a beggarman came into a village. He sat in a two-wheeled cart drawn by an ancient horse, and stopped at every house in the place to ask for a night's lodging. But the villagers were all rich and prosperous, and their stables were so full of fat cattle that there was not an empty stall left for his horse.

Now as the poor beggar was standing looking around, while the cold wind blew and the first snowflakes were falling from the skies, a poor man on his way home from the fields asked him why he stood there and shivered: "There is no one in the place who can take my horse and myself in for the night," said the beggar, "their stables are full." "Well, come along with me," answered the poor man, "I have but a few cows. My stable is not large, it is true. But come along, nevertheless, and we will manage one way or another."

So he led the beggar's horse into his stable, put it beside his own mule, and poured out feed for them into the same crib. And in his cottage he set before the beggar the best that he had. Then he made up a bed of straw for him beside the stove, and gave him the

warm blanket he used to cover his mule when the beast was out in the snow.

The next morning the beggar, with straw still sticking in his hair, rose at an early hour and took leave of his host. And as he held the poor man's hand firmly in his own, he said: "Brother, some day you must come and visit me and be my guest!" "Gladly," said the poor man, "but how would I find your house?" "That is easy," answered the beggarman, "just follow the track of my cart." The poor man sighed. "I have a great deal of work to do and no one to help me do it. But some day I will visit you, when I have a little time on my hands."

So the beggar went his way and the poor man stepped into his stable with a broom to sweep it out. As he went in he saw something shining on the stable floor, and bending down picked up four silver horseshoes. Then he fell into deep thought, and said to himself: "What sort of a beggar is this who shoes his old nag with silver horseshoes? I shall have to bring them back to him!" And when he went into the courtyard where the beggar's cart had stood under the shed, he found two golden screws lying there on the ground. He shook his head and said: "No, I cannot imagine such a beggar! He must have been a prince in disguise, or perhaps the king himself!" So he put away the screws with the horseshoes, hiding them both in the furthest corner of his closet.

Then he went to work. And as he went along he saw the traces of the beggar's cartwheels in the grass. They had a strange gleam, and when he bent to look at them and felt them, they were silver. He followed them a little ways, and they were silver so far as his eye would reach. "A strange, strange beggar!" murmured the poor man, and was so mystified that he nearly took the wrong path to his field.

Yet the time never seemed to come when he could leave home and visit the strange beggarman. He had small children, for whom he had to work and whom he had to take care of, because his wife fell sick. There were rents and taxes to pay. Bad weather killed his crops. His stable caught fire and burned down. His cattle died, and his mule became too old and weak to work and he had to earn money to buy another. From time to time he looked in his closet to see whether the silver horseshoes and the golden screws were still there. And, finally, he forgot all about them.

Then, after many years, when his hair had grown white and his wife had died, and his children were able to fend for themselves, though he himself was as poor as ever he had been, he was sitting before his cottage door one day, thinking over all that had happened to him during his long life of toil. And his thoughts once more turned to the beggar. He stood up, went out into the field, and looked for the cart tracks. And lo and behold, there they were in the

grass, gleaming as brightly as on the first day he had seen them! So he made up his mind to follow the tracks and visit the beggar, took the silver horseshoes and the golden screws out of the closet, harnessed his mule to his cart and drove off.

On and on he drove, following the silver cart tracks. And since they shone even more brightly at night than in the daytime, he drove on through the night as well. Over hills and through valleys he went, past many, many houses, past churches, past evil people who called out abuse after him, and good people who gave his mule water to drink. At last he saw a river in the distance, spanned by a wooden bridge, and when he crossed it, it seemed so airy and delicate that he thought that it had been brought from some foreign land. Soon after he came to another bridge, of iron, that vaulted high up into the skies. Never had he seen such a bridge before, thought he, as he drove across.

And after he had again passed through new forests and unknown valleys, and across many mountains on whose slopes the fruit on the trees was showing red, though at home, in his village, spring had only begun, he came to a third bridge. It gleamed and glistened so radiantly that he could hardly look at it, and when he drew nearer he saw that it was built of silver, and as beautiful as a dream. Then, as though this were not enough, he came almost at once to still another bridge, of pure gold, which shone like the very sun. When he

caught sight of it he had to press his hat down over his forehead and the tears came to his eyes. "How strange all this is!" thought the poor man. Yet at the same time he felt so light that it seemed as though he could fly instead of creaking along in the cart his mule dragged so slowly.

At last he came to a wall which stretched so far into the distance that he could not see its end. It was built of white, red, blue and green marble, and the great gate was covered over and over with precious stones. It glittered as though it were afire. The poor man would not even have dared to dream of such splendor. Even the mule turned its eyes away from its light.

The tracks of the silver cartwheels ran right through the middle of the road to the gate. And the poor man, in spite of his increasing astonishment, could not help but feel that he had reached the end of his journey. So he climbed down from his cart, turned his mule loose to crop the grass, put the silver horseshoes and the golden screws in his knapsack and went to the gate. It was shut. But he took heart, turned the golden doorknob and opened the door.

Had he possessed a hundred pair of eyes he never could have seen all that there was to see on the other side of the gate! It was a garden without end. There were fruit trees, some in bloom, some laden with fruit, some blossoming and fruiting at the same time. There were groves, meadows, hillocks, and brooks which

foamed along whitely through the grass. In the trees sang birds whose feathers showed all sorts of wonderful colors the poor man never before had seen. He forgot hunger and thirst listening to their song.

There he stood amid all this loveliness and did not know whether he were dreaming or waking, whether he were dead or alive. He looked about him on all sides, took a deep breath and went on, always following the tracks of the silver cartwheels. The flowery meadows and orchards of fruit trees were without end, the song of the birds never ceased. He felt neither hunger, thirst nor weariness, and tears of joy filled his eyes. Now here, now there, he stopped and listened, and then went on. His breath grew lighter and freer and the air of the garden streamed through his veins like a golden wine when the beggar suddenly stepped up to him beneath the blossoming trees.

"May God be with you, friend!" cried the poor man, filled with joy. "And with you," answered the beggar, as he took him by the hand. "I am happy to have found you," said the poor man. "And now tell me what all this means. First, however, take back your horseshoes and your screws, which you lost that time you stayed with me." The beggar took them and cast them aside in the grass as he walked on through the garden with the poor man. "How shall I ever be able to tell about all I have seen at home?" said the poor man. "I could not do so even though they killed me.

But now let me look to my mule, which is grazing before the gate, and give the beast a drink. Then, if you will allow me, I shall return and, though I must not detain you, stay for a while in your garden and gladden my eyes with its beauty!" The beggar said nothing, but gave him a kindly smile and a curious look as he walked back to the gate with him.

There the poor man bade him farewell. But the beggar held his hand in his own for a long time, and said: "I shall expect you this evening!" Then the poor man looked about everywhere, but could not find his mule. Still searching for it he crossed the golden bridge and then the bridges of silver, iron and wood: in vain, the mule was nowhere to be found. And then, since he was so far underway, he took the road home again, always following the tracks of the silver cart-wheels, until he reached his native village.

But when he got there, he no longer recognized houses or trees, dogs or men. He inquired after his little cottage, after his children; but the people whom he asked looked at him strangely, and no one could give him any information.

So he sat himself down by the village well, which was still the same, drank from it with his hand, and closed his eyes for a little. "To-morrow I will return to the beggar," thought he, "and ask him what troubles me. He will tell me whether I am awake or dreaming." And as he slept, it seemed to him that people

came and closed his eyes, as they do those of the dead. Yet that selfsame moment he found himself back in the lovely garden again. And, lo, there the beggar came once more to greet him and take him by the hand! And so he remained for all time with the beggar in the garden of Paradise.

THE PARASOL OF CONTENTMENT

ONCE upon a time there lived a man named Yang-Tsu. He was a street peddler and for that reason he wandered up and down the streets all day long with the tray which contained his wares hanging from his neck in front of him. As he cried his wares his eyes took in all the wonders of the rich and splendid city. He saw the silk-robed mandarins with their great escorts. He saw the mighty warriors with the shadows of distant adventures darkening their features. And from gold-embroidered, curtained litters the almond fragrance of invisible beauties was wafted to his perspiring face.

All this filled his soul with discontent and envy and longing, and when he came home in the evening he always would quarrel with Yu-Nu, his wife, for he was restless and excited. And then there would be weeping and wailing half the night long.

One morning when Yu-Nu had again awakened and, looking in her mirror, had seen the little red veins in her eyes, she said to Yang-Tsu:

"Go and buy a parasol!"

"Why should I buy a parasol?" asked her husband.

"Because it is all due to the heat of the sun. The

powerful sunrays excite you, so that you cannot help quarreling. Therefore we live unhappily and there are red veins in my eyes."

Yang-Tsu went about his daily work without making a reply, for he was not a bad man, and he thought over what his wife had said. He noticed as he went along the street that the sun shone with such power that the sunrays rose straight up from the pavement, like a glowing golden trellis. "Perhaps she is right," thought Yang-Tsu, and he turned his steps toward the artisan's quarter.

In this quarter there was much noise and shouting, for each merchant sat in front of his shop on a mat, and praised the goods he offered for sale. Suddenly Yang-Tsu heard a shrill voice rise above the others, which cried:

"Buy parasols! An infinite choice! Every one can spread the sky he loves best above his head!"

Yang-Tsu was much surprised to hear these strange words, and went over to the parasol-maker. The latter was a large, serious man. He sat on the cobblestones and round about him lay his parasols.

"What is it you keep calling out, most respected maker of parasols?" Yang-Tsu asked him. "Did you say these parasols could spread a heaven above my head? I admit that they are handsome, yet I cannot notice that they are different from any others I have seen."

The parasol-maker replied with a serious smile: "These parasols only look alike from the outside, most respected questioner; please deign to open one of them."

Yang-Tsu raised a parasol from the ground and opened it, and was greatly surprised. For the inner side of the parasol had been painted in such wise that it pictured a summer sky filled with the most tender, curly little white clouds, and the painting had been so artfully done that it seemed as though one were walking beneath them.

"You see, most respected questioner," said the parasol-maker, "as long as you carry this parasol, the radiant summer skies above your head will never darken, and beneath their influence your soul always will be cheerful."

Yang-Tsu was overjoyed to hear this, yet he cautiously said:

"It is true that I need to buy a parasol, for I quarrel every night with my wife Yu-Nu. But that is due to the heat of the sun. Therefore I do not think that a warm summer sky above my head will tend to quiet me."

"Then choose some other sky," answered the parasol-maker. "I have the largest selection of skies in the city."

He opened a second parasol. It showed a dull,

"Across it, wild geese flew in the shape of a long wedge"

misty, winter sky, like shimmering gray silk. The smoke of distant villages rose on the horizon.

"That is the sky of tender melancholy," said the parasol-maker. "In this melancholy you can live your life long as peacefully as though you were wrapped in the softest wool."

But Yang-Tsu thought this sky too mournful, and opened a third and then a fourth parasol, and others beside.

There was a morning sky before sunrise, in which all the day's happenings still glowed in purity before sinking down to the dusty earth. There was one which showed the blue through a wilderness of upright grasses, as though one were lying on one's back in a meadow, looking dreamily up toward the heavens. Under this parasol it was possible to carry along with one the deep peace of solitude through the noisiest streets. There was another parasol with a nocturnal sky, lighted by a full moon, and from that sky all the songs of lovers hung like clusters of grapes. There also was a parasol with a glassy sky above snow-covered mountain peaks, where no sign of life disturbed the repose of the soul.

Yang-Tsu chose the nocturnal sky with the full moon, and went his way. But the parasol did not bring peace to his home. The songs of the lovers dripped down from the moon into his soul, and their passion kept him

as restless as before. On the third day Yang-Tsu brought back the parasol with the nocturnal sky, and exchanged it for one of quiet meadow solitude. Yet neither did this one help him. Too often he forgot to attend to his work, and when his wife spoke to him he merely started up as though from a dream, sorrowfully. This parasol Yang-Tsu also brought back on the third day. So he kept on exchanging one parasol for another until in the end he had tried them all.

Then the parasol-maker said to Yang-Tsu: "Now that you have tried each and every sky, and none has brought rest to your soul, so that you can live at peace with your wife, I have a single parasol left. Perhaps fate wills that it be of use to you!"

The parasol-maker pressed his hands against his knees and rose panting, for he was a very fat man. He went into his workroom and came back with a parasol which seemed far less handsome than the others. Yang-Tsu opened it and saw a lovely gray autumn evening sky, with a rosy horizon. Across it wild geese flew in the shape of a long wedge. A painful longing took possession of the heart when the eye followed the flight of these wild geese. It was a longing for unknown, unattainable distances. And Yang-Tsu took the parasol along, because he no longer had a choice.

With the autumnal evening sky above his head and the vague and distant, uncertain longing in his heart, he then wandered through the streets of the city and

saw the splendor of the wealthy, the glittering mandarins, the mighty warriors and the gold-embroidered litters. But none of these things now had power to excite his soul, for his glance followed the flying geese into unknown distances. And when he returned home in the evening to his wife, though his mood was slightly melancholy, yet he spoke to her in a quiet and friendly manner.

From that day on Yang-Tsu lived in peace and contentment with his wife Yu-Nu. It is true that, like every other human being, her heart was also at times filled with a painful restlessness which seemed too great for her little home to contain. Then she would open the parasol, and her eyes would follow the wandering wild geese in their flight. And her restlessness would fly far away with them in longing, as the smoke flies out of the chimney and no longer poisons the air of the room. Soon Yu-Nu found no red veins in her eyes, for, like her husband, she had found in the parasol-maker's last parasol a sky which brought peace and contentment.

M'HEMD LASCHEISCHI'S FLUTE

ONCE upon a time there was a father who had three sons. The oldest and the second were industrious boys who went out into the fields every morning and worked there until the sun went down. But M'hemd, that was the name of the third, was so lazy a fellow that he never went along with them. Instead, he idled away his time at home, doing nothing all day long.

One day his two hard-working brothers felt so angry at M'hemd's laziness that they went to their father and said: "Either M'hemd, the youngest among us, shall work with us every day or we will put him out of the house!" That frightened their father, and when the two older sons had gone out to the fields he told M'hemd what his brothers had said. "Very well, father," he answered, "I shall try to work as they do."

So the next day the youngest brother went out into the fields and tried to work like his elders. But when a few hours had passed, M'hemd flung himself down on the grass and wept. His brothers said: "Do not howl, work!" But M'hemd leaped up and ran home, sought out his father and told him: "Dear father, I have tried, but I cannot work as my brothers do! I

feel that I soon would die if I kept on. I do not know why this is, but it is so. Therefore, instead of staying here to trouble you, I will wander out into the wide world. Farewell, dear father!" His father could not get him to change his mind, and when he begged him at least to take some money with him, M'hemd said: "I thank you. Yet thus far I have earned no money, and I would not like to rob my brothers."

So M'hemd Lascheischi went away. That same morning, as he wandered, he came to another place, and there met two young fellows like himself who were going in the same direction. Said they to him: "We are not headed for any place in particular. If you are agreeable, we will wander on together." And M'hemd answered: "Nor am I going to any particular place. I shall be glad to keep you company."

When it was time to eat, they sat down on the ground. The two strange youths said: "We are going to eat now," but M'hemd answered: "Eat and may you enjoy good appetite!" But he himself sat down a little apart from them, took from his pocket a bit of aromatic tree gum and commenced to chew it. Then the other two said, one to the other: "M'hemd does not seem to have anything to eat! We will divide our food with him." And they called him over and gave him half of what they had. Then they started off once more.

After a time the three came to a river over which a man was ferrying people in a boat. The two strange

youths drew some small coins from their pockets and sat down in the boat to be ferried across, saying to M'hemd: "Are you not going further with us?" "Indeed I am," answered M'hemd Lascheischi, "we will meet on the other side of the river, for I shall swim across." Then the two youths said one to the other: "M'hemd does not seem to have any money either! We will divide what we have with him." They told the ferryman to wait, paid the toll for M'hemd, he climbed into the boat and all three were taken across to the opposite shore.

There they wandered on for quite a time. Then the two strange youths came to a certain town and said: "Here we will go to work!" But M'hemd Lascheischi answered sadly: "Farewell, I must go on alone, for I am unable to work in the fields!" The two strange youths would not have it so. "Stay with us, even though you cannot work in the fields," they said. "We two are able to earn enough for all of us, and you can stay at home, cook our meals and keep the house in order." Said M'hemd Lascheischi: "That I will be glad to do, only I am afraid I shall eat more than you can earn. Still there is no harm in trying it!"

So every day the two strange youths went to work and earned good wages. And M'hemd stayed at home, cooked, tended to the house and chewed his aromatic tree gum when he was not busy. Yet he alone used up more money than both of his companions, though the

latter never noticed it. But M'hemd Lascheischi said to himself: "These two youths do not drive me away as my brothers did. And because they are kind to me, I shall do something myself to reward them. I wonder what would happen were I to try something of the sort?"

The very next day M'hemd Lascheischi took his fishing-rod, went down to the riverbank and cast out his line, only to draw it slowly in again, for he did not get a nibble. Then he cast it out for the second time, and again pulled it in without having had a bite. But when he cast his line out for the third time, he felt something at the end of it. So he drew it in carefully, and saw that he had caught a small fish. Then he was very happy and said to himself: "It is not much of a catch, but it is the first thing I ever earned in my life!" And he took the small fish, hung it over his shoulder and went back to the house.

Underway he met a Jewish merchant. And when the latter saw the fish he called out to M'hemd Lascheischi: "I will buy your fish from you! What do you want for it?" Said M'hemd: "All my life long I have never caught so valuable a fish before. So I cannot sell it to you cheaply." What M'hemd meant was that the fish was valuable to him because it was the result of the first work he ever had done in his life. But the Jewish merchant answered: "I know that it is a very valuable fish, and I would not buy such a miserable

little fish at all, if there were not something quite special about it. It is for that reason that I offer you twenty-five gold pieces for it!" Then M'hemd Lascheischi grew angry, for he thought the man was making fun of him, and he answered: "You are joking! Offer me the real price!" Then the Jew thought that perhaps M'hemd did have an inkling of how valuable the strange fish really was and said: "Well, then, I will offer you all the money I have about me!" And he pulled out a purse, counted out the gold pieces in it—there were fifty—held them out to M'hemd and said: "See, I am giving you all I have!" Then M'hemd saw that he was in earnest, so he gave the fish to the Jew, took the fifty gold pieces and hurried home.

When he got there the two youths had just come from their work in the fields and said to M'hemd: "Well, what did you do to-day?" And he replied: "What do you think I did? I worked, and for the first time in my life I earned something. And how much do you think I earned?" The two other youths could not guess, so M'hemd put his hand in his pocket and counted out the fifty gold pieces. Then he told them how he had obtained his wealth, and divided the gold pieces with them.

For a time M'hemd and his friends lived well on the Jewish merchant's money until, one fine day, there were but two gold pieces left. And when he saw this M'hemd Lascheischi once more took up his fishing-

rod and went to the river, to work for the second time.

Again he threw out his line twice without catching anything. Then he cast it out for the third time, and, as on the first day, he caught a little fish. Again, on his way home with the fish, he met the Jewish merchant. The Jew stopped, looked at M'hemd's little fish and said: "I will give you fifty gold pieces for this fish, as I did for the other." But M'hemd thought to himself: "There must be something out of the ordinary about my little fish, for it is well known that a merchant never pays more for anything than it is worth!" So he answered: "Dear Jew, I thank you for your kind offer! But this fish I shall keep myself. Perhaps when I catch my next fish we may be able to do business with each other."

So M'hemd Lascheischi said farewell to the Jewish merchant and went his way. After a time he said to himself: "It is true that this fish is very small, yet at the same time it is very heavy. I will see what there is in it." So he cut open the fish, and lo and behold, in it he found two bags, one filled with gold pieces and the other with silver coins!

M'hemd ran straight home and got there just as his companions came from the fields. Said he to them: "To-day I worked for the second time and can you imagine what I earned?" But his two friends could not do so. Then M'hemd showed them the two bags, the one filled with gold pieces, and the other with sil-

ver coins, and his two companions said: "How did you earn them?" But when M'hemd told them his story, they cried: "M'hemd, that cannot be the truth! You must have stolen the gold from the sultan!" Not until M'hemd showed them the fish, and where the bags had been lying in it would they believe him.

Then M'hemd bought a fine farm in the neighborhood, called his two comrades to him and said: "When I had nothing you were my friends and took care of me. Now it is my turn to look out for you. I have bought this farm for you, and I make you a present of my gold so that you may stock it and manage it properly. As for myself, I still wish to wander about the world for a while!" And with that he said farewell to his friends, flung his fishing-rod over his shoulder, put fifty gold pieces in his pocket and went off.

First of all he went to the near-by city and bought *skram*—which is a substance won from a plant and causes those who eat it to fall into a deep slumber—and had an old woman bake it into a loaf of bread. This loaf of bread he put in his pocket. Then M'hemd once more went down to the river to fish. And when he had cast in his line for the third time, sure enough, he drew in a fish. So he took his fish and went back along the road and, as before, he met the Jewish merchant. The Jew looked at the fish and said: "That fish I will not buy! But come with me and we will eat together." Said M'hemd: "Suppose

we eat here, instead of going back to town. You will give me your bread, and you shall have mine." So they exchanged their loaves and began to eat. Not long after he had eaten M'hemd's bread, however, the Jew fell into a deep slumber. Then M'hemd turned his pockets inside out and found in one of them a *sasphar,* a small and very beautiful flute. And M'hemd shook his head and said: "So that was what the first fish I caught contained! It must be a flute of a very special kind, and I think I will buy it back from the Jew." For M'hemd was an honest soul. He put the flute into his own pocket, and put his fifty gold pieces into the pocket of the Jew, left him where he lay to wake up at his leisure, and went his way.

After M'hemd Lascheischi had wandered on for a while with the flute in his pocket, he came to a lake which was the property of a sultan. And the sultan had placed a watchman at the lake to see that none drank of its water. M'hemd Lascheischi was thirsty, so he went up to the watchman, handed him a lump of his tree gum, and said: "Chew some of this fragrant gum of the *tolu* tree. And while you do so allow me to drink some of your water, rest myself and play upon my flute." The watchman had no objection, and stretching himself out commenced to chew the gum M'hemd had given him.

Meanwhile M'hemd Lascheischi seated himself on the edge of the lake and began to blow his flute. He

himself noticed that the tones of this flute were different from those of any other. The birds which had been twittering in the trees stopped at once; the flies ceased buzzing and settled down; and the fishes thrust their heads out of the water to listen. The watchman let the lump of gum fall out of his mouth and in the sultan's city his daughter heard the sweet sounds.

And, lo and behold, in a short time she hurried out to the lake, stood before M'hemd Lascheischi and said: "Play me another piece on your flute!" But M'hemd only smiled and answered: "No, I will not do so." Then the sultan's daughter said: "Your playing has given me such pleasure that I feel I must thank you for it! Come to the palace and eat with me." M'hemd Lascheischi replied: "Gladly will I eat with you, but I cannot blow my flute for you again at present." So M'hemd Lascheischi accompanied the sultan's daughter to the palace, and there she offered him a meal made up of many delightful dishes, which M'hemd ate with much relish. But in the last dish she gave him the sultan's daughter put some *skram,* just as M'hemd himself had put in the loaf of bread he gave the Jew; and when he had eaten it, M'hemd fell into a deep slumber. Then the sultan's daughter went through his pockets, and when she found the flute she quickly threw it out of the window, and it fell among the weeds growing from a pile of rubbish. Then she went to her room.

M'hemd Lascheischi slept for a long time, and when he awoke he remembered that he had eaten with the sultan's daughter and then fallen asleep. He at once put his hand in the pocket in which he had kept his flute, and realized that it was gone. So he rose and left the room. In the hall he met a slave and asked where the sultan's daughter might be. "What has a fellow like yourself to do with the sultan's daughter?" cried the slave, and, calling a number of other slaves, they cast M'hemd Lascheischi out of the palace.

So M'hemd went down into the city, but found no one who would give him a bite to eat. Then he went into the forest, felled trees and split them up into firewood, which he sold. Thus he became a wood-chopper and when, after a time, he could sell no more wood in the city, he went to another and continued to earn his living in the same way.

As soon as M'hemd had left the palace, however, the sultan's daughter went down into the courtyard and hunted among the weeds on the rubbish pile for the flute. And when she found it she took it up into her room and began to play. And so sweet was the music the flute made that all the slaves in the palace stopped work, the mules in the stables raised their heads, the cats stood still on the rooftops, and the princess's father, the sultan, came running up and said: "Give me the flute! I must have that flute!" But his daughter answered: "I like the flute so well myself that I

shall not give it away. I paid so great a price for the flute that I must keep it myself." But the sultan said: "I must have the flute! I want the flute!" "Well, then," said his daughter, " want must be your master!" It was thus that the sultan and his daughter quarreled about the flute.

The next day the sultan's daughter again played the flute. Again the sultan came running up, and when his daughter once more refused to give him the flute he grew even more angry than the day before. So the sultan's daughter continued to blow her flute, day by day, and day by day her father, the sultan, became more and more enraged.

Finally, one day, his anger got the better of him, so that he called some of his servants to him and said to them: "Ride into the forest with my daughter and slay her there! And bring me the golden fillet which binds her hair as a proof that you really have killed her!" So his slaves rode out into the forest with the sultan's daughter and said to her: "Your father has commanded us to kill you, and we must do as he says." And with that they drew forth their daggers, and were about to slay her when she seized the flute and commenced to blow it. Then the slaves all stood motionless, and did not dare carry out the sultan's command. So the sultan's daughter took the golden fillet which bound her hair from her head and said: "Here is the golden fillet which binds my hair! Return to my

father, give him the fillet and say that you have slain me. If you do not promise to do what I tell you this very minute, I shall begin to play again, and when I have played I shall order you to slay each other. And so great is the power of the music of my flute that you will do so!" Then the sultan's slaves were much alarmed. They at once promised to say to the sultan what the princess had told them to say, and hastened away out of the forest.

The sultan's daughter, when she saw herself alone, grew frightened. So she climbed into a tree and hid herself. And after she had been there a while, a horseman rode up close to the tree in which she had hidden. At once the sultan's daughter took out the flute and commenced to play. And the horseman, peering up into the leaves, cried: "Who is up there?" The sultan's daughter answered: "A lonely young girl!" Then the horseman said: "Do you want to leave the forest with me?" "Yes, indeed," said the girl, "if you are willing to change clothes with me, so that you go dressed as a girl and I ride as a man." And the horseman said: "Very well, let it be as you say." So the sultan's daughter climbed down from the tree, laid aside her own clothes and put on those of the man, placing the flute of M'hemd Lescheischi in her pocket. Then she said: "Let me mount the horse and do you follow me!" The horseman did not object to this, and so the sultan's daughter mounted the horse, and for a

time rode slowly through the forest so that the man could walk close behind her. Then suddenly, the sultan's daughter thrust her heels into the horse's flanks, and the horse shot off like an arrow. The man dressed as a girl cried: "Whoa, whoa!" but the girl dressed as a man said: "I have to give him his head!" and she rode off so swiftly that the man was unable to follow her.

That evening the disguised girl came to a lonely hut in the forest. There lived an evil, old scold who had not spoken a kind word for years. She was so disagreeable that no one ever ventured near her cottage. The disguised girl stopped her horse at the door of the hut, drew out her flute, and began to play it. Then all the birds in the forest fell silent, the brooks ceased running and the leaves stopped rustling and the evil old woman laid her ear against the crack in the house door. When the disguised girl took the flute from her mouth the evil old woman came out of the house laughing and said: "Tell me, worthy man, is there any service I can render you?" Said the disguised girl: "Bring me something to eat quickly, and then show me the road to the nearest city!" And the evil old woman ran as fast as she could to do so. She brought out the best she had to eat, and then hobbled along to show the disguised girl the road leading from the forest to the nearest city. At the edge of the forest the old woman, who had done nothing but scold for so many years, thanked

the disguised girl for her music and cordially begged her to visit her again. "In yonder city," said the old woman, as she left her, "there dwells a sultan who has had all his sons killed, so evil is his heart! Beware of him!"

After a time the girl disguised as a man reached the city. She rode through the gate, and up to the sultan's palace, and there put the flute to her lips, and made music on it. And at once all the men and beasts fell silent. The walls of the houses bent forward to listen, and the wind ceased blowing. But the wicked old sultan began to weep and sob. When the disguised girl put away the flute, the sultan hurried to the window, and called out into the square, so that all the people could hear him: "Yonder man shall be my son and your sultan! Now I know that I have done much evil! Hasten up to me, O worthy man, so that I may seat you on my throne, for now that I realize my wickedness I shall die at once!"

When the people of the city heard this they were very happy. Many came and surrounded the disguised girl while the evil sultan, lying on his couch, begged her to be a better ruler than he had been. The townsfolk present when the old sultan died immediately accepted the son whom he had adopted to rule over them. For not one of them suspected that the girl was no man but a maid, and the daughter of another sultan.

So for some years the sultan's daughter lived and

ruled as a sultan, and the people of the town never knew that their ruler was not a man.

Now it happened that M'hemd Lascheischi was living in that very same city. In order to earn his daily bread he had to go into the forest every day and to cut wood and bundle it. And it often happened that the people who bought his wood paid him with coin that was under weight, so that he had to go hungry. One day a wealthy man even refused to pay him the sum of what he owed him, and when M'hemd Lascheischi demanded his money, he had him beaten and driven out of the house. Then M'hemd Lascheischi said to himself: "I think I shall carry my complaint to the young sultan, for they say he is a just man." And the next day M'hemd Lascheischi went to the daughter of the sultan of that other city, and, standing before the ruler who was a maid, though dressed as a man and a sultan —for he did not recognize her—he presented his complaint.

But the disguised sultan's daughter had recognized M'hemd Lascheischi and she noticed with terror how weak and worn he looked. And when she, as the sultan, had listened to his story, she saw that the wealthy man had done the poor woodchopper a wrong, and delivered judgment accordingly. Then when the court proceedings were over, the girl disguised as a sultan had the woodchopper brought into the palace, where a splendid meal was served him and a soft bed was pre-

pared for him. For several days M'hemd Lascheischi lived on the fat of the land, and said to himself: "I very much wonder why it is that I am so well treated here in the sultan's palace?" One evening, after sundown, the girl disguised as a sultan sent for M'hemd Lascheischi, and then ordered all her attendants to leave the room.

When they were alone M'hemd Lascheischi said: "Tell me, I beg of you, O Sultan, why is it you have treated me, the poor woodchopper, in so generous a fashion?" And the girl disguised as a sultan answered: "I have done so because I must have you killed, and I thought it only fair that first you should have a taste of the good things to which you were entitled!" Said M'hemd Lascheischi: "So you are going to have me killed?" And the girl disguised as a sultan replied: "Behold I have been able to make birds and beasts fall silent in the middle of the day. By playing my flute I have forced the walls of the houses to bend forward to listen, caused the wind to cease blowing and made the evil old sultan of this land die of grief because of his wickedness, and, that he might do at least one good deed, adopt me as a son and appoint me sultan. That is the right and the might by which I now shall have you killed!"

M'hemd Lascheischi reflected for a moment and then said: "All these things I have heard told about. And I will admit that you have the right and the might to

have me killed, if I cannot accomplish far more with the very same flute that you have blown. Therefore lend me the flute!" The girl disguised as a sultan drew out the flute and gave it to M'hemd Lascheischi. And the moment he took it in his hand he recognized it, and at the selfsame moment he recognized the sultan's daughter.

But of this M'hemd Lascheischi said never a word. He only stepped to the window, put the flute to his mouth, and commenced to blow. And then throughout the city and far, far out over the countryside, all the people and all the beasts awoke, and their hearts beat loudly. The moon, riding high in the heavens, bowed down to earth, together with the whole host of the stars. And in the middle of the night, radiantly red and gigantic in size, the sun rose up into the heavens to listen! And the girl disguised as a sultan fell down at the feet of M'hemd Lascheischi and kissed the hem of his garment.

M'hemd Lascheischi took the flute from his mouth, and the girl disguised as a sultan raised her head and said, pleadingly: "M'hemd Lascheischi, I beg of you make me your wife! Do you be the sultan, and never let another, not even myself, blow the magic flute again!" And thus it was. Blessed be Allah, the Omnipotent, through the ages and ages!

THE GOLDEN HATCHET

ONE evening a young girl was sitting in a Lettish peasant home, spinning by the light of the pine splinters. The mistress of the house and her daughter —for the master had been dead some three years—were already abed. They took life easy, and put off all the hard work on the poor serving-girl, so that she had her hands full from sunup until midnight, though nothing she did ever earned her a kind word. When she had done anything properly all she heard was: "Well, well, I suppose that will do, but hurry now and get the rest of your work done!" Yet the least little mistake called forth abuse and blows.

What was poor Ilse—for that was her name—to do? She was an orphan, and poor, and so she had to make the best of things. And something else made life hard for her to bear. The son of the neighboring farmer, an honest, good-looking lad, would gladly have married her, had it not been for the fact that his parents objected. They did not think it fitting that the heir to a fine farm should marry a poor serving-maid, and their choice of a bride for him was the daughter of Ilse's mistress. All arrangements had been made some three days before, and the date of the wedding had been set for the coming Easter.

Ilse loved Ans with all her heart, but had to be careful to hide her feelings from the eyes of the world. She was only a poor orphan girl, and none bothered their heads about her, one way or another. So she sat at her spinning-wheel in silent thought, while the icy North wind howled and blustered about the house, and the snow danced in a wild whirl of white flakes across the courtyard. Many a bitter tear dropped on the soft flax, and many a heavy sigh rose to the low, smoke-blackened rafters of the roof. And, gradually, born of her tears and sighs, she began to sing a little song:

"Hurriedly the sun departed,
Left me in the shade to stay;
I've no mother dear to lead me,
Where the golden sunbeams play.

"Wait for me, O sun so hasty!
Take my message as you flee:
Bring a thousand evening greetings
To my mother dear from me.

"Low the shining sun is sinking,
Far away my mother dear,
The sun will never get my message,
My mother ne'er my voice will hear!"

Out of the next room sounded the hoarse voice of Ilse's mistress: "Stop your dreadful yammering!

Your croaking is enough to make the dead rise from their graves!" And the daughter scolded: "If you have to complain, go out into the court and howl together with the North Wind!" Ilse answered never a word and tried to spin, but hands and vision failed her. Tired out, she leaned her little golden-blond head against the hard wooden wall and closed her eyes. The half-burned pine splinter went out and the room grew dark. Outside the North wind continued to howl and blow. . . .

It may have been about six o'clock in the morning when Ilse was roused from her uneasy slumber by a knocking at the little window. She went to the door, but in the darkness of the winter morning she could not make out any one in the court. Then a trembling voice, like that of some old beggar, fell on her ear: "Take pity, dear maiden," it said, "on a poor old man who has lost his way and is half dead with hunger and cold!"

Ilse thought for a moment. Well she knew that her mistress would never give a beggar a crust, but would drive him from the place with scorn and abuse. But she and her daughter were still asleep, and it was certain that they would not rise before seven. "Come into the cowshed with me, old man," said Ilse; "there you may warm yourself for an hour, and I will bring you bread and milk!"

She led the poor, frozen man into the cowshed, told

him to sit down on an upturned pail, milked one of the cows so that he could have a warm drink, and brought him a portion of the bread which she had felt too unhappy to eat the night before. The beggar strengthened and warmed himself, and then spoke—no longer with a weak, trembling voice, but in full, melodious tones—and said: "Thank you for your charity, and the kindness you have shown me. I am not he for whom you take me, but who I am need be no concern of yours. I shall only tell you that I know all your mind thinks and all your heart feels—and it is my will that you find happiness. So pay attention to my words. Have you ever heard of Lauskis and his golden hatchet?" Ilse said that she had not. "Well, this is the way of it," said the beggar. "Lauskis is a spirit of the cold, who comes to split the earth at the time of the heavy frost with his golden hatchet. Now, if a young, innocent girl happens to run three times swiftly around the house, at midnight, between the first and twelfth strokes of the clock, then it is quite possible for the Frost Spirit to lose his hatchet. This hatchet, however, is made of solid gold and whoever finds it can get many thousands of *rubles* for it. All that is needed is innocence, courage and agility." Thus spoke the beggar, while Ilse looked at him with astonishment—for what had become of him? The pail on which he had been sitting was vacant—and the dawn light which filtered into the cowshed showed no trace of him. The young

girl shuddered; unconsciously she murmured a short prayer, and then thoughtfully returned to the house. By now her mistress was up and the daily round of wretchedness began again. Thus things went on for weeks.

A stormy January had been followed by a clear but bitter cold February. At night it often froze so that the earth cracked and the ice burst in the ponds. One day Ilse's mistress and her daughter drove to town to buy various things for the daughter's trousseau. They were not to return until the following afternoon, so Ilse remained at home alone. That evening, while she was spinning, she happened to recall the half-forgotten story the strange old man had told her, and the longer she dwelt on his words the more irresistibly the desire awoke in her heart to try her luck with Lauskis, the Frost Spirit. The hours before midnight went by for her as though in a dream. And when the old grandfather's clock in her mistress's bedchamber, whose door now stood open, chimed the first stroke of twelve—Ilse flung out of the door, and ran three times around the house like the wind. Then came so terrible a crash that house, stable and cowshed trembled and shook, and Ilse had difficulty in holding herself up by the beam of the door!

Then, just as suddenly, all was over. The moon shone clear and bright in the sky, as it does on winter nights in the North, and its light fell on a splendid,

golden hatchet which lay at the girl's very feet. . . .

When Easter came, Ans, the son of the farmer next door was married, not to the daughter of Ilse's mistress, but to Ilse herself, the poor, despised orphan serving-girl, now the wealthiest maiden in all that part of the country. The years rolled by in happiness and contentment for Ilse and Ans, and if they have not died they are living to this very day.

THE INTELLIGENT WEAVER

ONCE upon a time, a king sat on his throne, surrounded by his ministers of state and great officers of the crown, to receive the ambassador of another monarch who on different occasions had tried to entangle him in a quarrel.

Now in the second king's land loquacity was held in horror. The man who was given to fine speeches, in order to make the people believe he was intelligent or powerful, was distrusted. The man of few words, and to the point, was believed. And above all, the man who knew how to express his thoughts without saying a word and could read the thoughts of others without asking a question was held in the highest honor.

When he was led into the king's presence, the foreign ambassador silently drew a circle around the royal throne. That was his whole message. Then, having taken off his *babouches,* his heelless leather slippers, he seated himself with his legs crossed, opposite the king. And there he remained, his lips closed, like a man awaiting an answer.

The king had no idea what the circle drawn around his throne meant. First, with a glance, then in a low tone of voice, he questioned his grand vizier, his other

ministers, and the nobles and officers surrounding him. But they knew no more than he did.

Then the king felt very much annoyed. It seemed shameful to him that among all his advisers there was not one man intelligent enough to explain the ambassador's thought to him. No doubt he would have overwhelmed them with violent reproaches till the walls trembled, for he was easily angered and had a loud voice, but he dared not let his wrath burst forth in the presence of the stranger, who continued to look at him in silence.

At last, rolling around his terrible eyes, he whispered to the grand vizier to send messengers into the city to bring back the most clever and well informed men to be found there. If they did not return with some one who could explain the ambassador's gesture, he added, he would see to it that all his ministers' heads were cut off.

So while the messengers hurried from street to street, and from house to house, seeking the man they needed, the king and the ambassador remained sitting face to face, without uttering a word. Though the king pretended to be deep in thought to save his face, in reality he felt much embarrassed. And those about him, overcome with shame and trembling with terror, did not know what to do with themselves. The only person entirely at ease was the foreign ambassador.

Meanwhile the king's messengers were going hither and thither, two by two. And it chanced that a pair of them, thinking him some needy scholar, entered the humble lodging of a weaver, whose intelligence had been praised to them. Climbing the one flight of stairs in the little house, they opened a door and found a little girl asleep in her cradle. Her father was working downstairs, her mother had gone to market, yet the child had fallen asleep—for the cradle was rocking, though there was no one in the room nor in the one adjoining.

Much surprised, the messengers climbed out upon the flat roof of the dwelling. There, again, they did not see a soul, yet a large rose tree, planted in a plot of ground, was swinging to and fro regularly, without there being a breath of air to move it. They saw that the regular movement of the rose tree was meant to drive away the birds, for the roof was covered with grains of wheat which had been washed and spread out in the sun to dry. Without the movement of the rose tree the sparrows would not have hesitated to carry off the wheat.

More and more surprised, the messengers went downstairs again and entered a small workshop which on one side opened on the street and gave on a court-yard on the other. They had not thought of going in before they ascended the stairs to, what they took for

granted must be, the scholar's rooms. But now they wanted to find an explanation for what had seemed so strange to them.

They found the weaver very busy with his shuttle, for he was finishing a piece of cloth.

When his visitors questioned him, the artisan showed them that he had attached one string to one end of his shuttle and another to the other. While he wove, the two strings, coming and going, made the cradle and the rose tree move. And the two strings, running from his workshop to the bedroom and the roof, had been put along the walls, so that they were not in the way and had not attracted the attention of the king's messengers.

They looked at the weaver and shook their heads admiringly.

"This is a clever fellow!" their glances said to one another. And suddenly the same thought occurred to both of them:

"This is the man we need!"

So they told the weaver that a foreign ambassador had drawn a circle around the royal throne and that no one in the palace knew what his action meant.

"Come along with us," they said, "and if you can manage to explain the riddle, the king will give you a splendid reward."

The weaver gave a few moments' thought to what they had told him; then stooped and picked from the

ground the knuckle-bones with which his little son, when he came home from school, played, as children do when a little comrade comes along to visit them.

As he was about to leave the workshop a young pullet, looking for something to eat, fluttered from the courtyard through the open door into the room.

"Who knows," thought the weaver, "if you will not be of use to me?" And picking up the pullet he thrust it in his girdle and followed the two messengers, who led him to the palace.

Soon our weaver stood before the king's throne, charged to answer the ambassador. He was careful not to open his mouth.

"This man is not fond of words," he said to himself, "I will say nothing and pay him in his own coin."

Having thus spoken to himself he took his two knuckle-bones and threw them on the ground, in front of the ambassador. Then he calmly looked him in the eye.

The ambassador seemed surprised and somewhat vexed. But, soon regaining control of himself, he drew a handful of millet-seed from his pocket and spread it out on the ground.

The weaver smiled.

"Ah, my little pullet," thought he, "you did well to fly into my workshop! It is you who shall furnish me with an answer."

He released the pullet, which at once began to pick

up the grain. Thereupon the ambassador put on his *babouches,* rose and went away like a man who has had his answer.

No sooner had he gone than the king descended from his throne and every one crowded about the weaver to ask him what it all had meant. As much at ease among the grandees of the kingdom as before his little daughter in the cradle, he answered without haste:

"The man meant to say: 'If our king comes forth to fight you and surrounds your capital, what will you do? Will you recognize him as your master, or will you defend yourselves?' I threw down the knuckle-bones in front of him and answered: 'You are children compared to us!' "

"That is true," said the king; "when we were small all of us played knuckle-bones, I as well as the rest. Continue!"

"By scattering the millet-seed the ambassador answered: 'Our soldiers are countless in number.' And I let loose the pullet to reply: 'A single one of us could slay a hundred of you!' "

The king marveled. He realized that the weaver had done him an inestimable service, for the ambassador had left without a single threatening gesture. No doubt he thought that a people able to reply as the weaver had done, would be a hard nut to crack if they were attacked.

Full of admiration for the weaver, the king would have heaped honors upon him and would even have made him his grand vizier. But all the artisan would accept was a trifling gift.

"A weaver I am," said he, "and a weaver I shall remain!"

Then, before leaving the palace to return to his loom, he added:

"All that I ask of you, O king, is never to forget that among your humblest subjects are men capable of understanding things the intelligence of your grand vizier cannot grasp. Remember well that weavers, shoemakers, blacksmiths and charcoal-burners are not necessarily brainless!"

HOW THE CROW CAME TO BE BLACK

THE crane was a great fisherman. It was its custom to drive the fish out from beneath the tree roots on the river bank with its feet, and thus it caught a great number.

One day when the crane had again collected a large number of fish on the riverbank, along came the crow —at that time the crow was pure white—and begged the crane for some fish.

"Wait a bit," said the crane, "until they are ready." But the crow was hungry and impatient, and continued to tease the crane, which only kept on saying: "Wait, wait a bit!"

Then the crane turned its back on the crow. At once the latter sneaked up and was just about to snatch a fish when the crane turned around again. Then the crane grew angry; it took up a fish and boxed the crow's ears with it. And the crow was stunned for a moment, and fell into the burned and blackened fireplace where it rolled around in pain. When it recovered and went away, only its eyes were white, and all its beautiful white feathers had turned black. And since that time all crows have been black.

TULISA

IN a certain kingdom of the East there once lived a woodchopper so poor that when his axe split he could not buy a new one to take its place, and there was nothing left for him to do but gather firewood with his wife and daughter. Yet, if they found enough brush to supply their food for the day, these easily contented folk were glad. But such was not always the case, and often they had to fast so long that they were quite weak with hunger. To see his only daughter Tulisa share her parents' misery grieved Nur-Singh more than his own wretchedness, for Tulisa was old enough to wed some good man. Yet who wanted to marry a poor girl whose father could hardly earn his daily bread, to say nothing of saving a dower for her? And of what use was Tulisa's beauty, if no one ever saw her? The woodchopper's family lived off in the forest, far away from other people.

Yet Tulisa, who was not altogether without ambition, liked to look at her reflection in the pool near their hut, and sweeten the wretchedness of the present with dreams of the future. Though her couch was the hard, cold ground, she would imagine herself lying on a divan with silver feet, under a brocade cover, sur-

rounded by sumptuous riches. Such pictures of the imagination would help her forget her hours of bitter wretchedness. Yet her awakening was doubly hard, for then she once more had to take her way to the forest to gather firewood.

One day, while wandering wearily through the forest, she came to the remains of a totally ruined well, overgrown with creepers, and, to her joy and surprise, saw a great pile of brush on its edge. Quickly she dragged together a large bundle of the firewood, but her joy turned to fright when she suddenly heard a deep, hollow voice, which seemed to come from the well call out "Tulisa!" Astonished, she turned her head and listened. There was nothing to be seen, yet again she heard the same voice, and this time it said: "Tulisa, will you marry me?" Trembling with fear, the poor girl seized her bundle of wood and ran off. "Never," thought she, "will I go back to that uncanny spot."

Yet, alas, hunger hurts! The proceeds of the bundle of firewood from the ruined well supplied Tulisa and her parents with food for several days. But then it seemed as though not a bit of wood was to be found anywhere. What was there left for Tulisa to do but to overcome her horror of the spirit of the well, and once more go to it? When she got there, the firewood lay heaped up at the edge of the well, even more generously than before, and it looked so inviting that

Tulisa almost forgot her fear and stepped nearer. In a short time she once more had gathered a large bundle, and already hoped to be able to retreat undisturbed. Yet suddenly the words: "Tulisa, will you marry me?" once more sounded from the well.

As fast as her feet could carry her she ran away and reached the house safely. But this time, with fear and trembling, she told her parents what had happened to her, for she had said nothing the first time. Yet the good man and his wife found the matter far less terrifying than their daughter. They advised her to go to the well a third time without any fear whatever, and should the voice again call out to her, to refer the unknown suitor—to her father! For days Tulisa refused, but at last, when the supply of wood had all been sold, and hunger once more knocked at the door, she had to do as her parents advised. When she was about to run off with her bundle of wood, the voice called out more urgently than before: "Tulisa, will you marry me?" Then, gathering up all her courage, the trembling girl said: "How can I answer a question which must be put to my father?" "Then send your father here!" said the voice from the well.

Happy to have escaped so lightly, Tulisa ran back to the hut and told her parents word for word what had happened. And her father, not at all afraid, set out for the well, and once there, did not have to wait long for the spirit's voice. Distinctly there floated up

from the well shaft the words: "Nur-Singh, you are a poor man! Give me your daughter for my wife and I will make her rich and happy! And you and your wife shall have fine clothes and good food to your heart's content, your shadow shall never grow less, and your riches shall increase. Because, you see, I am able to give you your heart's desire!"

Dazzled by such splendid promises, the woodchopper did not lose a moment in agreeing to the well-spirit's proposal. He fixed the wedding-day and, overcome with joy, returned to his wretched hut. The time remaining until the wedding-day was spent by the family in a state of feverish excitement; yet the nearer came the day, the more painfully aware the poor folk were of their poverty. What preparations could they make to receive a rich and powerful suitor? True, he knew their wretched state, yet he was sure to feel hurt if on such a festive occasion he was received in beggar's rags, and without any sign of nuptial joy. Yet to their great astonishment, a few days before the date set, a strange procession came out of the forest and approached the hut. In the usual manner, when wedding-gifts are presented, a hundred heavily laden baskets were carried but—there were no bearers to be seen! It must have been the hands and shoulders of spirits which supported these baskets floating in the air! And what were their contents? Some were filled with roast fowls, fruit and pastry; others held silken

shawls, costly shoes and all a woman might need by way of dress and adornment. The baskets themselves were decorated as for a wedding, and bright lamps danced and swayed in the hands of invisible servants. It was a beautiful sight, one which promised well for the future, and Tulisa and her mother, who hitherto had regarded the giver of these gifts with suspicion, now began to feel the highest regard for him.

At the day and hour fixed, the woodchopper's family stood expectantly by the well in the forest. There nothing had changed, and there was nothing to show that the spirit had made any preparations for the wedding. After a long silence the woodchopper, who already thought he had been deceived, cried out: "How am I to marry off my daughter, if there is no one here to receive her?"

"We all are here," came the voice from the well, "the bridegroom and his friends. Simply place this ring on your daughter's hand, and she becomes my bride."

And then, wonder of wonders, a costly ring appeared floating in the air before Nur-Singh's eyes! He obeyed the spirit's instructions and when he turned from the well, there on the grass stood a beautiful tent of silk, in which a splendid banquet had been spread. The dishes gave out an appetizing odor, and soft music, played by spirit hands, invited the guests to approach. The woodchopper lost no time, but at once sat down

with his wife and daughter and all three ate the best meal they ever had tasted in their lives. Tulisa, herself, whose heart was beating with expectation, however, hardly touched the food, though her father, whose jaws never ceased wagging, encouraged her to do so. When they rose from the table, a splendid palanquin drew up at the entrance to the tent, carried by invisible bearers. When she saw it poor Tulisa trembled and threw her arms around her mother. And her mother, who thus far had felt happy, began to cry now that the hour of parting was at hand, and she knew not what fate awaited her child. But she realized that it would be useless to attempt to withstand fate. Sobbing, Tulisa sank down on the soft cushions of her litter, which at once began to move off. Her parents followed, and soon they came to a deep ravine which led out into a broad plain quite unknown to them.

In the midst of this plain rose a palace whose domes and towers were covered with gold, and which was surrounded by a high wall. The litter moved directly toward the tremendous gateway in the wall, whose doors silently swung open, while the litter floated in and disappeared in the interior of the court. Once more the parents saw their daughter's white hand wave to them in farewell, then the great doors swung to as silently as they had opened, and they set out for home.

But even before they reached their hut their sorrows

turned to joy, for the spirit of the well had kept his word. Everywhere along the forest they found great quantities of firewood, carefully tied up in bundles. In the future they would no longer have to hunt for it, and as a result they became more prosperous day by day. Soon they were able to build a handsome house, to keep serving-men and serving-maids, and to live in a joyous and carefree manner. The friends and neighbors who never before had given them a thought, now came to see them in crowds, and it was hard to escape their curious questions, since all wanted to know to whom Tulisa had been married and how they had obtained their wealth. But Nur-Singh was careful not to tell them what he knew.

Meanwhile Tulisa lived very happily with her husband, whom she saw only at night, for he left the palace in the morning and did not return until evening, never telling her where he went. Nor did she dare ask him, for she still held him in great awe, though he showered her with proofs of his affection. Every day he brought her new, costly gifts, and he asked but one thing of her: that she did not leave the palace or allow a stranger to enter it during his absence. At first Tulisa did not find her confinement irksome; for the palace was filled with the rarest valuables, and she never tired of going from one room to another and admiring the contents. Besides, there were gardens within the walls, filled with flower fragrance, and in which all the fruits

of the world invited her to taste. Concealed amid the green bushes were marble baths and little pleasure pavilions. Wherever Tulisa went she was surrounded by girl attendants who carried out her every wish, and who danced, played the lute, or told her stories when she was bored.

One day, however, when Tulisa was walking by herself along a lonely garden path she saw a dainty little squirrel pursued by a much larger and ferocious one. The little squirrel screamed as though in fear of death and looked at Tulisa with pleading eyes, so that the latter picked up a branch which lay on the ground and, threatening its pursuer, gave the little animal a chance to escape safely. Yet, too kind-hearted to injure any creature, even a hateful and malicious one, Tulisa contented herself with driving the evil squirrel over the garden wall, so that her favorites, especially the birds which she fed, would not be frightened by it.

Naturally enough, Tulisa forgot this little happening, which later was to be very important. And in the meantime, one day went by like another, until gradually the young bride, in spite of all the splendor which surrounded her, began to look for a change. But the gates of the palace still remained locked and the servants still were forbidden, under pain of death, to admit a stranger. We must remember that Tulisa never had a chance to buy herself anything; that she never could hear what went on in the neighborhood, some-

thing which had been possible even in the time of her utmost wretchedness. And to hear nothing but stories of people who were unknown to her ended by growing tiresome. Nor did her valuable jewels give her any pleasure, for now she knew them by heart. How gladly would she have exchanged them all for a wreath of jasmine blossoms, such as she formerly had picked in the woods! In short, since she no longer felt the bitterness of poverty, which had darkened her previous existence, she forgot her former sufferings and thought that all the valuables which her husband had given her could not make up for the loss of association with people of her own kind.

Now one morning a little old woman who had bananas for sale appeared before the palace gate. The guards, of course, drove her off, but the old woman kept wandering around the walls until she came to the foot of a corner tower from whose window Tulisa was looking longingly out into the distance. The old woman at once overwhelmed her with flattery, and promised her all sorts of wonderful things if only she could be admitted to her presence. She had so much to tell her, said she, but because they were so far away from each other it was not possible to talk comfortably. Would she not let her come up? Poor Tulisa felt so lonely that she could not resist the temptation to talk with some one from the outside world. So she let a long cloth down from the top of the tower, up

which the old woman climbed like a flash. Of course, it was stupid of Tulisa not to know that only a spirit could have done so. The supposed seller of bananas, as soon as she had entered Tulisa's room, sat down humbly on the edge of the carpet and really did talk so amusingly and entertainingly that time went by in the happiest way for Tulisa. And the old woman not only told Tulisa all she wished to know, but also asked many a question herself.

At last she said: "My daughter, you tell me that your husband loves and spoils you. Yet answer me one question: Does he eat with you? Does he ever take a bit of food from your own plate?"

"No," said Tulisa, surprised and thoughtful, "he never has thought me worthy of this honor."

"In that case, my daughter," said the old woman, "you should insist this very day that he conform to this custom, like every other husband. Otherwise he will think you are beneath him, and will hold you in contempt. For if he refuses to honor you, it is a sign that he does not look upon you as his rightful wife!"

After the old woman had poured this poison into Tulisa's ear she quickly disappeared. And Tulisa, full of uneasiness, kept repeating to herself what she meant to say to her husband when he returned that night, for she had determined to follow the old woman's treacherous advice. So she did not touch her supper, but waited until the spirit prince entered the room. Then

she ran to meet him and begged him so stormily to eat with her for once, that he smilingly sat down beside her, took some food from her plate and pretended to eat and enjoy it. Well he realized that some one had put the evil thought into Tulisa's head, and when he went away he gave stricter orders than before to let no one enter the palace.

For a time Tulisa was more contented, for she thought that she had gained her point. Yet unfortunately, one day, she saw the same old woman beneath her window again, this time disguised as a seller of antimony, which is used to blacken the eyebrows. Again she entered into conversation with her, and again the old witch climbed up into her room. Again they talked together and, after many flatteries, she asked Tulisa whether her husband really had done her the honor of eating from the same plate with her. Proudly Tulisa told her that he had, but when the old woman inquired whether he ever had chewed a betel leaf and given it to her—the one sign of true love on a husband's part—Tulisa, who had never noticed his neglect before, cried out indignantly: "No, he never has done so!" And as soon as the old woman had disappeared she made up her mind to gain this favor.

That evening she said to her husband: "Why have you never given me a betel leaf from your own lips, as other men who honor their wives do?"

"Do not ask," replied the spirit husband, displeased;

"be content with the fact that I take a betel leaf from your lips, and do not insist on having one from mine!" In vain Tulisa used flatteries and tears to have her way. The spirit remained unmoved, and she had to acknowledge with regret that she was far from ruling him.

But no doubt her own amiable disposition and the affection the spirit showed her soon would have driven away her evil thoughts had it not been for the horrible old witch, who now appeared for the third time. Again she won unsuspicious Tulisa's heart with her flatteries, and at last asked: "Has your husband ever told you his name?" Tulisa was obliged to say no to this question, too, and then the old woman insisted that she demand it of him, as a proof of true love. In fact, said the witch, she was not her husband's wife at all so long as she did not know his name. So that evening, when the spirit prince entered Tulisa's room, she at once mentioned her new wish, and would not take no for an answer. At last she even cast herself at his feet, and with tears in her eyes begged him to do as she asked, since otherwise she never would be happy again.

Very seriously, his forehead furrowed with wrath, the spirit looked down at the kneeling woman. Finally he said: "Tulisa, if you insist upon your wish, a higher power will compel me to yield to you! Yet I warn you that this knowledge will destroy your happiness. Not alone will you once more be as poor and wretched

as you were, but besides you will suffer from the reproaches of an evil conscience."

Yet nothing he said made any impression on Tulisa. She obstinately insisted on his granting her wish, and loudly repeated her desire to know her husband's name. With a sorrowful face the spirit finally said: "So be it, Tulisa, but I cannot grant your wish in this place!" and he led her out of the palace to the bank of the river. There he stopped and said: "Tulisa, are you determined to know my name? There is still time for you to recall your question."

But Tulisa, driven by uncontrollable curiosity, threw back her head and answered: "I will and shall know it!"

Then he waded into the river up to his knees, and begged her to give up her wish. But she was as obstinate as before, and while she spoke he kept walking out further and further into the river. When only his head and shoulders were still above water he once more, in the tenderest way, begged her to content herself with his love and respect and give up a wish which, once it was fulfilled, she would regret to her dying day. Then, when abandoned by her good angel, she still would not yield, he cried out: "My name is Basnak-Dau!"

At the same moment a serpent's head appeared above the surface of the water, gave the stubborn girl

a furious glance and disappeared in the stream. There stood Tulisa, all alone, and alas, she had on the same ragged clothes she had worn when a woodchopper's daughter! In vain she looked for the palace. Every path she took led her back to the wretched old hut which seemed even more ruinous and decayed than before. And there, too, she found her parents again, as poor as ever they had been, but softened by their life of ease and incapable of exertion. So the whole burden of supporting them fell upon Tulisa and besides she had to listen, day in day out, to their reproaches and complaints. Yet this was not the worst. Now, when she was separated for all time from her husband, her longing for him grew till she loved him as never before. For the first time she did justice to the tireless kindness which she had repaid with such rank ingratitude. In her despair she looked for the well; but was unable to find any trace of the path which had led to it.

One day as she went about her work with head downcast, full of bitter and hopeless thoughts, a little squirrel ran across the way. The little creatures played about the hut by hundreds, and she would not have looked at this one twice, had it not been that the peculiar marking of its fur recalled what once had happened in the garden of her palace. She noticed that the little creature had white stripes, which gleamed like silver in the sun. With an indefinite feeling of

longing and expectation which she could not explain to herself, she followed the squirrel, which seemed glad to have attracted her attention. It hopped along in front of her until it came to a place where a great pile of brushwood lay scattered about. Tulisa, much pleased, tied the wood up in a bundle and then sat down on the soft moss to rest. As she sat there, half asleep, she thought she heard a low whispering, and as she blinked her eyes, saw two squirrels, seemingly engaged in an earnest talk:

"Alas," said one squirrel, "how has our enemy chanced to grow so powerful? I left our whole tribe free and now, when I return, I find it living in wretchedness and slavery!" The other squirrel replied: "Our misfortune is due to the fact that our enemy, Sarkasukis, unexpectedly secured an ally. The mother of Basnak-Dau, king of the serpents, found out that her son had married a mortal. Now she knew that all the power she had lost when Basnak-Dau succeeded his father as king would return to her if his girl-wife could be led to ask her husband's name. The treacherous and deceitful Sarkasukis undertook to bring this about and, disguised as a banana-dealer, went to Tulisa, who easily succumbed to temptation. Basnak-Dau became unhappy and powerless and Sarkasukis, our cruel foe, can now indulge his hatred for us."

At that moment a third squirrel came along, sat up and said: "I feel sorry for Tulisa, for once she saved

my life when Sarkasukis already had me in his claws. Yet he showed how ungrateful he was. She easily could have killed him then and there, but instead she took pity on him and let him escape. His thanks for her mercy was to rob her of her husband and ruin her."

"Is there no way by which she and her husband could once more be united?"

"Yes, there is a way," replied the first squirrel, as it stroked its moustache with its paw, "but it is a very dangerous one. Tulisa knows nothing of these events which have taken place, hence she cannot act with the wisdom necessary to escape all dangers. First of all, Tulisa will have to wander toward the east until she comes to a broad river. How is she to cross it? For she will find no boat on the shore, and the river is inhabited by snakes which would swallow her if she tried to swim across. Yet if she does manage to cross it, she will have to find the nest of a bird-of-paradise, take an egg from that nest and hatch it out against her own breast. Then she must show herself a mistress of dissimulation, and ask for service in the old queen's castle. But the old queen is very suspicious and will set her the most difficult tasks in order to make her reveal her human ancestry. And if Tulisa cannot do these tasks, then she will be thrown to the snakes!"

"I do not know," the squirrel went on, "whether the egg of the bird-of-paradise will protect her against so many dangers. Yet—if Tulisa hatches out the egg at

her breast, the bird—which brings the mortal who owns it royal power—will peck out the eyes of the green snake wound around the queen's neck. Then Basnak-Dau would recover his kingdom and be reconciled to his bride. And she—thanks to the bird-of-paradise—would then have a right to know his name, since she would be a queen herself!"

It need hardly be said that Tulisa had become wide awake while the squirrels were having their talk. Quickly she took up her bundle of wood, for she meant to lose no time getting under way, risking her life to free her beloved. Bringing the bundle home, she told her parents that they would find more at the same place in order to make a living, and then left the hut, paying no attention to the despairing pleas of her father and mother, who thought they would never see her again.

For a long time she wandered toward the east, and at last came to the bank of the broad river the squirrels had described, out of whose waters the horrible black heads of great water-snakes kept popping up. There she stood, and did not know what to do. Suddenly she saw a squirrel hopping in front of her along a path which led into the bushes. Following the little creature she soon discovered, hidden in the brush, a row of large, earthen pots. And at once the idea occurred to her to bind these earthen pots with branches and make a raft of them. It took her several days to do so, for she was not used to it, but she felt

that invisible forces were helping her. At last she ventured to push her raft out into the water, and to her surprise it floated as well as the best boat. The squirrel leaped gaily aboard as though to encourage her, and she did not hesitate to follow it and, lo and behold, the raft crossed the water without the snakes being able to harm her! In a short time she had gained the opposite shore, and the squirrel, which seemed determined to keep her company, jumped ashore first, and she followed it along a narrow path which led into the forest.

Soon she met a bee, and this gave her fresh hope, for it is well known that to meet a buzzing honey-gatherer means good fortune to human beings. Soon the song of birds fell upon her ear, and the squirrel leaped gaily toward the sweet tones. Following it into a ravine she found herself standing before a tree whose leaves glittered like emeralds. In a hollow in the trunk a pair of birds of paradise were singing as they built their nest. Tulisa looked with delight at the shimmering feathers of the little creatures, which sparkled and flashed while they flew in and out in the golden sunshine. In the course of a few days the mother bird laid her first egg, others followed, and the birds were so happy that it was a long time before Tulisa could make up her mind to rob them of one of their treasures. Not until the fifth day, when the nest was quite full, did she take out an egg, put it in her breast and cover it with her veil. Then she hastily continued on

her way, guided by the merry little squirrel which ran on ahead of her.

After wandering a long time she at last reached the queen's palace and, calling on all her courage, knocked trembling at the door and asked to be taken into the queen's service. At once she was led into a sumptuous room where she saw her enemy resting on silken cushions, with the green snake, which looked at Tulisa with glowing eyes, wound about her neck. Although the queen still seemed young and very beautiful, there was something about her which inspired terror. Her eyes glowed like serpent eyes, and her long hair fell about her head in snaky curls. She looked very different from Basnak-Dau. The queen looked at Tulisa in silence, and then said she never took any one into her service without testing that person's ability. If she were afraid then she had better go on. But if she wished to dare the tests, she must remember that any mistake would cause her death. Poor Tulisa did not know what she would be asked to do, yet she accepted the conditions and asked to be tried. The queen signed to a servant, and the latter handed Tulisa a crystal vase and led her into a large, paved court, surrounded by walls. There she told her to gather the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Yet, alas, there was not a tree, a flower, or a plant of any kind to be seen! Tulisa would have despaired had she not hoped that the friendly squirrel (she had not yet seen him in the castle) would

find a way to help her. She was looking around for him when suddenly an enormous swarm of bees came flying over the wall. Each bee carried a little bag of fragrance, and as it flew by let the contents fall into Tulisa's vase. And the fragrance was so strong and so delightful that it filled the whole castle. The doors opened, and the vase was placed at the feet of the queen, whose harsh features softened as she breathed the delicious odors.

Tulisa was graciously dismissed and led to a room prepared for her, where she soon fell asleep and, for the first time since they had parted, dreamed of Basnak-Dau. The next day a great jarful of flower seed was brought her, together with the command to make articles of adornment worthy of a queen of them. In vain Tulisa looked through the whole jar—there was not a single jewel to be seen! But this time the squirrels themselves came to her aid. They appeared in great numbers, and each took a seed from the jar and laid a great pearl in its place. Tulisa strung the pearls, and they were of such wonderful beauty that the queen herself could find no fault with them and had to dismiss her new servant with praise.

The following day the queen sent for Tulisa and told her that she was satisfied with her and that she was accepted as one of the servants. It would be her duty to see that the rooms of the palace were watered with sweet-smelling essences and with quantities of the flower

fragrance she already had brought her. Tulisa bowed deeply and withdrew, still fearing that the queen might discover who she was. With great care Tulisa attended to her duties and her friends, the bees, faithfully renewed the supply of fragrance in the crystal vase. In the meantime Tulisa kept the egg of the bird-of-paradise warm at her breast, hopefully waiting for the day when the little bird-of-paradise would be hatched. And one morning the hour came. The young bird-of-paradise broke the eggshell, slipped out and, still hidden by Tulisa's veil, in a few moments attained its full growth. Then Tulisa hurried to the queen's room, where a slave was just combing her hair. She raised her veil and the bird-of-paradise, fluttering to the slave's shoulder, quickly picked out both the green snake's eyes, as it lay around the queen's neck.

Then the walls of the castle shook, the air grew dark and on the floor of the palace the evil Sarkasukis was suddenly revealed in the shape of a clumsy, misshaped demon! And through the great portal of the hall, spirits, surrounded by jubilant squirrels and faithful serpents, led in the rightful ruler, Basnak-Dau. In the twinkling of an eye Tulisa's simple dress turned into royal robes and a sparkling crown gleamed on her forehead. Now she was truly a fit bride for one of the mightiest of those spirits who rule the lands invisible to men.

The wicked queen mother had sunk into the earth,

and Sarkasukis was dragged out to banishment for her crimes, while Basnak-Dau and his faithful Tulisa held each other clasped, never to part again. The whole castle resounded with joy and merriment, yet nowhere was there greater joy than in the dwelling of Nur-Singh and his wife. For at the moment Tulisa and her husband were once more reunited, a great dish of fragrant rice and delicious fruit took the place of the gray meal porridge on their table. Then they knew that their daughter had attained her aim and that Basnak-Dau had regained his power.

THE PHANTOM CARAVAN

or

The Tale of Saladin of Bagdad and the Princess Morgana

LONG, long years ago, the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, one of the mightiest, richest and also wisest princes who ever sat on a throne, ruled over Bagdad. He was loved and honored as well by the great of the land as by the least of his subjects. And, in addition, the Prophet—blessed be his name!—had given him wise and righteous servants such as his Grand Vizier, Abdallah, to whom the Caliph might safely entrust the entire governance of his empire. A just judge, he ever sought to add to his master's treasures in an honest way, hence the Caliph loved him as a brother and always wished to have him about. They always worked or played chess together, and even when the Caliph rode a-hunting his Vizier had to accompany him.

Now in his wisdom, the Caliph had formed the habit of wandering through the streets and bazaars of Bagdad in disguise. In this way he discovered many things which otherwise never might have come to light, for on these expeditions he heard the grievances of his

subjects and could investigate them, and if they were just, could remove the cause of complaint. He also could sit in the courts and see whether the judges gave judgment without regard for rank or person. But in most cases he wandered through the streets with his Grand Vizier, Abdallah, in the dead of night, often preventing robberies and other wrongdoing. For at such times he sought out the poorest and most distant quarters of the city, and entered the wretched huts of the very poor to aid them with money or with good advice.

One evening he set forth from his palace with Abdallah, as was his habit, and strolled along the banks of the Tigris, enjoying the beauty of the night. The Caliph was in good spirits and began to talk with his companion about the difference in the fate of men, how fortune smiled on some and frowned on others, and how, day by day, hopes and wishes were born in every human heart, though but few of them ever were realized.

"Yes," answered the Vizier, Abdallah, "what would we not see if we could behold the many different thoughts and wishes of the thousands, who toss restlessly on their couches, and often see all their hopes disappointed, reflected in a great mirror."

While they talked in this fashion the two men had come to one of the most wretched quarters of Bagdad. There they followed the windings of a narrow little

alley and after a number of turns found themselves in a section of the town altogether unknown to them. Suddenly the Caliph stopped: from a side street sounded lamentable cries, as though some person were being beaten or otherwise illtreated. The Vizier also heard the cries and they were so strange and continuous that both were induced to follow them. To this end they entered a very narrow, dirty little street which led them to an old, ruinous, vaulted portal which gave on a small square, sinister and melancholy in appearance. The houses which surrounded it for the main part lay in ruins and had neither doors nor windows. One could look into most of them and see that grass and weeds were growing foot high in the rooms and passages where human beings once had lived. The roofs of most of the buildings had fallen in and great trees—plantains, sycamores, or palms—rose into the air above the bare walls, a sad proof that none had lived in them for a generation or more.

There was but one house in the whole square, owing to a faint gleam of light that came through a broken shutter, which showed that it was inhabited. Yet, together with the friendly gleam of light, there came from within those cries of sorrow which had attracted the Caliph and his companion. Though the house had fallen into decay like others in the square, once upon a time it must have presented a much better appearance than those about it, for it had been built of stone, and a

verse from the Koran had been graven above the doorway, a decoration found only on the houses of people of means. Here, too, the tooth of time, however, had partly gnawed away and blackened the walls. The lettered stone was weather-beaten, the characters had become unreadable and doors and windows seemed ready to fall apart.

From time to time the sorrowful cries already heard resounded within the house and as the Caliph and his companion drew nearer they could hear the words which accompanied them:

"Alas!" cried the voice from within, "give me food and drink! I am devoured by hunger and thirst. Have I not already shrunk almost to a skeleton? How can I spend four nights without nourishment of any kind and still live! Oh, oh! Yet I have become hardened to my daily portion of a hundred blows with the rod, so at least give me something to drink!"

The voice which painfully uttered these strange words seemed to be that of a young man. It was so faint and weak, however, that it seemed as though the illtreatment he described was real. Now another voice, seemingly from the mouth of an older man and not so pitiful answered: "Ah, master, if only you would listen to reason, and once more live like other human beings! Of what use are the torments you inflict on yourself? By the beard of the Prophet, I grieve to say it, but it is my duty as an old servant. For the thou-

sandth time I repeat that your course of action is well-nigh insane, and that if you do not cease torturing yourself needlessly you will surely end your days in a madhouse. Here is good food and a jug of sherbert. Eat and drink and return to mankind once more; of what use are all your wild fancies!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other, with his hoarse, powerless voice and gnashed his teeth so that it could be heard outside. "That is the way you always act, unfaithful servant! Go to Gehenna with your food and drink! I shall hunger, aye, that I shall, and I also will be beaten, as long as I choose!"

"Have your way, so far as I am concerned," replied the other. "If you insist on starving yourself to death, then in Allah's name thrust food and drink from you! The Prophet knows it is not my fault. But I tell you here and now that I will not raise the cudgel again to beat you."

"Alas, alas," wailed the first speaker, "faithless, dishonest servant! Did you not put your own hand in my father's hand when he lay dying, and promise to take care of me and not to leave me? And do you not know for whose sake I endure all these torments? And now all is to be in vain. Alas, you are a man of little faith, an oath-breaker who forgets his given word! I will be beaten and I will starve! There, take the stick! I will bear my beating patiently!"

Outside the Caliph and his Vizier did not know

what to make of this strange conversation. Each looked at the other in astonishment, and Abdallah put his hand to his turban and tweaked his nose, for he thought he must be dreaming. But the Caliph now seized his companion's hand and made a sign for him to be silent, for the old man's voice was once more heard in the house as he said tearfully: "Allah, Allah, had I only died myself when his father did! Yet, the Prophet, who reads all hearts, can see that I am not to blame for all this madness!"

All was still for a few moments; then the cries of pain began again, together with a sound like that heard when a man is beaten with a stick. And between blows they occasionally heard the words: "Alas, alas, that lovely sight! O those glowing eyes! That raven black hair! May the Prophet have mercy on me and aid me!"

The Caliph had no wish to listen any longer to this unnatural dialogue. He softly ordered his Vizier to make note of the house, and both then left the sinister spot, the cries of the wretched man echoing in their ears for some time.

The following morning the Grand Vizier, at the Caliph's command, took with him a couple of trusty servants, to go to the quarter of the town and find the house outside which they had eavesdropped the night before. They soon found it and listened, but all was silent within. They knocked at the door again and

again, but in vain. Then they rapped on the locked shutters and at last heard some one in the room move. Then an inner door was opened, footsteps approached the outer one, and the Grand Vizier heard the voice of the old man who asked through a crack what was wanted.

"Open in the name of the Caliph!" cried Abdallah, outside, and, as the old man seemed to hesitate, he added: "Open at once or by the order of the Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid, I will break down the door and in addition punish you severely for your disobedience!"

Then the door was slowly opened and the figure of a wretchedly clad old man appeared. He placed his hand on breast and forehead and humbly asked: "What does my lord, the Caliph, please to command?"

Abdallah, entering the house with his two companions, turned at once to the room from which the strange dialogue of the evening before had come. At first the old man barred the way, yet when his glance fell on the armed servants, he uttered a deep sigh, and opened the door of the apartment.

Though poorly furnished, it still bore traces of former luxury. The walls were adorned with broken cabinets of gilded wood, and the ceiling covered with an ancient Persian shawl, as is often the case in Oriental houses. The shutters of the window were closed, so that a divan in one corner, on which lay a young man, was hardly visible. But by chance the sun now cast a

beam into the chamber through a crack in the shutter, and the Grand Vizier was able to examine the young man's features more closely. Looking into that pale, drawn face, the Vizier could not for a moment doubt that its owner had uttered the laments of the evening past. The youth seemed to be about twenty years of age, and he paid no attention to those who had entered the room. His eyes were closed, his lips, shadowed by a slight black beard, were pressed together and, aside from its dreadful thinness and pallor, his head, covered with heavy black hair, was extraordinarily handsome. His torn clothing showed plainly that the young man had once been in better circumstances. In another corner of the room lay a great heap of books, together with broken vessels of glass and curious instruments such as the magicians used in olden days.

After the Grand Vizier had hastily glanced over the apartment, he asked the old man, who had remained respectfully at the door, who the youth might be. The ancient anxiously signed for him to keep silence, and drew the Grand Vizier out of the room with him.

Once outside, he fervently begged him not to try to discover his secrets; but Abdallah told the old man that the Caliph had commanded that he be brought before him, in order to explain what had happened in the house the night before.

When the old servant heard the Caliph's name, and that he was about to be brought before him, he fell on

his knees and swore by Allah and the Prophet that he was innocent of all wrongdoing and that, in fact, he would rather be punished than live any longer in that house. "However," he added, "I cannot leave my young master, and if you throw me, who am innocent, into prison, then your Lordship must take care of him!"

The Grand Vizier promised him that there was no question of punishment. All he had to do was to tell the Caliph the truth and nothing but the truth, and the latter would decide what had best be done in his own and his young master's case. After this conversation, the old man returned to the room and exchanged a few words with the young man, then followed the Grand Vizier who left one of his servants to guard the house.

When they reached the Caliph's palace, they were at once admitted to his presence, in order that the strange dialogue which Haroun Al Raschid and his Vizier had heard the preceding night might be explained. The old man bowed to the earth before the Caliph and said:

"Commander of the Faithful, only the truth may be spoken to your exalted ear! And I shall tell you truthfully and without hiding anything, the story of my young master, for no follower of the Prophet ever found himself in a more unhappy situation. Know then, O lord, that a few years ago a wise and learned man named Abn el Deri, of whom your Highness may have heard, lived in that house to whose broken door

the Prophet probably led you for our good. Abn el Deri could read the old mysterious books of the magians and sorcerers, and knew how to decipher the past and the present. I was his servant, O Master, and accompanied him on all the journeys he used to make to all parts of the world in former years. How often we crossed the desert from one end to the other; there is scarce one of the larger oases we did not visit. We also saw the seas whose waters lave our sands on every side. Yet my master did not undertake these long journeys in order to profit by the buying and selling of valuable goods. Instead, in all the larger and smaller towns we visited, we met with wise and learned men with whom he eagerly discussed the lore of the stars, and either taught them or learned from them, as the case might be.

"Ah, Master, it was a joy to travel for days and weeks through the lonely desert with Abn el Deri. Never was there a man who could tell such charming and interesting tales as he could. He could talk for days, while all listened with pleasure. Yet no matter how talkative and entertaining he might be on his travels, there were moments when this thoughts were turned inward, and he was very quiet. These were the hours when, far on the horizon of the desert, the Fata Morgana showed herself. Then he became thoughtful, and sometimes he would spend hours staring at the magic trees, the delicate houses and the gleaming wa-

ters which the phantom of the desert conjures up before the wanderer's eye. Often I tried to speak to him at such times, but he would only make a sign with his hand for me to keep silence. Then, as a rule, he would take one of his mysterious books, containing all sorts of curious signs, up before him on his camel, and would read it eagerly, while he seemed to compare the signs in the book with the figures of the Fata Morgana.

"Once, after such a day, we lay beneath our tents in the evening and Abn el Deri was even more amiable than usual. This made me bold, and, driven by curiosity, I asked him why he always stared so eagerly at the phantom gardens of the desert and seemed to enjoy seeing them, while their sight was repulsive and mysterious to every other Mohammedan.

"Then my master laughed and said: 'Listen, Ismael,' —for that is my name, O Commander of the Faithful!—'you long have been a faithful servant to me, and therefore I will pardon your curiosity. More than that, I shall tell you as much as you may be able to understand regarding what many wise and learned men before me have thought about the phantom of the desert, and what I think of it. You yourself, especially on very hot days, when the desert stretches endlessly before us, have noticed that the sand on the edge of the horizon suddenly seems to rise slowly into the air. Hills raise themselves up and heavy yellow clouds slowly move above their peaks. There are

swells and billows like those of a distant sea, and at times a ray of light gleams through them, as though the sun were flinging a slender beam on the water through thick, black clouds. The movement of the hills and the yellow clouds increases. At first they seem to be closely piled together, then they shred off in long, thin streamers, flutter skyward and, moving slowly, rise above the earth like a curtain to charm the dazzled, delighted eye by showing it a rich, beautiful countryside, where before it saw nothing but yellow hills of sand. Round about you the hot sands burn, the sun sends down glowing rays. Men and horses move on in silence through the heat, and those who behold it are all the more affected by the sight of the Fata Morgana, with its shady groves of palm trees, its cool, plashing waters, and its bright, airy country houses. At the sight the traveler draws his *burnous* over his head and calls on the Prophet as he looks the other way. He must not take the road to those rustling palms, for he would find only sand and certain death at its end.

" 'But this is not the fault of the Fata Morgana. She does not wish to lead any man astray and is as innocent of wrongdoing as an island in distant seas, which the seaman cannot reach because he has no guiding compass. Yet it is possible for a man of courage to reach that happy isle in the sand which, more fruitful and blooming than Paradise itself, offers the greatest of

rewards to him who attains it. Yes, Ismael,' continued my master, 'I know you too well to think you will not believe me when I tell you that the Fata Morgana is more than a mere phantom. In that lovely oasis reigns the Princess Morgana, a woman so beautiful that there is not another like her on earth. No mortal ever has seen her face. Yet my books prove that a powerful magician once was able to draw her picture, a picture, however, which has totally disappeared in the course of time. And now, to tell you the whole truth, the end and object of all my travels is to find this dangerous picture—dangerous because the heart of the man who sees it will be seized with a fatal love and longing and he will be able to think of nothing else.'

"Thus, to my great astonishment, spoke my master, and I could not help but shake my head when I thought of the time and money he had flung away searching for the magic picture. Not long after this conversation we went with a caravan to Damascus and Palmyra, and suffered unspeakable hardships on our journey. Surprised by a sandstorm, which destroyed the greater part of the caravan, we owed our escape only to the swiftness of our horses. Ah, Lord of the World, what a terrible sight—a caravan, men and beasts, fleeing in deadly fear of the destruction rushing after them! Camels and horses overdo themselves and, covered with foam, run across the sands until they drop suddenly to rise no more. Quite near us, during our wild

flight, we saw for some time a beautiful woman racing along on a blooded Arabian steed. She held a tiny baby wrapped in her shawl, and through all the tumult and roaring of the sand waves, she had eyes only for the child. Whenever the storm would fling one sand cloud over us in advance of the others, she would cover it with her body. My master was touched by the sight of this noble mother, and we kept as close to her as possible, in order to help her if the need arose. Yet the Prophet had not willed that she was to survive the storm. Suddenly her horse fell, unfortunately at the moment when the sand was at our very heels. Then the woman held up her child with a pleading gesture and had only strength enough to call 'Save it, save it!'

"Of course we reined in our horses, in spite of the danger; I hastily seized the babe, and Abn el Deri tried to help the woman. But she only flung her veil over her head, pointed to the sand storm sweeping down on us and begged us in Allah's and the Prophet's name to flee and save her child. O Master, what a terrible sight it was! The cloud of sand swept up to our feet like a giant wall of fire and curved above our heads like the waves in a stormy sea when, one piling upon the other, they fling themselves far up upon the shore. 'Flee, flee,' cried the woman, 'and save my child!' and as she said this our horses, as well aware of the danger as ourselves, gathered themselves together

and galloped off in great bounds. Behind us the sand wave broke and covered the unfortunate woman.

"Thanks to the Prophet's mercy we escaped. And Abn el Deri looked upon the child—it was a boy—which Allah so unexpectedly had given him as his very own, and had him educated with the greatest care. Yet he did not give up his continual journeys, and the older he grew the more eagerly he searched for the vanished picture of which he had told me. Thus old age stole upon us, and the last journey we made together was to an oasis lying far beyond Palmyra, in which dwelt an exceedingly wise and learned man. Alas, it was indeed our last journey, for there, after searching for years, my master at last found what he had sought so long, the picture of the Princess Morgana! Yet of what use was it to him now. His days on earth were numbered, and the years and strength were lacking for him to try to reach that happy island which he so long had hoped to find. So we returned again to Bagdad, and here we lived in retirement and poverty, for my master's fortune had been so exhausted by his many journeys that the little he still possessed was barely enough to last him the rest of his days. Finally, the hour of his departure from earth drew near, and when it came I stood at his bedside, together with his adopted son, now a handsome youth. First he advised the latter to do good and live righteously

in the sight of Allah and his Prophet. Then he handed him an amulet which his unhappy mother had hung about his neck before her death in the desert, gave him his blessing, and bade him leave the room for a few moments, as he still had a message to give me.

"'Ismael,' he said, when we were alone, 'a few minutes more and you will have lost your master and my son his father. Promise me to aid him as best you can out of your long years of experience!' This I promised to do, giving him my hand on it, and then he made me vow never to look at the picture he gave me myself, nor to permit his son to see it. 'For the mortal who sees it,' he said, 'is fated to die slowly of love and longing!' With that he died.

"I was now alone with the young man, and Abn el Deri had not left much behind him. Chests and coffers were empty, and our sole means of existence were some old weapons, richly adorned with jewels and gold, which I at once carried to the bazaar to sell. Our adopted son, to whom we had given the name of Saladin, was an impulsive, fiery, wide-awake youth. Abn el Deri had caused him to be taught by the best teachers, and besides his book knowledge he knew how to handle the lance and manage a horse. Yet these expensive habits were dropped at Abn el Deri's death. What were we to do? The horse which young Saladin owned soon had to be sold, as well as the handsome garments in which he had shone like some young pasha.

Often, O lord, I tried to find some occupation for my young master, by means of which he could earn his bread in a dignified manner! I recommended him to the captain of the bodyguard, asking that the handsome and dexterous young man be given a place among the horsemen. But since I had no powerful protectors, and not even the necessary horse and armor with which to fit him out, I was sent away everywhere. Alas, my lord, those were sad days! Then I tried to induce young Saladin to accept a more menial position, and at last he promised to take a place as a servant in a shop. Yet in vain had I taken the trouble to bend his proud spirit, for I could not even obtain a position of this kind for him. Though when I first talked to them the old merchants might have been willing to take him on, they no sooner learned that he was the son of Abn el Deri, the magician and conjurer of devils, than they turned us out of doors.

"By this time the money we had obtained by the sale of our arms had all been used up, and in vain I searched every nook and corner of the house, and every chest and box in order to discover some hidden object of value. I even unlocked the small iron casket in which the magic picture was kept, and which I had never examined. But all it contained was the picture, wrapped in a silken case. To my shame I must admit that while I was so doing my curiosity got the better of me, and I was tempted to press the steel button which

closed the case. Fortunately, at that very moment my old master's voice sounded in my ear, and I did not do so. As ill luck would have it, however, I forgot to lock the iron casket again, and then left the house to try and borrow money from an old friend.

"No sooner had I left the house than Saladin returned. He probably had noticed, long ago, that the small casket was always locked. At any rate, he took advantage of my absence, drew out the silk case containing the picture and then, O Commander of the Faithful, the unhappy young man looked at it!

"What then happened I do not know. But when I returned, I found him on his couch, a prey to the wildest fantasies of fever. It was impossible to take the picture case which he held in his hand from him. The wild remarks he uttered in his delirium showed that he had seen the picture, and that my old master's saying, that the mortal who saw it would fall ill of love and longing, was true. For weeks Saladin lay on his couch, devoured by this burning fever, and speaking only in the wildest and most rambling manner. Usually he fancied he was in the sandy desert, and saw the phantom of the Fata Morgana gleaming in the far distance. Then he would describe it as Abn el Deri used to, in the richest and most glowing colors, as a green island full of love and delight. Alas, in all these dreams, the unfortunate picture played a leading part, for it seemed to float before him everywhere, and he

followed after it, across snow-covered mountains, stormy seas and burning desert sands!

"At last the force of the fever abated, and I thought that now poor Saladin would return to reason, and memory of the picture would fade from his mind. But as his body grew stronger, his heart and mind seemed to grow more ill. When for the first time after his illness of months he recognized me and spoke sensibly to me as I sat by his couch he showed me the picture case with delight, and said that at last he had found something to which he would devote his entire life—the discovery of the picture's original! In vain I told him that the picture must be a work of the painter's imagination, that it did not represent any living being. He only smiled and answered in a feeble tone of voice:

" 'O Ismael, your lack of faith wounds me! I assure you that this is the picture of the Princess Morgana, who rules an oasis fair as Paradise far off in the desert. Well do I know that no mortal ever has been fortunate enough to reach that oasis and see the princess! Yet why should I not be the one whom Allah has chosen to do so? I shall succeed, Ismael, for already I have often traveled there in the deliriums of my fever. True, it was a terrible and toilsome journey, and the caravan which I had joined was made up of strange and mysterious figures, yet I know I shall find and reach that desert island and see the Princess and be near her!'

"At first I thought, hearing him speak in this manner,

that his fever had not yet left him, and that he soon would forget these strange fancies. But I was mistaken. Saladin slowly grew well again, but he had made up his mind to seek the Princess Morgana, as he called the picture. In fact, in his delirium, he had thought out something which bordered on madness, in order, so he said, to accustom his body to the tremendous hardships to which his journey would expose him. For days at a time, in spite of all my objections, he would touch neither food nor drink, to grow used to hunger and thirst. In fact, he would fly into a terrible rage when I told him how foolishly he was acting, and would plead with me and coax me until I did as he wished. Often he would go hungry for three or four days and, besides, compel me to beat him with a stick, so that he would be hardened to endure the illtreatment of any who might wish to make him give up the aim he had in view. How I suffered from this madness, O lord, is easy to imagine! Yet what could a poor old man like myself do. Though I made up my mind not to do his will, I always gave in because of his pitiful complaints about my faithlessness, as he called it. And his wails that I would not help him gain what was dearest in all the world to him were even more terrible to me than the illtreatment he demanded. When I sometimes asked him when and with whose aid he expected to undertake his journey, he would smile and say that fate, which had put the Princess Morgana's

picture into his hand, would provide him with the means to seek her when the proper time arrived.

"This is the story of old Abn el Deri and his adopted son, O Commander of the Faithful, and, by the beard of the Prophet, I have told it to you without concealing a thing! You yourself heard him during the night just passed, when he was tormented by his madness, and when I had to beat him. And now command in your wisdom what is to be done with us."

The Caliph as well as his Grand Vizier had listened to this strange tale with great attention, and now that it was ended, sat in silence and did not know what to make of it. "Well," remarked the Caliph, "what do you say, Abdallah? Shall we send for this mysterious picture and dare the danger of looking at it?"

"O lord," said Ismael hastily, after a low salaam, "O lord, do not let your wisdom lead you to such a fateful resolve! Believe me, the evil magic cast out by that picture would make you unhappy for the rest of your life!"

"It is, in truth, a strange tale," said the Grand Vizier, "and if I may give your Highness a bit of advice which will please your generosity of spirit, how would it be to provide this unhappy young man with the means necessary to wander through the desert with a caravan for the space of a year? Perhaps the Prophet would be merciful and his madness would leave him."

"You are right," replied the Caliph; "make the nec-

essary preparations, and see to it that the traveler wants for nothing. Send him off with one of the great caravans which leave shortly for Palmyra, and order him to return to Bagdad in a year's time, when I will care for him further."

Ismael flung himself at the Caliph's feet and, while stammering his thanks for the high favor shown them, appealed to his princely generosity and prayed that he might be granted the favor of accompanying his young master, a favor which the Caliph gladly granted. Then Haroun Al Raschid ordered that young Saladin be brought before him when he had been equipped for his journey and dismissed the old servant, who hurried back to his home trembling with joy, where his glad message gave new life to his master.

Saladin lay stretched out on his couch, and at first listened without much interest when his servant told him how he had been brought into the Caliph's presence and been obliged to tell him all about Abn el Deri. But when Ismael came to speak of the Caliph's generosity in providing the means for a journey into the desert, the young man suddenly sat up in bed and, his eyes sparkling, said: "Now you see, Ismael, that my dreams did not lie! The time has come, for the Prophet has unexpectedly aided me to make the journey for which my heart has longed, and on which I shall find what I seek!"

The very next day several chests filled with hand-

some articles of apparel, with weapons and provisions of all sorts were brought to Saladin's house. The liberal Caliph also sent him several valuable steeds and some black slaves, who were to accompany the young man on his travels. And Saladin, from the moment Ismael had brought the news of the Caliph's princely kindness, had been a man transformed. In a few days no one looking at him would have suspected that he had been ill for months, and during that time suffered the greatest hardship and illtreatment. The mere thought that the inmost wish of his soul was to come true poured new life into his veins, the color once more showed in his cheeks, his eyes again glowed keenly beneath his black brows like the glowing sun when, surrounded by clouds, it sinks behind the horizon at evening. An hour after the old servant's return from the palace, he had left his couch, and when the Caliph's presents arrived, he chose among them a rich and handsome robe, mounted one of the blooded Persian steeds and, followed by Ismael, rode through the streets and bazaars to the Caliph's palace.

As he rode by, the people in the street were so dazzled by his tall, handsome figure, his splendid horsemanship, and his whole appearance, that they respectfully made way for him, and greeted him like some powerful *emir*. The merchants in the bazaars looked after him in astonishment, and one asked the other who the foreign prince might be. Thus he reached the

Caliph's palace, where the guards greeted him and Ismael with much deference, and allowed them to enter the interior of the castle without delay. There several pages ran up to hold Saladin's stirrup and conduct him, together with his old servant, to the Caliph's chambers, where the latter received them in company with the Grand Vizier, Abdallah.

Haroun Al Raschid regarded the young man who salaamed low before him with smiling satisfaction, and once more repeated the promises he already had made old Ismael.

"Commander of the Faithful," answered Saladin, "in your goodness and generosity you have appeared to my poor, abandoned self like an angel from heaven, and the Prophet will reward you in accordance! How can I thank you for the immeasurable gift you have given me? It makes it possible for me to find what I so long have sought and, if it be Allah's will, to attain happiness!"

The Caliph, whose first thought had been to talk Saladin out of his fancies, saw from his words that his mind was unalterably fixed and could not be changed, and therefore decided it would be wiser not to try to do so. So he dismissed him with his best wishes and Saladin, intoxicated with joy, returned to his own home.

The inhabitants of Bagdad, whose curiosity had been excited by the appearance of the foreign prince,

for such they considered Saladin, tried in every way to discover who the young man really might be. No sooner, however, did they learn that he was the son of the old magician, Abn el Deri, whom the Caliph had presented with the equipment and means to undertake a long journey, than they declared the story of the picture an invention of the old rascal, Ismael, to cheat the Commander of the Faithful out of a goodly sum of money. Alas, those evil-thinking people only regretted that the old man had been so successful!

A few days later the caravan which the young man and his servant had joined set out by way of Cairo to Palmyra, and the people in the bazaars laughed as they said one to the other: "See that clever rascal Ismael riding off with the fruit of his robbery!"

As usually is the case with malicious gossip and false report, these stories increased hour by hour, and were added to in every way until finally they seemed so easy to believe that even the most level-headed could not make out whether they were true or not. That old Ismael had deceived the Caliph was accepted by every one as a fact. "Behold," they said to one another, "old Abn el Deri never had a son! Who knows where old Ismael found this young man, and how he may have trained him for his own ends!" "It seems to me," said another, "that I already have seen that young teller of untruths somewhere else." "Right," answered a third, "it was not long ago that I saw a

young fellow in the barber's booth of the great caravanserai who looked as much like Saladin as one egg does like another." "Aha," cried all the rest, "so that is it! He is the man! Alas, our poor, good Caliph!"

Before long Haroun Al Raschid learned of these rumors through his Grand Vizier, and though at first he refused to believe them, he was induced by Abdallah's arguments to listen to the owner of the barber's booth in question. The latter, in reply to the Caliph's inquiries about the young man, answered with a sly smile: "Commander of the Faithful, it is human to err, and the Prophet is my witness that I do not like to speak ill of others! Yet with regard to that young man, I could state under oath that until a few weeks past he cleaned and polished my basins and razors. It is true that later, when I once more saw him, he looked altogether different, but that was due to the costly garments and the horse your Highness gave him."

The Caliph, for all he did not like to think he had been cheated in such a way, could not help but believe the old barber had told him the truth, and afterwards said to his Grand Vizier, with a laugh: "Listen, Abdallah, in the future we must be more careful and let people wail and lament in their houses without paying attention to them!"

Abdallah shrugged his shoulders and answered: "In fact, it was a clever bit of rascality."

Meanwhile the caravan which Saladin and Ismael

had joined quietly moved along through the desert, the two pilgrims ignorant of the falsehoods which had destroyed the young man's reputation behind his back. Saladin was happy to have taken the first step that would lead him nearer the original of his picture, and to be where some unforeseen stroke of good fortune might bring him to the goal of his wishes. Ismael, on the other hand, was glad to give up his quiet life in Bagdad, and to wander across the desert. It seemed to him that he had grown years younger, and that he once more was riding beside his old master Abn el Deri.

The caravan was a very large one and, since it carried with it much gold and silver, was provided with a great escort of armed horsemen to protect goods and people against Bedouin surprise attacks. No sooner had a few days passed, than daring robbers could be glimpsed at a distance from the caravan, evidently trying to find out how well protected it might be. Attacks, too, were at times made on small sections of the caravan which had remained too far in the rear when it set out in the morning; the loaded camels were driven off and the men who guarded them cut down if they offered resistance.

But the main body of the caravan continued on its way without mishap, and with it Saladin. At first the journey through the desert, the heat of the sun and the sand had greatly troubled him. But he soon became

used to it, and could realize the beauty and sublimity paired with the silence and lifelessness of the tremendous sandy plain. And though at times the torrid heat of the sun made him feel faint, he refreshed himself with the thought of the Fata Morgana, which he never had seen, and to which he looked forward so ardently. At last, one beautiful evening, when the sun had burned all day long over the horsemen with unusual heat, the phantom of the desert was developed out of the blue mists which seemed to rise on the far horizon of the desert. The last rays of the sinking sun trembled and glowed on the magic buildings, the unattainable forests and the sparkling waters which gushed forth, cooling and refreshing, without ever having been tasted by mortal tongue. Filled with delight, Saladin sat his horse and his glowing eyes hung on the magic vision which, little by little, paled until it had completely disappeared.

As the two travelers lay beneath their tent that night, the young man said to his servant: "Ah, Ismael, I have made exact note of the direction in which the oasis lies we saw this evening, over which the Princess Morgana rules! Therefore let us set out now to find it. Who knows, we may reach it before the dawn!"

"May the Prophet forbid!" answered Ismael with a sad smile. "Dear master, you have strange ideas. Our very journey has been undertaken to find the original of a picture which probably does not exist. That is

laughable in itself. But the proposal you have just made, to leave the caravan and ride out haphazard into the desert, borders on madness. Believe me, the phantom of the desert, which conjured up those beautiful buildings, those palms and playing fountains, will continue to escape you, for when you take one step toward the Fata Morgana it moves back ten."

"Then tell me," answered Saladin, out of sorts, "how I am to attain my aim and bring it to the successful ending, on which the peace and happiness of my whole life depends? Did you think this journey through the desert would change my thoughts, and erase the picture I have seen from my heart?"

"That is what I had hoped, dear master," replied Ismael. "I had hoped you would have given up your visions, and that when we returned to Bagdad in a year's time you would smile at the thought of these days as at some strange dream."

Saladin shook his head and lay down. Such conversations often took place between the two, but the more Ismael tried to win his master back to reason, the less successful were his efforts. Saladin carefully guarded the picture, and many an hour when he was alone would open the case and delight himself with the sight of the beautiful face it showed. For nothing in heaven or on earth could compare with it in beauty. It showed a maiden's slender figure, leaning against a fountain whose clear, transparent jet rose high in the air. Her

head was lowered in thought, so that only the radiant brow and half-concealed eyes were visible. Since this alone was sufficient to turn a human heart sick with love and delight, how lovely must be her entire face, when the young girl raised it and smiled! Often had the young man sat looking at the picture for hours, praying that the Prophet might perform a miracle and grant him one look into those adorable features. Thoughtless wish! The sight of half this lovely face had been enough to break his heart. What would have happened to him had he met the full radiance of its glance?

After a few weeks the caravan reached Damascus and, after resting there for several days, turned toward Palmyra. Soon the travelers were once more in the open desert, where nothing but sky and sand were to be seen. There was no tree, no bush, no running spring. The allowance of water given each person now was reduced, and all the more greedily and longingly did every one gaze at the vision of the Fata Morgana, unveiled every evening before their eyes in its most enchanting beauty and grandeur. For hours at a time Saladin lay beneath his tent, staring out into the desert and dreaming with open eyes. At such times he imagined that his glance penetrated the fantastic forests he saw, and that he glimpsed the very fountain at which sat the maiden with the lowered eyes. Vain hope! When the sun sank, the magic island disap-

peared, and Saladin would toss restlessly and feverishly on his couch.

More than once he had made up his mind to leave the caravan, and even his old servant, secretly at night, fling himself on his horse and gallop off in Allah's name in the direction where the Fata Morgana had built her magic gardens that day. But Ismael would tell him the most terrible tales of travelers who, tortured by thirst, had left their caravan to seek the deceitful waters which the phantom of the desert spread out before their eyes, and had come to a sad end in the sands. These tales never failed to make an impression on the young man, but only for a short time. His longing was too great, and gradually the determination to leave the caravan became firmly planted in his mind.

At last—it was a wonderful night, and the Fata Morgana had gleamed in greater beauty than ever before in the days of the setting sun—Saladin stole away from Ismael's side, mounted his horse and softly rode from the row of tents out into the desert. After he had made careful note of the direction in which the Fata Morgana had beckoned that evening, he gave his horse the spurs and galloped off. The stars rose glittering into the heavens, then paled and descended. The dawn glowed in the east, and still the young man galloped across the sands in the direction of the new day. The gray of night turned to violet, the violet changed into topaz-yellow, and then half the heavens were covered

with a golden ring which slowly rose while the first sunbeams gilded the desert in all its vast extent.

Now Saladin checked his horse and looked at the sun, while sending up a short prayer to the Prophet, begging him to grant him his favor and to point out the right road he must take to win happiness. Then he looked back across the plain he had covered and when, far as his eye could reach, he saw nothing but sand, his heart grew lighter, and he was glad to think he had left the tiresome caravan and was now free as a bird to seek his fortune. He once more touched his horse with the spurs and galloped East, hoping that he would soon behold and reach the Fata Morgana. The sun rose slowly in the skies and seemed to concentrate all its rays on the lonely rider, until the heat was well-nigh unbearable.

When the sun was again sinking the wearied horse could run no more. Saladin dismounted, but now discovered, to his dismay, that he had neither grain nor water to refresh the exhausted animal after its long journey. Fortunately he found a few handfuls of maize in his feed bag, which he gave the poor beast. As for himself, though tormented by hunger and thirst, he suddenly forgot both at sight of the Fata Morgana, which rose slowly before his eyes. He seemed to have drawn nearer, and imagined he could see the magic gardens more clearly and closer at hand than the day before. Alas, in truth, the enchanted forests of palms

and the silver-white buildings were just as far away on the distant horizon as the night before! Night fell, and the next morning the young man once more mounted his horse to chase his dream picture, which retreated as he advanced, through the silent desert. His horse was already so weakened by hunger, thirst and weariness that when the day grew to a close it could no longer carry him. So he dismounted and drew it along after him by the halter, for the phantom of the Fata Morgana once more rose before him, and he knew no rest. Alas, he was not a foot nearer than before!

When night once more descended, he lay down beside his horse and could hardly close his eyes for hunger and thirst. Yet the hope he would not give up strengthened his heart, and when morning came he leaped up with renewed strength to continue his ride. His poor horse, whose heart did not urge him onward, and which had no hopes to encourage and strengthen it, only made a few painful efforts to gain its legs. Then it fell back upon the sand, at the end of its strength.

And now for the first time Saladin began to have his doubts, and at the sight of his dying horse he remembered with terror that a similar fate would be his if he did not reach the goal of his longing. Yet his hope and a glance at the picture he carried drove away these gloomy thoughts. So he bade his faithful horse farewell with a sad heart and continued his way afoot.

To his dismay he discovered during the early hours of the day that this was a far slower and more exhausting way of getting ahead than when sitting high in the saddle. It also seemed as though his limbs refused to obey him properly and as though something lamed his power. No matter how hard he tried to push on, he would take a few quick steps only to drop back again into a slow wearied tread. Two terrible enemies of mankind, hunger and thirst, had attacked poor Saladin and were laming his limbs and his heart!

Again the sun slowly went down on the horizon, and the appearance of the Fata Morgana, once more rising before him, gave him fresh courage. For he thought this night the phantom gardens were nearer than the night before, very much nearer. Weariness soon stretched him out upon the sand, yet when his eyes closed the sleep which came was not one that refreshed. It lay on him like a fever, pressing down his lids without giving him rest.

When the sun rose again the following morning, the fourth night since his flight from his companions had passed, and during all this time he had not tasted a drop of water or a mouthful of food. Any other mortal would have perished, and it was due only to the deprivations which Saladin had forced himself to suffer in Bagdad that he was able to drag along his exhausted body. He crept on like a snail, and for the first time the emptiness and loneliness of the desert

seemed terrible to him. Then the doubts he had felt the preceding day with regard to the success of his plan were confirmed. He sighed for his servant Ismael, and for the first time thought of the sorrow the old man must have felt at his flight.

"Alas," he sighed, "had I only taken his advice! I could then have returned happily to Bagdad and awaited a more favorable chance to find the original of my picture, instead of coming to a wretched end in the sands!"

The sun burned fiercely in the skies and beat down on his worn-out body. Round about, so far as his inflamed eyes could reach, there was sand, only sand. No waving roof of palms was revealed to him, he heard no murmur of silver springs and then—the silence, the terrible silence which surrounded him! Not even a wild beast ran past, no bird clove the air above his head. Only the heavens glared down at him angrily, and the sun hung like a flaming shield above his head.

At last Saladin lay down in the sand, for his legs refused to carry him any longer. He took out the picture from its case and looked at it for the last time. Alas, the maiden sat as calmly as ever beneath the fountain, looking into the cool, clear jet of water that rose high above her, the very least part of which would have saved his own unfortunate life! Again the picture exercised its usual magic, and lent him new hope and strength. He tried to rise in order to move on,

but his limbs refused to serve him, and he fell back on the sand, closed his eyes and thought that his last hour had come.

While he lay there, night came and a gentle wind, moving over the surface of the desert sand, cooled his heated cheeks and softly kissed his closed eyes. Once more the poor young man looked about him, and all his past life stood out clearly and vividly in his memory. He recalled Abn el Deri's story of the strange way in which the Prophet had saved him from the sandstorm, and thought of that day when his foster-father had taken him from his dying mother's arms.

"Why," he sighed, "was I saved then only to perish now in these selfsame sands, without my life having been of benefit to any one? Why is it?" Saladin's weak voice rose to the sky, but nothing answered.

The day had completely passed and with the dark night, the friendly stars and the gleaming moon, the last farewell hour of young Saladin's life arrived. Once more his body shook with fever, then his heart beat more and more quietly, he unconsciously crossed his hands on his breast, and above in the vaults of heaven, a falling star flashed down and disappeared below the horizon.

Whoever thinks that the desert, which seems so barren and empty when we look at it, is not at certain hours of the night haunted by strange and mysterious figures just like any other part of the earth, is much mistaken.

Only the *djinns* and phantoms which have their being in the sands, in keeping with the character of the desert, are more serious and sad than the *djinns* and imps who haunt the fruitful valley of the Nile when darkness falls.

In the middle of the night, when the moon bends low, strangely shaped mists form in the air and cover the face of the stars, for the melancholy spirits which rise from the desert dust and sand prefer ghostly twilight to the clear radiance of the moon. Over the curiously formed sand hills which lie side by side in long rows, blows a light wind, whirling the sand and dust high in the air. Yet, strange to say, these dust and sand clouds do not fall to earth again. They rise higher and higher, and glide and wind through each other in a mysterious way. Some grow lighter, some darker, and all assume strange shapes; they clump together and take on the semblance of men and beasts, silently and busily floating through each other. Then, white, bleached bones rise out of the hills of sand and disappear among the figures which now slowly begin to move and form a long procession—the phantom caravan!

All those who perished in the desert, all who fell by the sword or bullet of the Bedouins, or who were covered and slain by the *samum,* the sand storm, rise from their sandy graves and join the procession, which moves along through the desert to the hollow beating

of a little drum. It is not well for a mortal eye to behold the passing of the phantom caravan! Whoever sees it is apt to fall ill and pass away and, perhaps, join the phantom caravan in the course of a few nights. Some who had seen it and survived have described it as an awesome sight: the quietly moving camels, striding on with unseeing eyes, on their backs the motionless riders whose turbans hang down as though in mourning, and whose long mantles rustle fearsomely in the wind. The women of the caravan sit bent over upon their horses, their heads wrapped in long veils, as is the custom when the sand storm draws near. Sometimes the man unfortunate enough to see the caravan recognizes a friend or an acquaintance, who beckons to him. Alas, unfortunate is the one who receives such a greeting! May the Prophet guard him, for else the end of his days is near!

Now that night, when young Saladin lay on the sand and struggled with death, all kinds of strange scenes rose before his inner eye. It seemed to him that from its case the picture of the Princess Morgana, with the green palm trees beneath which she sat and the leaping fountain, whose plashing the luckless boy seemed to hear, slowly rose. He fixed his eyes on the lovely figure, and then new life filled his heart—for she slowly raised her head and the heavenly glance which she gave him filled him with new strength. Yet in

vain. The picture faded again, grew indistinct and vanished in air. Once more Saladin lay there alone, and could feel his heart beat loud and anxiously. It was a tone which at first was inaudible and then grew louder and louder. But soon the dying youth decided that it was not his heartbeats, but some other noise, coming from the distance, that he heard. He had not deceived himself. It really was so.

He could plainly hear the hollow sound of a drum which, beaten with a regular stroke, echoed far through the night, and seemed to be drawing nearer. Suddenly the thought occurred to him that these might be people who had come to save him. But this hope vanished as soon as it came, for he remembered that a caravan never travels by night. The noise he already had heard, however, continued to approach. And now he could hear the soft, regular step of the camels, the rustling and fluttering of the riders' turbans and mantles. Painfully he opened his eyes, but at once closed them with a shudder, for he could see the phantom caravan passing close beside him. Softly the ghostly riders floated by, and he saw them all, in spite of his closed eyes. It seemed to him that they beckoned to him, and the phantom of a negro, as he passed, grinned at him with white teeth and pointed to a riderless horse which he led by the halter. A large number of camels and horses went by, their riders sitting in

silence, wrapped in their veils and mantles, and not one paid any attention to the young man who lay dying on the sand.

Then a new division of the procession appeared. It was made up of huge, heavily loaded camels, followed by a number of slaves riding horseback, surrounding a woman mounted on a noble Arabian steed. She, too, had a veil wrapped about her head, and stared gloomily down at her saddle. Suddenly, however, she moved, raised her head and looked about her in an astonished and terrified manner. And her face looked like a friend's face to Saladin, and he felt that he knew her, though he could not recollect ever having seen her. She seemed like the tune of a song he had heard when a little child, and which once more echoed in his ears. The woman looked straight at him, as he lay on the sand, and suddenly her pale, motionless features broke into a friendly smile. She hastily threw off her veil, guided her horse from the line to where he lay, and leaped down and knelt beside him, laying her hand upon his forehead and heart.

Saladin did not know how this came to pass, and now opened his eyes to gaze into the face of this kind-hearted woman who was regarding him with the greatest affection.

"Yes, it is he," she then said, in a soft, toneless voice. "It is my son! The sandstorm spared him and I see him once more!" As she spoke these words a feeling

of unspeakable joy ran through the dying youth's veins, and in spite of the horror, the sight of the phantom caravan first had inspired in him, he no longer felt so abandoned as when he lay alone in the sands a short time before. The slaves in whose midst the woman rode likewise had turned their horses and surrounded Saladin, staring down upon him. Then the woman took a small flask from her girdle, from which she poured a few drops into his mouth. It ran through his whole body like living fire, and seemed to fill his limbs with fresh strength. Soon he was able to sit up and think the past hours must have been a dream.

His glances turned to the phantom caravan which was still filing past in an endless procession. Then he looked at the woman's pale face, radiant with tender love, and for the first time in his life he spoke a word whose sweetness he had never known before. "Mother," he said, "is it you? Are you my mother, whom I lost as a child, and who now have appeared to save me from death?"

Instead of answering the woman nodded sadly and then said: "I will if I can!" Then she looked up, after the caravan which was moving on, and cast a questioning glance at her companions, who surrounded her without any sign of interest.

Suddenly the negro, whom Saladin already had noticed and who had smiled so strangely at him, returned. He rode a black horse and led one of the same color,

which, without saying a word, he offered to the young man.

Saladin, supported by his mother's arm, stood up and allowed himself to be led to the negro's spare horse, which he mounted without a question. At the same moment the woman mounted her own and the procession hastily and in silence continued on its way.

Saladin was conscious of all that recently had happened to him. He had recognized his mother, who had saved him from death. Yet these strange happenings appeared to him like a pleasant dream. He saw the woman riding beside him, looking at him with affectionate devotion, and at times felt her lay her hand on his arm. Yet, alas, what he already had noticed was confirmed! Her hand was as cold as ice, and its touch sent a painful shudder through him. And her face, though its expression was kind, and he knew it for his mother's, was fixed and lifeless.

Though it seemed as if the camels and horses were only moving forward slowly, in reality they raced on with inconceivable swiftness. No sooner had a fresh row of sand hills disclosed itself to Saladin's glances at the extreme edge of the horizon, than they already had reached it.

After they had proceeded in this way for a time, Saladin suddenly noticed a number of splendid and airy pavilions on the horizon, surrounded by slender

palms which seemed to have been called up out of the ground at a moment's notice, by magic.

Even at night the sight was magnificent. The palaces seemed to be illuminated from within, and glowed in the brightest and loveliest colors in the rays of thousands of lights. The thick groves of oranges, sycamores and palms which surrounded them were also lit with bright flames, which appeared to rise from the numerous springs and fountains which fairly covered the green meadows. Or, rather, the water itself gave forth a clear radiance of many colors.

Dazzled by the gleaming and shimmering, Saladin covered his eyes with his hand at the sight of this magnificent island in the midst of the desert, and while he asked his mother to which mighty sultan the palaces belonged, a strange, happy presentiment awoke in his soul.

"Ah, my son," said the veiled woman, "no mighty sultan dwells in those magnificent palaces! In the splendid and radiant abodes which gleam yonder dwells the unfortunate Princess Morgana!"

It is easy to imagine the impression these words made on Saladin's heart, and with what feelings he saw, lying before him, that island in the sands, to reach which he had striven so long.

"Listen to me, my son," continued his mother, "this oasis you see before you in all its magic radiance, is the phantom which mortals in the desert so often see on the

edge of the horizon, and which continually retreats and disappears at the approach of man. It is the Fata Morgana, a paradise the mercy of the Prophet has called forth in the desert for those unfortunates who, like your mother, have been buried in the sand, and thus been deprived of the burial rites for which the pious Moslem longs!

"Since these last rites have been denied us, we have no claim to the eternal joys of Paradise. For as long as the sun is in the sky we lie motionless beneath the sand, and not until night comes do we leave our graves and travel in countless bands, a mighty caravan, to the east, to the kingdom of the Princess Morgana, there to spend the night in joy and festivity!"

Saladin paid but little attention to his mother's words, for his heart was already in advance of the caravan. Filled with the most daring hopes, in thought he already stood beneath the orange and palm trees, and his eye sought the place where the fountain played, and at which he might hope to find the Princess.

By now the first camels had reached the green island; quiet figures slowly dismounted from dromedaries and horses, and disappeared beneath the trees and among the buildings in the inner part of the oasis, whence rose a gentle, happy music.

Thus gradually every division of the phantom caravan arrived save that including Saladin, who had grown so impatient that he could hardly guide his steed. Now

they, too, had reached the sward, and the slaves silently dismounted to hold the stirrups of their mistress and her son. The latter hastily flung himself from his horse, and was about to rush into the grove, when his mother held him back with her hand.

"Whither would you go, my son?" she questioned, timidly. "Why are you in such haste? O keep away from the merry dances of my companions in misfortune! Keep away from them, for they are not meant for the eye still glowing with the light of life!"

"Nay, mother," the youth answered, impatiently, "What do I care for dance and song? It is something quite different, a lovely picture, which drove me out into the desert, and would have been my death, had the Prophet not sent you to save me! But now, mother, the original of my picture is near, I can wait no longer to see her. I must fling myself at the feet of the Princess Morgana!"

At the mention of this name the woman hid her face in her veil and said softly and sadly: "Alas, alas, my son, what has happened to you? Who has put in your mind the terrible thought of seeking out the Princess Morgana? O child of mine, remain behind! Do not follow the caravan of these unfortunates who spend the few wretched hours the Prophet grants them in wild revelry! Your wish to see the Princess Morgana might easily come true, and that very moment death would cover your eyes. Then you too would know no rest,

and would have to leave your grave throughout eternity and mount your horse to follow the phantom caravan!"

A mother's prayers have a peculiar power. For all that he felt so strongly drawn to the grove where he hoped to find the Princess, he could not leave his mother, who begged him with moving words not to mingle with the gay revelers. Without power to resist, he allowed her to lead him to a quiet spot in the oasis, where no lights shone and where no sound of music fell on the ear. His mother took him to a grassy bank, beside which flowed a little brook. High-stemmed sycamores and palms rose above the bank of sod, and their branches formed a great arbor above it.

Here she made her son seat himself beside her, and asked him what he knew of the Princess Morgana, and what had induced him to seek her.

Then Saladin told her the story of his life in detail: how he had been brought up by Abn el Deri, how the latter had died—and had left him alone in the world, save for old Ismael. Then he spoke with greatest enthusiasm of the picture, which he had discovered by chance, and of how he had fallen grievously ill on seeing it, and how the longing to see the Princess Morgana never had left him. He told her how he had existed in poverty and wretchedness until the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid had equipped him and sent him

forth with the caravan. And he told her how he had left it a few days past and, straying through the desert, alone and half dead with thirst, would have perished that very night, had his mother not found him.

When he had finished he drew the picture of the Princess Morgana from his girdle, and after his mother had looked at it she said: "My son, I cannot understand what magic power could have drawn this picture, for it is an exact copy of the features of the Princess Morgana."

"Do you not see, mother," cried the young man, happily, "that my dreams told the truth! Do you not see that my wish is about to be fulfilled! So prevent me no longer from making a final effort to see her. Perhaps I may win her heart and find happiness!"

With these words Saladin was about to spring up, but his mother gently drew him down beside her again and begged him to listen carefully to what she had to tell him regarding the Princess Morgana.

"That you were able to obtain this picture, my son," she said, "is no favor shown you by Allah and his Prophet! On the contrary, it is a great misfortune. For if the mere sight of this picture has made you ill with love and longing, the sight of the Princess herself, whose beauty is a thousand times greater than that of this likeness, would be sure to kill you. So powerful is the radiance of her eyes that it even warms our dead

hearts and would restore us to life again did not the Prophet's resistless command send us back to our sandy tombs at break of dawn!

"The Princess Morgana is the daughter of a *djinn* who begged the queen of the *djann* to grant her a wish before the child was born. The foolish mother asked that her daughter might be so beautiful that no eye could see her without its possessor dying of love and longing. Her wish was granted, and when the Princess Morgana grew up her fatal gift caused destruction among mortals and *djinni.* Even though the latter did not perish when they saw her, they fell into the deepest melancholy, because the Princess would give her heart to none of them. For the queen of the *djann,* when she granted the foolish mother's wish, had added a condition to shame and humiliate the Princess: only a mortal should be able to win her heart, and this never could happen, since all men who saw her were instantly slain by the radiance of her beauty. Alas, my son," his mother concluded, "the same would happen to you, and I would be unable to save you!"

When Saladin had heard this tale, he knew it was true. Lost in gloomy thoughts he wondered which would be the worse fate: to spend his whole life given over to unsatisfied longing or to die suddenly but happily by the glance of his beloved.

In the meantime the night was far advanced and the stars had commenced to pale in the heavens. The

horses standing out in the sand began to grow restless, scraping the ground with their hoofs and flinging up their heads, for the dawn wind which now rose and swept along the plain chilled them and made them shiver with frost.

"My time is up," Saladin's mother said, "and now I must hurry out into the desert with the caravan till I reach the spot where the sandstorm caught me and covered me. Will you follow me, my son, and wait by my grave until we again make our journey to-morrow night, or will you await me here?"

Much as the young man would have liked to follow his mother, he preferred to remain near his beloved. At the same time he promised his mother to make no attempt to see the Princess Morgana. She smiled sadly and answered: "However good your intentions, my son, your longing to see the Princess may cause you to forget my words. Therefore take my veil and put it over your face; it will preserve you from harm."

Then she once more pressed his hand and floated softly away, often looking back at him and signing with her hand for him not to follow her.

Saladin had taken the veil from her and, following her instructions, had spread it over his face, when suddenly an irresistible weariness took possession of him. He had to sit down on the mound of grass and, after struggling for a few moments against a sleepiness which weighed down all his limbs, he lay motionless

as a dead man. He was not sleeping, for he could plainly see and hear everything that went on around him; yet it seemed as though all that happened only took place in his thoughts. He saw his mother return to the caravan, saw her mount her horse and, surrounded by her slaves, speed away: like black and gray veils the phantom figures floated over the sand. Before long the entire phantom caravan had reached the edge of the horizon, where it gradually disappeared from sight. Meanwhile Saladin, wearied by his sleepless night, welcomed the slumber which soon overtook him.

In the meantime day had dawned. The sun rose in the sky and gilded the tips of the palms and sycamores under which Saladin lay. Though he slept soundly, he still felt a movement in his slumbers, a movement as though he were on some great ship which, driven by the waves, rocked gently on the sea. Indeed, he was swimming in a sea. The waves were waves of sand, it is true, and his ship was an oasis, but he was on the Fata Morgana, which by day moved like a phantom across the sands, like the human heart, never stopping to rest.

Suddenly, as he slept, the young man thought he heard a gentle rustling among the branches of the bushes surrounding his couch, and the sound of footsteps, which seemed to approach. He tried to open his eyes, but though he did so, he did not waken fully

and completely, as one does from a natural sleep. Instead he found himself in the same curious condition as when he had wound the veil his mother had left about his head. All that he saw was toned down. The bright, burning color of the sands outside the oasis appeared to him as a light yellow. He could even stare the glowing sun in the face without being blinded by its radiance.

Yet who could describe his astonishment and delight when, looking around him, he saw a maiden who was wandering thoughtfully beneath the trees and was moving toward him. Yes, he was overcome with delight—for he recognized the charming, fairylike figure of the Princess Morgana, as she was painted in the picture! Now, too, her head was turned toward the ground, and Saladin remembered his mother's words—that this lovely maiden's glance was fatal—only to forget them and send up a silent prayer to the Prophet to grant him one look at the full beauty of that divine countenance, for then he gladly would die.

By now the Princess had drawn quite near him. Suddenly she raised her head and stopped with an astonished glance at seeing the strange youth before her.

Saladin saw at once that all the loveliness of her painted picture was a thousand times less than the reality. At the glance the Princess gave him, it seemed for a moment as though his heart would stop beating. The blood coursed wildly through his veins, and he

felt that death alone could extinguish the fire which her glance had roused in him. Yet, thanks to his dead mother's veil—as it had broken the glow of the sun, so it did the radiance of Morgana's beauty!—he was preserved from the death which otherwise would have claimed him, as it had every other human being.

For her part, the Princess was much disturbed when she saw the handsome youth lying motionless on the ground. It is true that she left him after a few minutes; yet as she went she looked back several times, as though to make sure that he was sleeping, seeing he did not move.

This thought must have recurred to the Princess several times that day, for, to his great astonishment, Saladin noticed that she returned at different times to his grove and looked at him carefully. And he felt much comforted when, counting his heartbeats, he felt the savage pain which nearly had slain him at first sight of the Princess growing less the oftener he saw her. When evening came, it was no more than a gentle prickling in the left side, such as any other youth might feel when drawing near the object of his affections.

The sun sank and night slowly thickened, and as soon as darkness had spread over the desert as well as the oasis in which Saladin lay, the merry, radiant life of the night preceding began again in the groves and palaces. The waters of the springs and fountains

glowed in the most manifold colors and cast a magic light on trees and buildings. Music sounded in the distance, and at the same time Saladin felt the invisible bonds which held his body chained grow weaker and drop from him, and that he could move again. He leaped from his couch, and his first thought was to make for the interior of the oasis, cast himself at the Princess Morgana's feet and avow his love. But at the last moment he remembered his mother's words and determined to do nothing until she had returned.

And soon, far off in the desert, he saw the phantom caravan as it arrived. A few moments later the ghostly horsemen surged up in dense crowds, hastily left their steeds and camels, and hurried to the interior of the island to spend this night in wild revelry like the last. Saladin's mother again appeared and joyfully hastened to greet her son when she saw him standing where she had left him. He quickly told her of what had happened during the day; how the Princess had appeared several times to him; that his love for her had grown a thousandfold; and that no power on earth could prevent him from casting himself at her feet the following day.

"Ah, mother," he cried, "who knows whether I am not destined by fate to win her heart and become the happiest man on earth! And though your veil, no doubt, preserved me from instant death at first sight of her, my eye by now has grown accustomed to the

radiance of her beauty, and to-morrow I shall make an attempt to look at her or perish!"

In vain were all his mother's pleas and prayers. His affection for the Princess had grown so mightily in Saladin's breast that he felt it was a matter of life or death to him. So when the night had gone, and his mother bidding him farewell again left him her veil, he accepted it, but did not again bind it around his head.

Filled with hope and expectation he sat and waited the coming of dawn. Again the sun rose, and for all he was so eager to see the Princess face to face, now that the moment had come he hung back, and quite some time had passed before he rose and took his way to the interior of the oasis.

How tall and splendid the trees were here, and how freshly green was the sward! Never had he seen the like of the springs which rilled in crystal clarity over white, silvery sands, cooling the air round about them. Ah, how delicate and graceful were the pleasure pavilions which he passed! Their like could be found only in Paradise. Wherever his eye turned he saw some new, enchanting prospect. Light and shade, trees and water, in combination with the radiant pavilions, changed continually in the most charming manner. Suddenly Saladin felt his heart beat violently, and knew that he was drawing near the object of his search. He stood still for a moment, and drew a deep breath. Yes,

through the trees he could now see the fountain, and by the fountain sat the Princess, her head resting on her hand, just as in the picture!

With noiseless, hesitating steps Saladin drew near and—was it a sudden weakness which overcame him, or his great love?—he sank down on one knee before her, and did not venture to raise his eyes. For a time he remained kneeling opposite her, until the Princess suddenly raised her head and uttered a loud cry as she saw the youth before her. Alas, had he only been protected by his mother's veil! Though he had somewhat accustomed himself to the radiance of her beauty the day before, to-day he could not support the full splendor of her loveliness, and so sank bewildered and unconscious at her feet.

When he recovered a few moments later and opened his eyes, he saw to his delight that she was bending over him and regarding him attentively with a sad expression. But as he once more closed his eyes, instead of the devouring flame which first had threatened his heart, he now felt a gentle, agreeable warmth steal through his body. He seized the Princess's hand, pressed it to his breast, and could only stammer: "Ah, may the Prophet grant me a few moments in which to tell you how much I love you!"

The Princess appeared to be quite as happy as Saladin and as they looked into each other's eyes, it was clear that from this hour on the Princess Morgana had

given her heart to Saladin, and the devouring flame of her eyes turned to a gentle warmth which gave pleasure to all on whom her glance rested.

Yes, they loved each other fondly and truly, and the day sped by swiftly for them in the enchanted oasis, amid happy talk and laughter, songs and games. When evening came the Princess rose from her place at Saladin's side and told him that she must return to her apartments:

"O my beloved," she said, "I must inform my mother of the happiness which the Prophet—blessed be his name!—has granted me. The messenger I shall send her is swift, and though he must cover thousands of miles, he is sure to return before the break of day with her permission to leave this lonely oasis to share your life wherever you may go."

With these words and a gentle caress she left him and disappeared amid the bushes.

Impatiently Saladin waited for the coming of night in order to tell his mother of the good fortune which had befallen him. And before very long the phantom caravan appeared and Saladin's mother hurried to the grove, once more filled with joy at finding her son safe and sound. She was delighted when he told her of the day's events, and that he had succeeded in winning the Princess Morgana's heart. The following day, said Saladin, he probably would leave the oasis to return with his beloved to his fellow mortals, and he sorrowed

at the thought that this was the last time he would see his mother. But she comforted him and bade him not to forget her. "When the minarets of Bagdad once more rise before your eyes," she said, "remember to have a burial service read for me, as the Koran enjoins, so that my soul may enter into the joys of Paradise, and I need no longer follow the phantom caravan through the endless desert nights!"

With many tears Saladin promised to do as she wished, and when morning came his mother blessed him, mounted her horse and for the last time disappeared from his sight with the ghostly caravan. For a long time Saladin's eyes followed her while he prayed ardently to the Prophet to have mercy on her.

No sooner did the rising sun gild the tree tops and flash from the golden domes of the pleasure pavilions than Saladin heard a confused sound of human voices coming from the interior of the oasis, mingled with the neighing of horses and the loud cries camels utter while being loaded. Astonished, he rose from the grass, and turned to the bushes. For a moment he thought the phantom caravan must have returned. All the greater was his joy when coming out into an open place in the middle of the oasis, he saw that this was another caravan, made up of living people, horses and camels. And, his delight increased when, from the other side of the square there appeared the Princess Morgana, surrounded and followed by a number of female attend-

ants and slaves, among whom she shone like the radiant moon amid the stars.

She came forward to greet Saladin, gave him her hand, and then turning to her retinue and the caravan spoke the following words: "Behold your master!" At this the women joyfully waved their veils, while the men broke out into a loud "Hussah!"

"Beloved," the Princess then said to Saladin, "my mother rejoices in her daughter's happiness. These laden camels which you behold are the dowry she has given me. Each is heavily loaded with gold and silver, and the treasure they bear is so rich that one could not exhaust it in a lifetime!"

Then the Princess beckoned and black slaves led up two magnificent Arabian steeds, which she and Saladin mounted. At the head of the caravan they then rode out into the desert. When the beautiful oasis with its fresh green trees and its clear waters lay behind them, the Princess and her husband turned their steeds, and in a low tone of voice, bade farewell to the spot where they had found their happiness. Alas, they were bidding it an eternal farewell! For once their foot had left its green meadows, they never could return. With surprise they saw the oasis withdrawing from them and floating further away across the sands. Soon they glimpsed it far off on the horizon, just as the traveler sees it on fair days. The palms tremble and sway, the fountains rise and fall, and the ends of the Fata Mor-

gana melt into the sands so that one cannot say: here it begins and here it ends—a true likeness of love in the human heart!

To the beating of little drums and the blare of great, curved horns the caravan took its way across the desert.

But now let us return to old Ismael and the caravan Saladin had left in order to ride out into the sands.

When the day following the night of Saladin's flight from his tent dawned, old Ismael woke from a sound and refreshing slumber and saw that his master's couch was empty. At first he thought Saladin had left the tent in order to enjoy the freshness of the morning air, Yet when he did not return at the end of an hour, the old man went to the rear of the tent and saw that his horse was missing. And when the caravan finally prepared to move on and Saladin had not yet appeared, Ismael grew uneasy and asked the guards whether they had seen him.

But no one could give him any information regarding Saladin, and poor Ismael became terrified. "Alas," thought he, "where can he be? Who knows what has lured him out into the desert where he is sure to die." The thought that Saladin, in the madness of his longing, might have left the caravan in order to seek the original of his picture in the trackless sands filled the faithful servant with deep anxiety. And when Saladin did not return in the course of the following

days, the feeling that he was straying alone in the sandy sea was confirmed. He would gladly have followed him, yet who could tell him which direction to take? Poor Ismael had to remain with the caravan and, sad and downcast, return with it to Damascus. Here a new misfortune awaited him. The slaves the Caliph had given Saladin, tired of serving one whom they thought their equal, disappeared one morning with all the horses and money, so that all poor Ismael had left was the clothes on his back and a few gold pieces he carried in his girdle.

What was he to do? It seemed best to join a caravan returning to Bagdad, for he felt sure that if his young master escaped with his life he would return to that city to seek his old servant. So Ismael hired an old camel and after a sad and toilsome journey found himself back in Bagdad again.

Now, although the people in the streets and bazaars who had spoken ill of Ismael and his young master had forgotten all about them as soon as the caravan left, the former no sooner had returned than one and the other commenced to ask what had happened to the old rascal? How delighted they were when they learned that the young man had run away from his old servant on the way, and that Ismael had come back alone, poor and in rags, on an old and worthless camel.

"Now you see," cried the barber of the great *caravanserai,* "now you see that I was right! Yes, that is

the way things go! The Prophet—blessed be his name! —often punishes the sinner through his own deeds. The old man thought he would cheat the Caliph, and now he has been cheated by the young scoundrel himself. May Allah guard our Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid! Yet no doubt he will be more careful in the future!"

Poor old Ismael, who knew nothing of the false and evil gossip which was spread about him, and which even had reached the Caliph's ear, no sooner found himself within the walls of Bagdad than he went on a Friday morning to the inner court of the palace, to cast himself at the Caliph's feet, when the latter was about to ride forth to the mosque.

He had not been waiting very long when the Grand Vizier rode through the gate, on his way to the Caliph. And no sooner had he seen Ismael, than he frowned blackly, and he ordered the castle guards to seize him at once; a command which was punctually obeyed, to Ismael's great alarm. Two soldiers took him between them and thrust him into one of the palace dungeons, where he sat until the following day.

Poor Ismael, who had suffered so much misfortune of late, looked upon his imprisonment as another trial which the Prophet had sent to test him. Besides, he thought that he had been seized by mistake, for some one else, because he knew he had done no wrong. After he had spent a night sadly meditating in his prison, he was brought before the Caliph, who sat alone in a great

chamber with only the Grand Vizier for company. Neither of them, however, looked friendly, as they had the first time Ismael had found himself in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful.

As he entered Haroun Al Raschid wrinkled his eyebrows, and the Grand Vizier gruffly ordered him to step nearer:

"Who are you?" the latter began. With joy Ismael hastened to answer the question: "O Master, I have the honor of being known to you! I am Ismael, the servant of Abn el Deri!"

The poor old man still thought that he had been mistaken for some one else, and imprisoned by error. He grew pale with fright when the Grand Vizier said angrily: "What, you persist in your falsehoods in the presence of our lord the Caliph! Abn el Deri was a true believer, and would not have kept a thief and a cheat among his servants."

"Alas, lord, what is this you say?" replied Ismael. "I am a poor old man bowed down by misfortune, yet I swear by the Prophet that never have I stolen a *piastre's* worth nor cheated my life long, and that I ever have spoken the truth!"

"Listen, Ismael," said the good-natured Caliph, "your denials will not help you. You had better admit your wrongdoing, so that I may be able to show you mercy."

"But tell me what I am to confess?" wailed the hap-

less old man, casting himself on his knees before the Caliph.

"First of all," said the Grand Vizier, "who was the young man you gave out to be Abn el Deri's adopted son? And what has become of him?"

"Alas, master, young Saladin *was* Abn el Deri's adopted son!" was Ismael's answer. "But as to what has become of him, Allah and his Prophet alone can tell!"

"Then," the Grand Vizier went on, "you persist in your falsehoods! In that case I shall tell you the truth, lest you imagine you have been falsely imprisoned. The young rascal whom you pretended was Abn el Deri's adopted son, and whom my noble master, the Caliph, showered with rich gifts as a result of your clever story, is no more Abn el Deri's adopted son than you are his servant. Nor was he found in the desert when a child and brought up by you. You found him in a barbershop, whence you took and trained him in order to cheat your lord and master, the Caliph!"

Ismael did not know what to make of this accusation. When he recovered from his first fright he vowed by the Prophet's beard that the Grand Vizier was mistaken, and that Saladin really was Abn el Deri's adopted son. Yet all his vows were useless. In vain he described his journey up to the moment when his young master had disappeared. Neither the Grand Vizier nor the Caliph believed him, and when he had

ended the former clapped his hands and had the barber of the great *caravanserai* brought in.

The barber declared that the young man, whom the Caliph had given such rich gifts under the name of Saladin, was one of his helpers, who had run away from him a few months before. Then he added, with a sly glance at Ismael: "Commander of the Faithful! Every one may make a mistake, yet it seems to me that at that very time I often saw this old man and my apprentice talking together. Probably they were discussing how they might best take advantage of your Highness's generosity!"

The Caliph listened to all this with dark glances, and when the barber had ended he said to the old man: "Listen, Ismael, I am sorry to have caught you in this act of disloyalty. Though I would like to be merciful and dismiss you unpunished, yet in common justice you should not go scot-free. Since I do not wish to be both judge and accuser, however, you shall be taken before the *cadi* of my city of Bagdad, and he shall sit in judgment on you."

Ismael was led back to prison, and the following day taken before the *cadi,* where the barber repeated his testimony. And the *cadi* decreed that Ismael had been guilty of cheating the Caliph by means of an invented tale, and condemned him to five hundred blows on the soles of his feet, and ten years imprisonment. At the same time he allowed Ismael three days' grace against

the chance that young Saladin might appear and testify to his innocence.

The Caliph's mercy, it is true, spared him the five hundred blows on the soles of his feet, yet when the three days went by and Saladin did not appear, Ismael was sent to jail and there, in company of thieves and cutthroats, had to draw barges along the Tigris towpaths and do other hard labor.

This was the unfortunate man's reward for his attachment to his old and his young master, and the latter's thoughtlessness. Alas, Ismael felt happy to think that in the natural course of events he would not live many years to suffer such undeserved punishment! It hurt him deeply that the kindly Caliph regarded him as a cheat, and he would gladly have undergone severer punishment if thereby he could have proved his innocence to the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid and his Grand Vizier. He did cherish a faint hope that his young master might return, to prove him guiltless, but day after day and week after week went by—and Ismael still hoped in vain.

One morning, Ismael together with a number of his fellow prisoners was busy towing a large vessel up the stream. Since it was a humid and oppressive day, the poor prisoners were allowed, from time to time, to lie down and rest in the shade of the trees on the riverbank. There Ismael lay, looking sorrowfully into the distance, when far away he saw a great and rich cara-

van moving toward Bagdad. At the sight of the heavily laden camels and the numerous slaves he could not help thinking of days gone by, when he had sallied gaily out into the world in company with Abn el Deri.

Meanwhile the caravan came nearer and nearer and Ismael, as well as the other prisoners, admitted that it was a long time since they had seen so splendid a procession. The camels were all of uncommon size and strength, loaded with the greatest care, and evidently with great treasures. The slaves were too numerous to be counted. All were mounted on strong, handsome horses and the garments they wore were so rich that they would have looked like lords and *emirs* had it not been for the owner of the caravan, who rode in the midst of the cortège in such splendid robes and on such a magnificent steed that all eyes were turned on him. A great number of black and white female slaves also surrounded a beautiful woman, and the sheen of gold-embroidered jackets, pantalettes and veils blinded the sight.

Ismael turned away and sighed as he went back to his hard labors while the splendid caravan haughtily entered the walls of Bagdad.

Although the poor slave had seen many a rich caravan file by in his time, yet none had so excited his imagination as this he had just beheld and when, after several hours of toil, he once more lay with his companions in the shadow of the trees on the Tigris's bank

he began to build the most delightful castles in the air: "Ah, were my young master only to return with a splendid caravan of this kind and enter the presence of Haroun Al Raschid to ask what had become of his faithful old servant, Ismael! If he would only appear in the Caliph's palace, leading the beautiful Princess Morgana by the hand, as a living proof that I spoke the truth and nothing but the truth! . . ."

It was while Ismael was lying beneath the trees chewing on his hard crust of prison bread, that the chief keeper of the prisoners, accompanied by two slaves, hastily rode up and ordered the old man to follow him.

Ismael at first was afraid that the *cadi* had changed his mind and that he was to get the five hundred blows with the rattan which had been forgiven him. He could think of no other reason why the chief keeper should pay any attention to an unknown old man like himself, and was much astonished when the latter took him to his house, had him throw off his shabby old rags and presented him instead with a good *kaftan* and a handsome turban. In reply to his questions the chief keeper merely said that he had been ordered to bring him at once to the Caliph's presence. This message filled old Ismael with joy. Surely, the generous Caliph was about to pardon him! The thought that his young master might have returned even crossed his mind, but it was too fantastic a one for him really to believe.

Soon they reached the Caliph's palace, and there Ismael was led into an anteroom where the Grand Vizier, Abdallah, met him in person, gave him his hand and said in a voice shaken with feeling: "Ismael, in our blindness we have done you a great wrong. Yet the Prophet, who has brought your innocence to light, will see that you are rewarded. Now come with me to the Caliph!"

Trembling with joy and anticipation, the old servant followed the Grand Vizier into the adjoining chamber. There, his eyes modestly downcast, he stood in the doorway and at first did not dare to look the Caliph in the face. Yet when the latter called out his name in a friendly tone of voice, he looked up and who can describe his amazement and happiness when he saw his young master, whom he had thought dead, and who now came forward and fell on his neck with tears in his eyes.

Old Ismael nearly died of joy as young Saladin briefly told his tale and then, taking him by the hand, led him to the Princess Morgana. Ismael, like the rest of those present was so surprised by the Princess's beauty that everything turned before his eyes, and he had to sink down on a *divan* lest he fall.

Now gladness reigned. Young Saladin built himself a splendid palace with green gardens and playing fountains, on the banks of the Tigris, and there lived happily with his beautiful wife and his faithful old

servant, cherished by all because of his wealth and generosity, and honored by the Caliph for his kind heart and his noble qualities. And by the latter's orders the gossipy barber who had spread the malicious falsehoods anent poor Ismael and his master took the vacant place the honest servant had left in the towgang.

SOURCES

1. This popular Spanish folk tale of the origin of the weathercock has been retold from the version in Fernan Caballero's romance *Gaviota.*

2. Here the author has woven an Aztec story around motives found in Bernardino de Sahagun's *Historia Universal de Nueva España.*

3. Retold after one of Bozena Němcova's *Bohemian Folk Tales.*

4. This Oriental version of the North Sea tale of *The Fisherman and his Wife* is retold after H. Sundermann's *Dajakkische Fabeln.*

5. An original fairy tale based on details given in Diego de Landa's *Historia de las Cosas de Yucatan,* and F. de Waldeck's *Voyage Pittoresque et Archéologique dans la Province d'Yucatan.*

6. Retold after one of the *Sizilianische Märchen* by Laura Gonzenbach.

7. Retold after a Turkish folk tale in Robert Lindau's *Türkische Geschichten.*

8. After W. D. Westervelt's *Legends of Old Honolulu.*

9. Here the author has taken a charming fairy tale by Grimm, whose type does no violence to Aztec *mores* and characteristics, and has lent to it the glowing, colorful setting of ancient Anahuac.

10. Retold after an original in David Braun's *Japanische Märchen und Sagen.*

11. Retold after the French version in E. Laboulaye's *Nouveaux Contes Bleus.*

12. Of these three Negro tales, the original of the first is to be found in L. Frobenius's *Afrakanische Märchen;* the second in Bufe's *Die Poesie der Duala-Neger in Kamerun;* and the third in J. Spieth, *Die Ewe-Stämme.*

13. In the telling of this Sanscrit tale from the *Mahabarata,* the version in A. Essigmann's *Sagen und Märchen Alt-Indiens* has been followed.

14. The originals of these two charming variants of the story of Cinderella—occidental and oriental—are contained, respectively, in Paul Heyse's *Italienische Volksmärchen* and the Dutchman Matthes' *Bijdragen.*

15. An original wonder tale by the author of the present volume.

16. Retold after the original by the Czech poet and folklorist, C. J. Erben.

17. A retelling of one of the charming original fairy tales by the German novelist, F. W. Hackländer.

18. After the original in J. G. v. Hahn's *Griechische und Albanesiche Märchen.*

19. Retold after a Mongond tale from West Celebes, given in P. Hambruch's *Malaiische Märchen.*

20. The original tale in Karadschitsch's Serbian folktales, is here retold after the version in Wilhelm Schmidbonn's *Garten der Erde.*

21. Retold after the original in Bela Balazs's *Der Mantel der Träume.*

22. A retelling of an original in Leo Frobenius's *Volksmärchen der Kabylen,* Vol. 1.

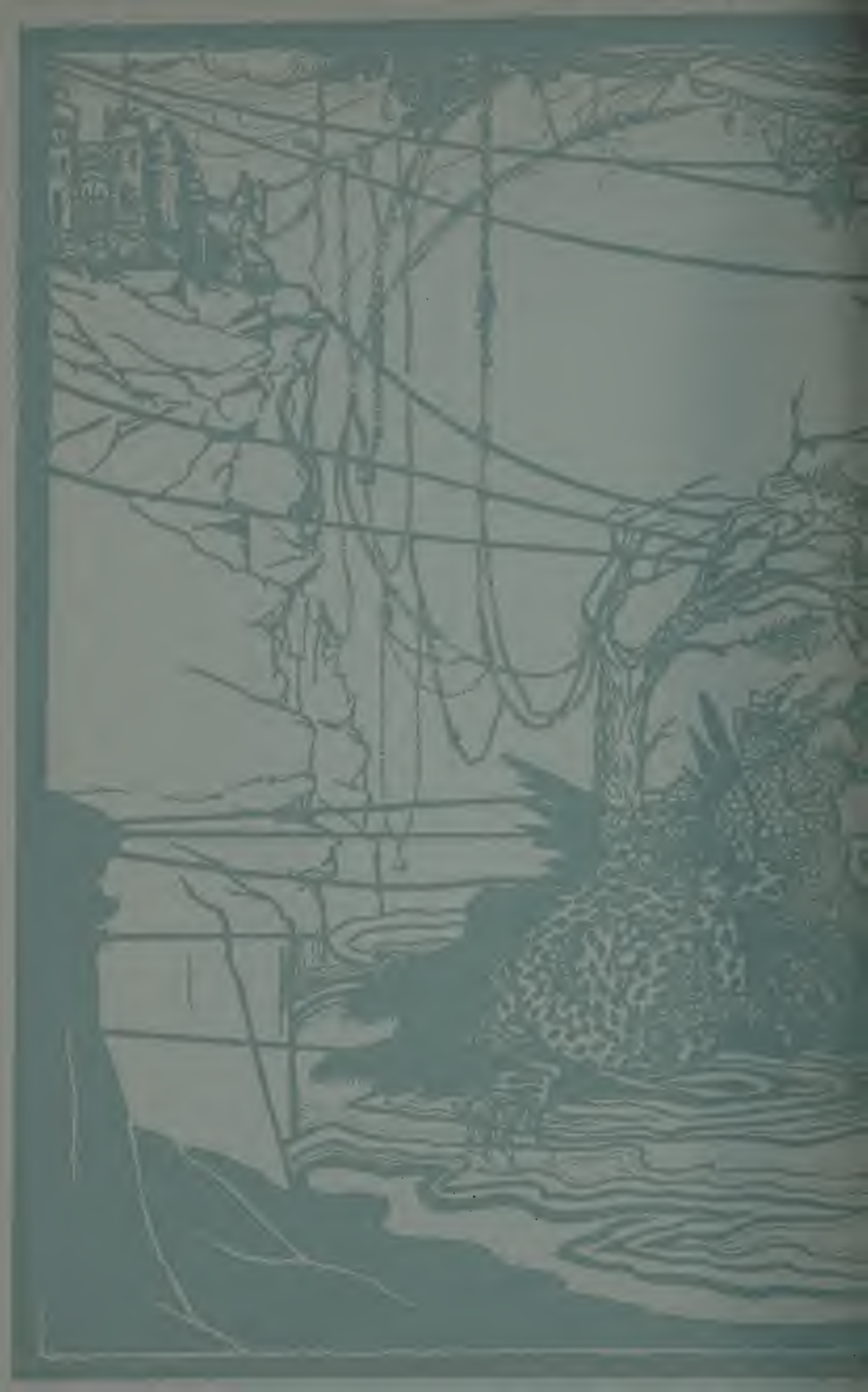
23. After the original in Victor von Andrejanoff's *Lettische Märchen.*

24. Retold after Frédéric Macler's *Contes Arméniens.*

25. After the original in K. Langloh Parker's *More Australian Legendary Tales.*

26. A Benares fairy tale by Dr. Hermann Brockhaus.

27. The original of this story, like No. 17, is by the German novelist, F. W. Hackländer, a charming wonder tale in the manner of the *Thousand and One Nights.*



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